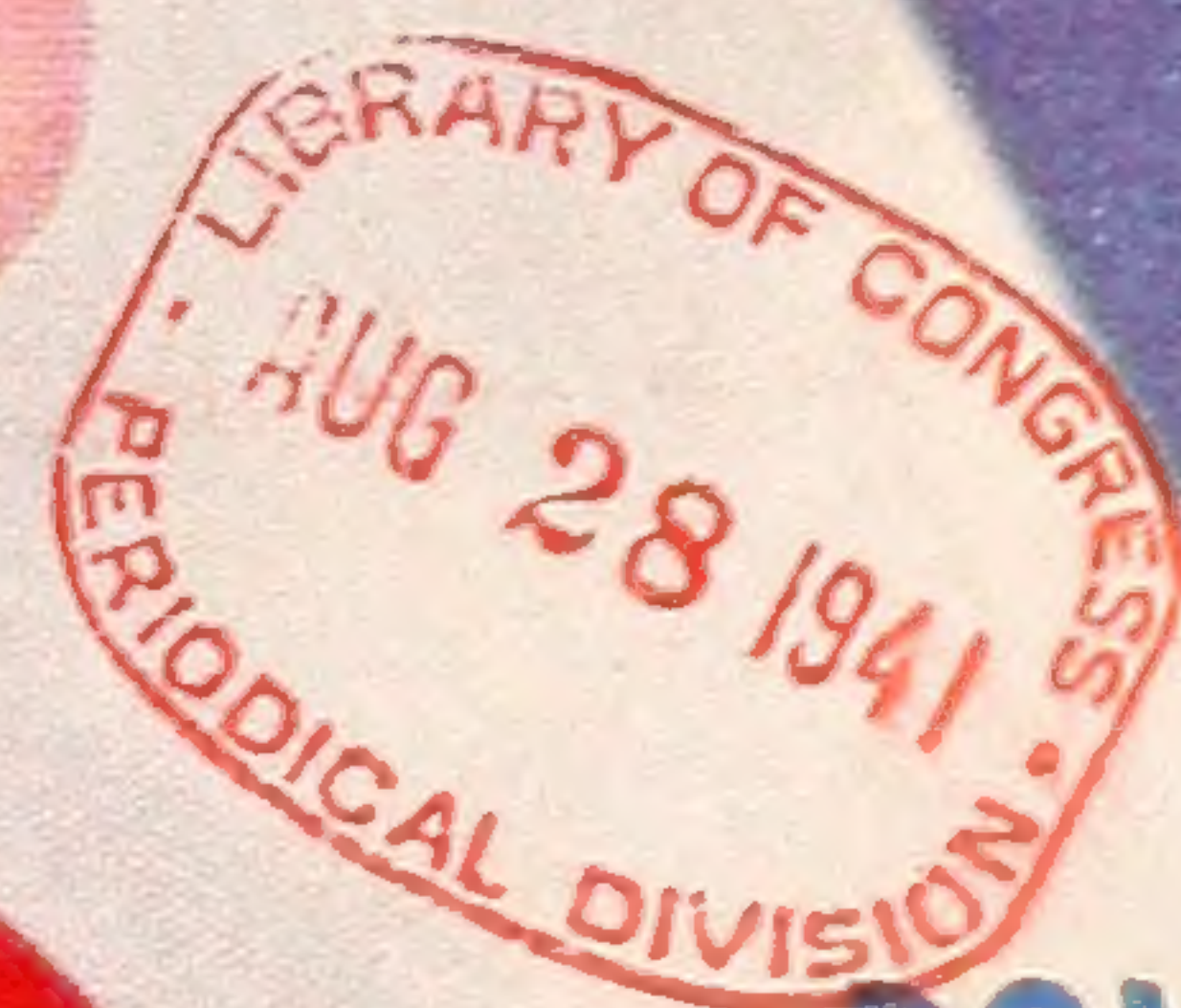


The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

SEPTEMBER

Claudette
Colbert,
Ray
Milland



DON'T
MISS
PARADE
OF
BEAUTIFUL
MODELS
—
PAGE 26

Hollywood Solves
Love Problems!

Wedding Bells for JUDY GARLAND! Real Love at Last for DOROTHY LAMOUR
OPHISTICATED LOVE STORY of "SKYLARK"—NEW FILM
O-STARRING CLAUDETTE COLBERT and RAY MILLAND
RUTH about GENE TIERNEY'S SURPRISE MARRIAGE

For more entertainment—
FOUR NEW SEASON HITS!

Ask your local theatre when they're coming your way!

JACK BENNY
in
"Charley's Aunt"

with
KAY FRANCIS
JAMES ELLISON

and Edmund Gwenn • Reginald Owen
Arleen Whelan • Laird Cregar
Ernest Cossart • Anne Baxter • Richard
Haydn • Directed by Archie Mayo
Produced by William Perlberg
Screen Play by George Seaton

TYRONE POWER
in
**"A YANK IN THE
R.A.F."**

with **BETTY GRABLE**

and
John Sutton • Reginald Gardiner
Associate Producer Lou Edelman • Screen
Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg
Original Story by Melville Crossman
Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**
Directed by **HENRY KING**

SONJA HENIE • JOHN PAYNE
in

**Sun Valley
Serenade**

with **GLENN MILLER** and his
Orchestra

MILTON BERLE • LYNN BARI
JOAN DAVIS • NICHOLAS BROS.

Produced by **MILTON SPERLING** • Directed
by **H. BRUCE HUMBERSTONE** • Screen Play
by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Story by
Art Arthur and Robert Harari • Lyrics and
Music by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

"BELLE STARR"

THE BANDIT QUEEN
with

RANDOLPH SCOTT • GENE TIERNEY

and
Dana Andrews • John Shepperd
Elizabeth Patterson • Chill Wills
Directed by Irving Cummings
Produced by Kenneth Macgowan

IN TECHNICOLOR!

You'll be seeing them...

He's the girl
of the year →

Jack Benny as
"Charley's Aunt"

Tyrone Power as
"A Yank In The R.A.F."
with Betty Grable

Sonja Henie and
John Payne in
"Sun Valley Serenade"
with Glenn Miller
and his Orchestra

Randolph Scott
and Gene Tierney
in **"Belle Starr"**



A Darling Girl...A new Party Dress— but the Same Old Question of a Date!



No girl should risk underarm odor when Mum so surely guards charm!

NO ART OF DRESS, no natural loveliness, no beauty aid a girl could command can make up for the fault of personal undaintiness—for the offense of underarm odor.

A girl may have an enchanting skin and lovely lips—clothes in the peak of fashion. But one offense against personal daintiness, one moment of unguarded charm and even the most eager admirer receives an impression that a girl may never change.

Too many girls trust a bath alone to keep free from offending. But no bath, *however fresh it leaves you*, can guarantee you lasting charm. A bath corrects the faults of past perspiration—it cannot prevent the *risk of underarm odor to come*. Unless you give underarms special care you can be guilty of offending and *never know it*.

That's why so many popular girls use Mum daily. A quick dab under each arm and your charm is safe—safe for business, safe for dates, safe all day or all evening long. Play safe—guard your precious charm with quick, safe, dependable Mum.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Housewives, business girls, movie stars and nurses know that their husbands, their jobs, their friends are too important to offend. They prefer Mum for:

SPEED—When you're in a hurry, Mum takes only 30 seconds to smooth on.

SAFETY—Mum won't irritate skin. And the American Institute of Laundering assures you Mum won't injure even fine fabrics.

DEPENDABILITY—Daintiness is lasting with Mum on guard. Without attempting to check perspiration, Mum protects against underarm odor for hours to come. Start now to guard your charm—get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for Sanitary Napkins—that's why so many women use Mum. Always use Mum this important way, too.

NO DEODORANT QUICKER...SAFER...SURER...THAN MUM!



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

How many of you are Greer Garson conscious? Last year about this time she came into her own in the charming "Pride and Prejudice." This year, she is fulfilling every golden promise in "Blossoms In The Dust."



Together with the personable Walter Pidgeon and supported by such deft delineators as Felix Bressart of "Ninotchka", Marsha Hunt, Fay Holden and Samuel Hinds, Greer's portrayal of Edna Gladney becomes a performance to press in a book.

★ ★ ★ ★

The film itself is an ambitious undertaking. It is the story of a glorious woman whose contribution to humanity provided a fountain source for Ralph Wheelwright's pen.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the gallant Edna roams the Lone Star State and "rings every doorbell in Texas" we are alternately moved from despair to joy, sharing her heartaches, cheering her triumphs.

★ ★ ★ ★

What a fighter she is! The battle she puts up for the problem-child is as heroic and thrilling as any battle in a famed war picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

But then, of course, Mervyn LeRoy directed it. He brings to "Blossoms" the same ept understanding that marked his "Waterloo Bridge".

★ ★ ★ ★

Here it is—the august presentation of August. "Blossoms In The Dust". Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under the guiding hand of Irving Asher.

★ ★ ★ ★

Anita Loos wrote the screen play. Indeed, the best requisites for the good scenario are that it be fast—and loos.

★ ★ ★ ★

In wondrous Technicolor
for added majesty.



King Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

BESSIE HERMAN, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

September, 1941

Vol. XLIII, No. 5

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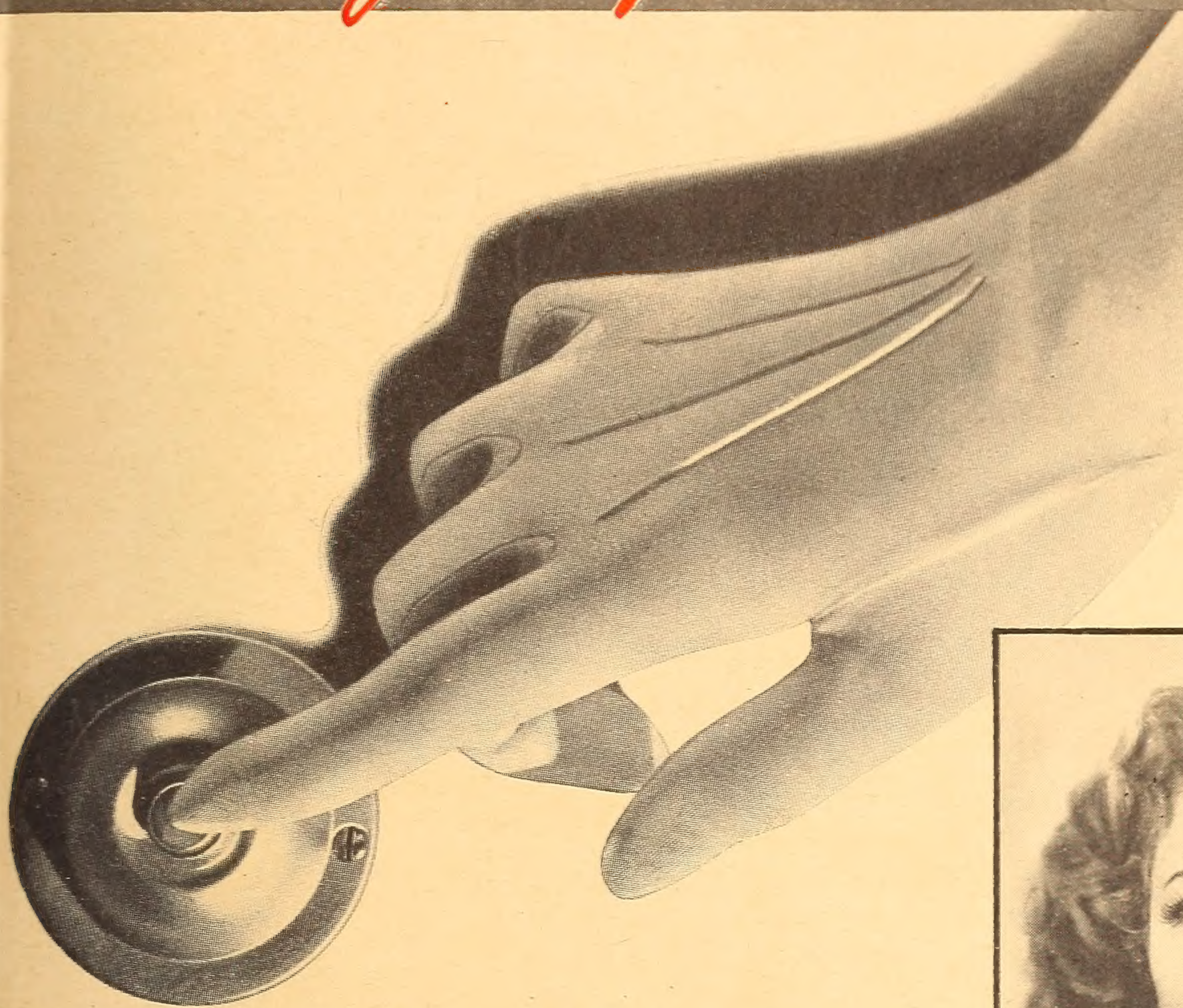
Betty Grable, Tyrone Power, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Carol Bruce, Ilona Massey, Cesar Romero, Carole Landis, Ann Sothorn, Mona Maris, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month, with George Montgomery and Lynne Roberts, Irene Dunne, Bette Davis and "Tibbie"

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Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

She rang every doorbell in Texas!



● This fictionized drama is inspired by the career of a living woman, Edna Gladney of Texas. Her battle is as heroic and thrilling as any battle in a famed war picture. Only the talents of glorious Greer Garson and handsome Walter Pidgeon could do justice to this exciting, romantic story.



**HIGHEST PRAISE FROM
ITS WORLD PREMIERE AT
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, N. Y.**

"Tender affecting story... Miss Garson is a vision of loveliness... Mr. Pidgeon an adoring gallant."
—N. Y. Times

"Splendid... a beautiful, utterly inspiring photoplay... played to perfection by Greer Garson, a ravishing redhead in Technicolor, and a magnificent supporting cast."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune

"Deeply moving... intensely interesting drama... best color film to date."
—N. Y. News

"Beautifully told true story... honest—daringly so."
—N. Y. Mirror

"It must pull at the heart of anyone... rich with comedy."
—N. Y. Sun

"Ranks among the best... Lovely Greer Garson gives one of the finest performances I have ever seen."
—N. Y. World-Tel.

*Blossoms in
the Dust*

starring

GREER GARSON

and

WALTER PIDGEON

A MERVYN LEROY PRODUCTION
PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR

with FELIX BRESSART • MARSHA HUNT
FAY HOLDEN • SAMUEL S. HINDS

Screen Play by Anita Loos • Story by Ralph Wheelwright • Directed
by Mervyn LeRoy • Produced by Irving Asher • An M-G-M Picture





Meet Jimmy Lydon, folks. He's Paramount's new HENRY ALDRICH hero. We know you're going to like him in "Henry Aldrich for President." You won't be able to do otherwise when you see his infectious grin and watch his faculty for getting into trouble. Jimmy with Mary Anderson, above, his cinema sweetie. June Preisser, that petite dancing vamp, tries to lure Jimmy, center, but Martha O'Driscoll and Mary have other ideas. Hep-cats three—June, Jimmy, Mary, bottom.



AT THE MOCAMBO three big directors were watching Ann Rutherford. Ann had no idea she was being seriously discussed. All agreed she was one of the prettiest, most talented young actresses in the business. But unless she stopped being so wide-eyed and too-too thrilled by it all, she'd just end up being another sugary ingénue. The directors drew straws to see which would take it upon himself to serve as an advisor. In case Ann develops into a dramatic star, this is the way it came about.

NOW that she is a young matron, Deanna Durbin is seeing to it that she also looks like one. In private life Mrs. Vaughn Paul patronizes a male hair-dresser. So now she has him make a small knot of false hair, worn at the back of her neck. To give her that grown up look, you know!

NEWEST film colony member is young, rich and handsome Huntington Hartford the third. He's rented the Tim Durant house in Beverly Hills. When Arline Judge isn't occupying his time, Letitia Fairbanks is. Which is often. Watch this romantic twosome. If H.H. the third should marry Letitia it certainly would be a family affair. It would make him first cousin to his former wife, Mary Lee, who is now married to Douglas Fairbanks—who is Letitia's first cousin!

GINGER ROGERS is now the proud owner of a farm in Oregon. The Rogue river runs right through her property. She intends spending all her time there when she isn't needed in Hollywood. Wearing grey from head to toe, Ginger stepped out with Jean Gabin for an evening. Marlene Dietrich at an adjoining table gave an Academy award performance of trying to be nonchalant.

IT WAS midnight in Hollywood. The phone next to Bette Davis' bed started ringing like mad. Startled out of deep slumber, Bette answered it. "Is it true that your husband checked out and is now living at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel?" It was reporter's voice, calling from a downtown newspaper. "Just a minute," answered Bette. "I'll tap him on the shoulder and ask him." Then she went back to sleep again.

BETTY GRABLE and George Raft really "give" when they get out on the floor at Ciro's. In fact, when they start dancing the other stars rush back to their tables to sit and watch. In movie society the Raft-Grable rhythm is quite okay. In any of those popular dance emporiums, they probably be asked to break it up. Or stop blocking traffic.

GENE TIERNEY'S first public appearance (after marriage) was at Ciro's. She wore a huge picture hat, topped with ostrich plumes. It was a little startling, definitely a handicap on the crowded dance floor. The "Little Cassini" continues to amaze. At a Hollywood party recently she brought along the script from her new picture. While everyone else was whooping it up, Gene acted out her new rôle by the edge of the swimming pool.

RICHARD CARLSON believes in celebrating. It was their second wedding anniversary. The Carlsons couldn't step out because Mrs. C. was expecting her baby momentarily. Dick ordered an extra-special dinner. He put on white tie, top hat and tails. They spent a wonderful evening playing gin rummy.

MARGARET LINDSAY is causing "heart trouble" again. This time Charles Wendling, brother of Claude Colbert. In the meantime, Maggie's ex-boyfriend is forgetting her very nicely, thank you. He's Bill Lundigan. His new interest is Marguerite Chapman, lovely ex-mo now in films. Wendling, by the way, Bill's agent. It could only happen in Hollywood.



ALOMA...

LOVE PRIZE OF THE ISLANDS!

Men fight for her heart . . . kill for her kisses! Romance that sends your heart racing . . . excitement that thrills you to the marrow . . . in the screen treat that brings together again the stars of "Hurricane"... the love team you never forgot!

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

DOROTHY LAMOUR

and **JON HALL** in

"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"

IN GLOWING **TECHNICOLOR**

with

**LYNNE OVERMAN • PHILIP REED • KATHERINE deMILLE
FRITZ LEIBER • DONA DRAKE • Directed by ALFRED SANTELL**

Screen Play by Frank Butler, Seena Owen and Lillie Hayward

Story by Seena Owen and Kurt Siodmak

From the Play by LeRoy Clemens and John B. Hymer

SEE the pagan rites of a South Seas wedding... ceremonies never before seen by white men!

SEE in exciting Technicolor, all the wondrous, lush beauty of a tropic paradise.

HEAR the pulse-racing rhythms of Dotty Lamour singing "The White Blossoms of 'Tah-Ni!'"

SEE the eruption of the huge volcano... a whole town buried under a sea of red-hot lava!

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

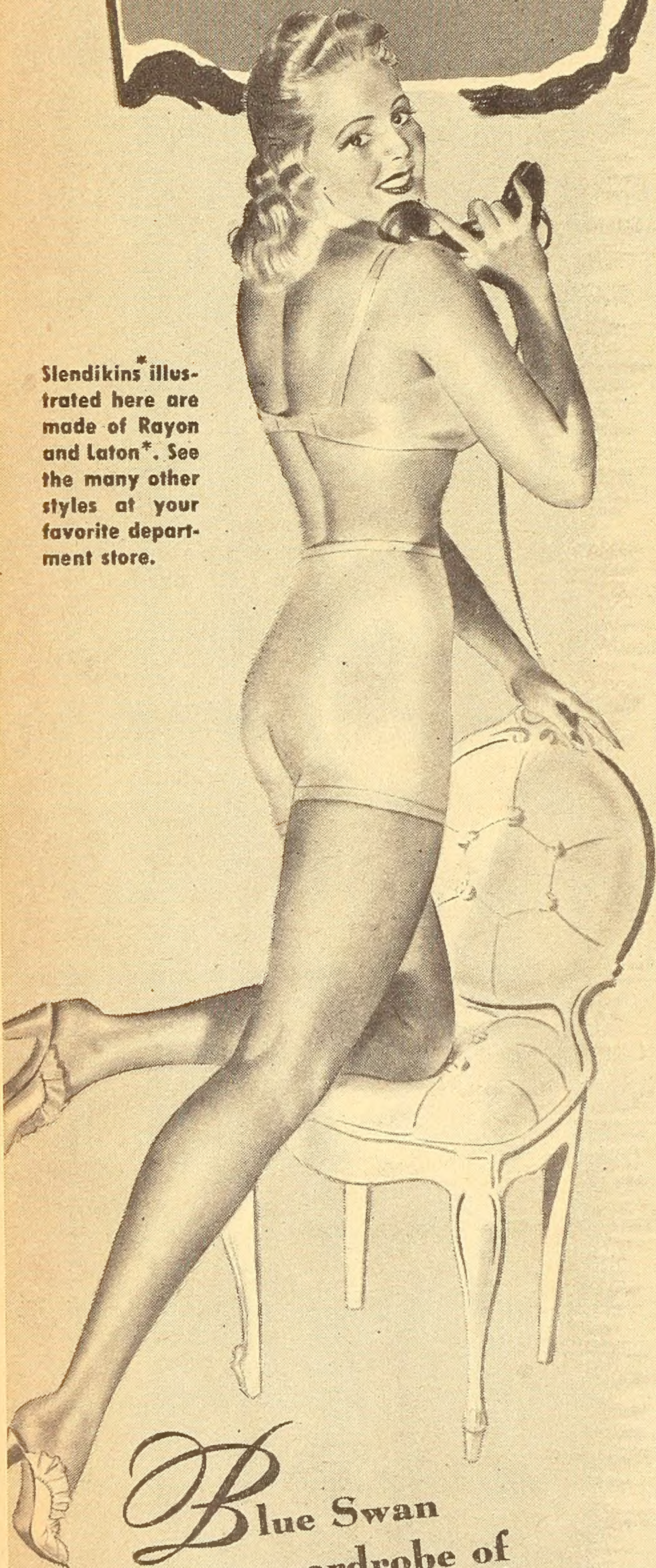
SCREENLAND

COMPLETELY
CORRECT...

Blue Swan
*Undikins**

FOR EVERY COSTUME
FOR EVERY OCCASION

Slendikins* illus-
trated here are
made of Rayon
and Laton*. See
the many other
styles at your
favorite depart-
ment store.



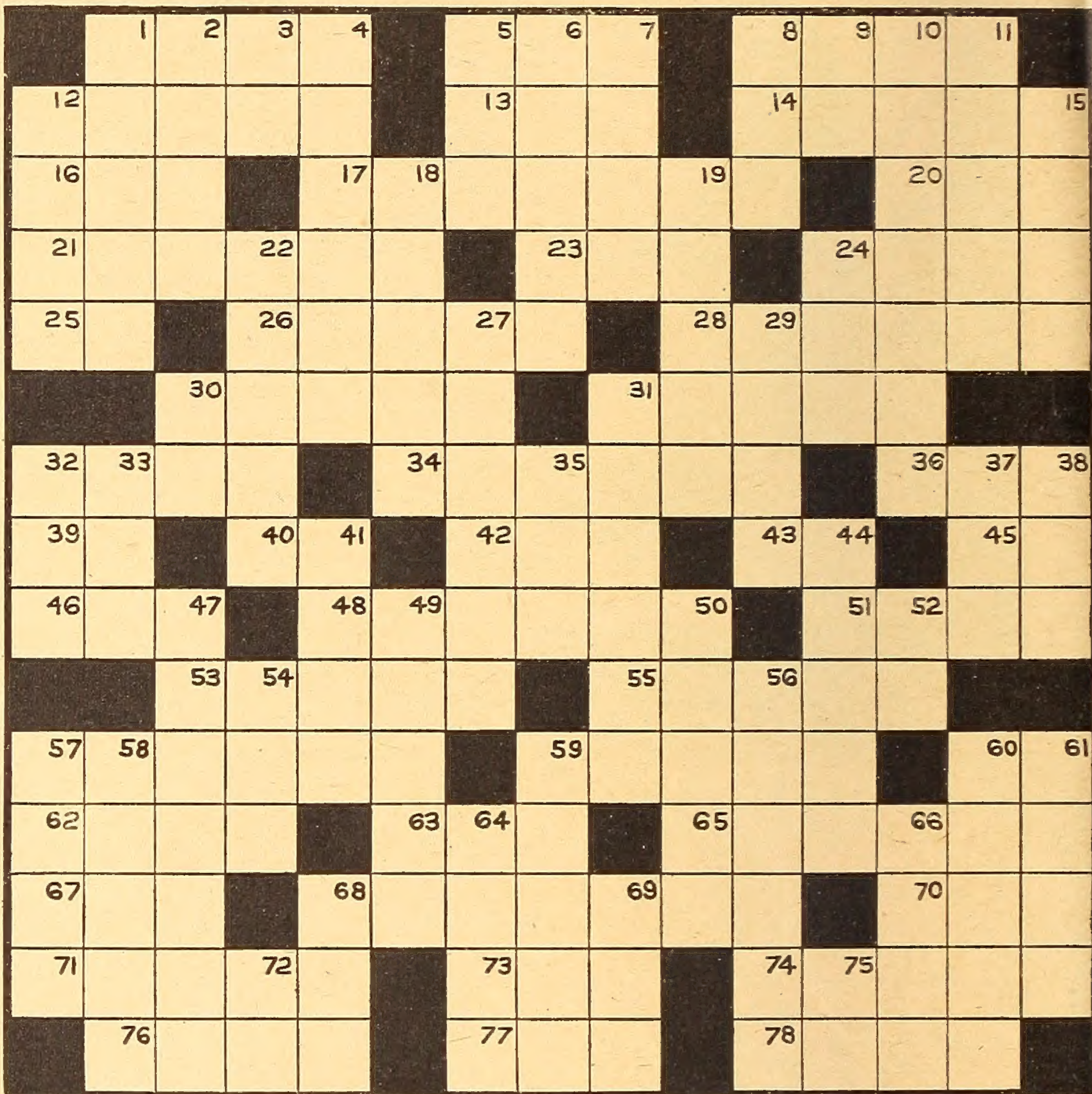
Blue Swan
brings you a wardrobe of
lovely undikins... clever
pantie-sisters... each designed
to flatter your figure, keep
you comfy. You'll want all
seven to be completely correct.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Blue Swan
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Co-star, "One Night in Lisbon"
5. His new one is "Caught in the Draft"
8. Co-star, "My Little Chickadee"
12. To slip
13. To make a mistake
14. Different
16. A cereal
17. The most famous male dancing star
20. Before
21. She's featured in "Knockout"
23. Afternoon beverage
24. Lawsuit
25. Compass point (abbrev.)
26. To merge
28. Oliver Hardy's teammate
30. Pointless
31. Drunken frolic
32. Co-star, "Million Dollar Baby"
34. To cut teeth
36. Co-star, "Skylark"
39. That is (business, abbrev.)
40. Printers' measure
42. Sailor
43. " - Ends Our Night"
45. Note of the scale
46. A flap
48. Co-star, "Affectionately Yours"
51. Compact, agreement
53. Moving about
55. Office for the ninth hour (Catholic)
57. Co-star, "Devil Dogs of the Air"
59. One who gives a sidewise glance
60. Note of the scale
62. Money owed
63. Tibetan gazelle
65. Frigates
67. Greek letter

68. She married director Anatol Litvak
70. What gasoline is made from
71. Fine lines (anatomy)
73. Assistance
74. Egg-shaped
76. Dines
77. Meadow
78. Title

DOWN

1. Bright light
2. Co-star, "Blood and Sand"
3. Man's nickname
4. She grew up in "Nice Girl?"
5. Wager
6. To make a speech
7. Kind of cheese
8. Grief
9. And, in French
10. "Escape" was the last film she starred in
11. Concise
12. Weeps
15. Section of film
18. George Sanders' rôle in many films
19. He's featured in "Affectionately Yours"
22. Co-star, "Penny Serenade"
24. Signal for actor's speech to begin
27. To sway, totter
29. God of war
30. "That Night - Rio"
31. Muscular, virile
32. Ignited
33. Biblical yes
35. You use this to hear with
37. Kind of light used on movie sets
38. Though
41. A small particle
44. Musical drama

47. Co-star, "The Lady Eve"
49. Added theater attraction (often with B film)
50. He's featured in "Sleepers West"
52. Since
54. To be seated
56. He often co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald
57. Short poems
58. Her new one is "The Bride Came C.O.D."
59. Mussolini in "The Great Dictator"
60. To strike
61. Island
64. A gem
66. To wander
68. Owns
69. Co-star, "Out of the Fog"
72. That thing
75. Southern state (abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

G	A	R	B	O	A	N	N	B	R	E	N	T
A	D	O	R	N	D	I	E	E	A	T	E	R
R	O	L	E	D	O	N	A	T	G	A	V	E
B	R	A	D	N	A	E	G	O	S	E	N	
S	E	N	O	D	D	L	O	M	B	A	R	D
			D	O	N	A	P	E	E	R		
M	A	B	E	T	T	E	P	E	R	I	O	D
A	L	E	E	W	A	T	C	H	G	A	L	E
D	E	L	R	I	O	E	L	I	T	E	D	E
		S	O	N	A	R	E	O	N	E		
S	P	E	N	C	E	R	W	I	N	A	R	A
T	O	H	A	T	S	R	E	A	G	A	N	
O	W	E	S	T	H	A	N	K	S	L	I	T
N	E	W	E	L	U	N	A	G	E	E	S	E
E	R	E	C	T	R	E	P	O	A	S	E	S

WATCH THEM WHEN THEY COME

...WATCH THINGS BEGIN TO HUM!



WARD G.

ROBINSON · DIETRICH · RAFT

(He's mad about Dietrich!)

MARLENE

GEORGE

RAFT

(She's mad about Raft!)

(He's mad about the whole thing!)

Filmdom's most dynamic threesome fuse all their
force to tell the mighty story of

'MANPOWER'

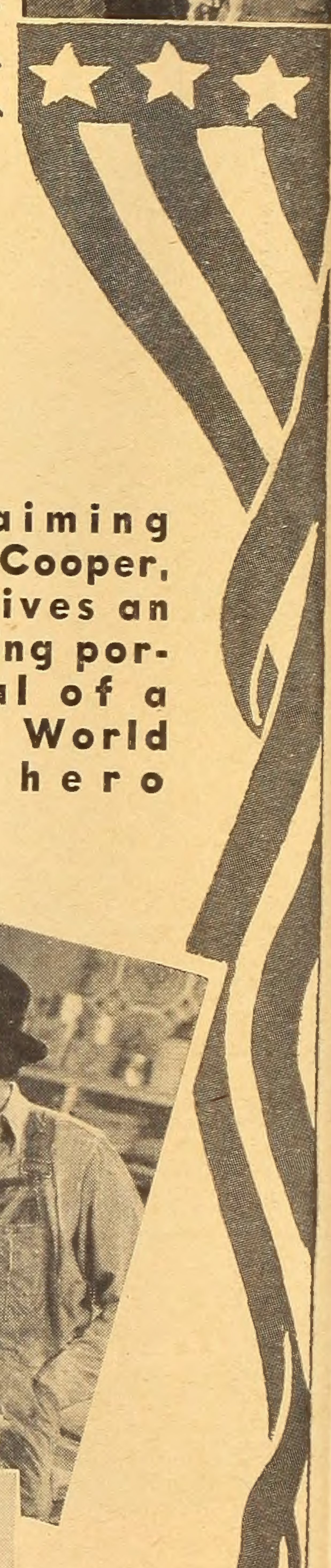
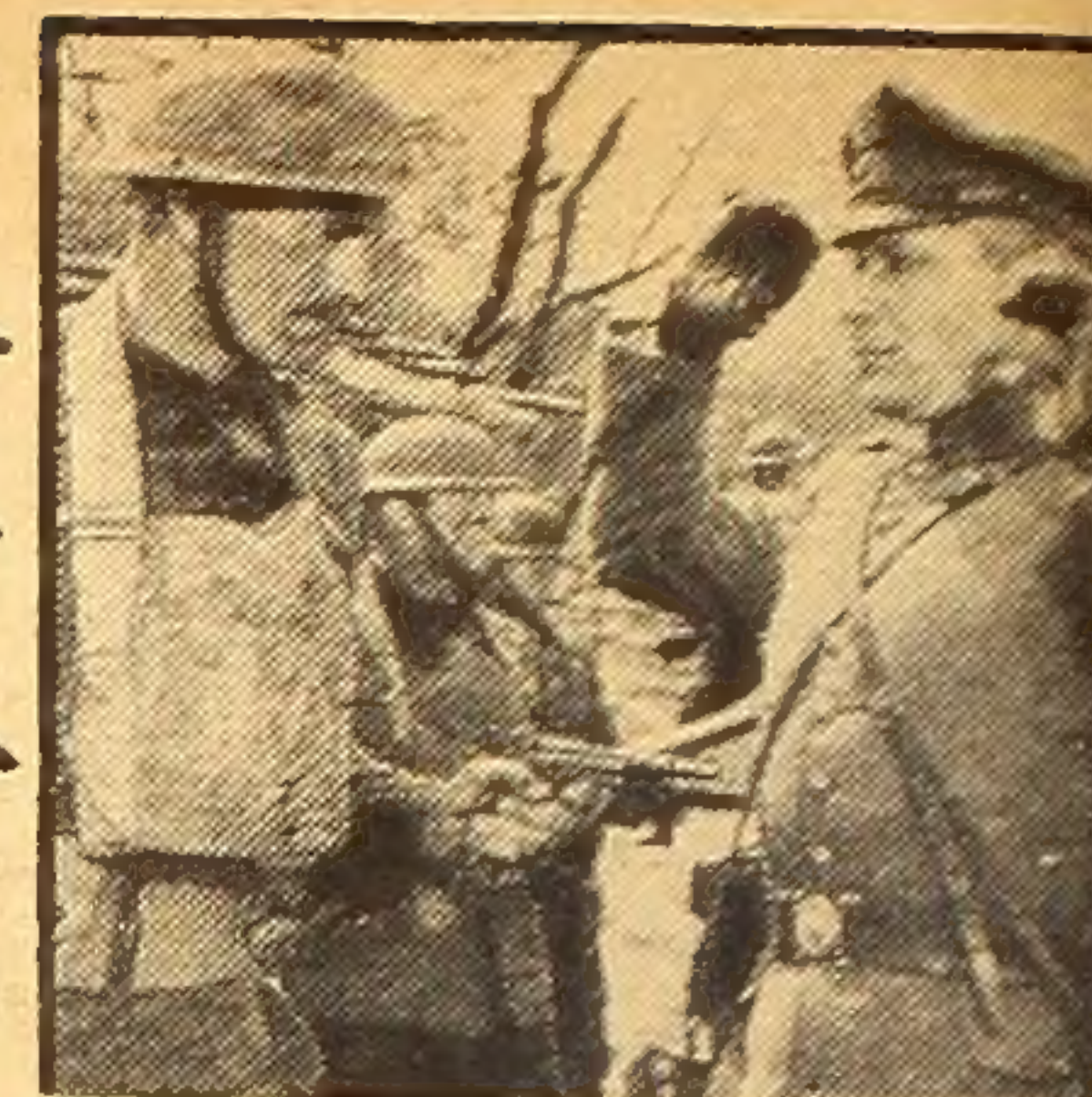
The Sensational New Warner Bros. Hit

with
ALAN HALE · FRANK McHUGH
Directed by **RAOUL WALSH**
Original Screen Play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald

See it girls—and see it
now... it'll be ages be-
fore there'll be another
picture this exciting!

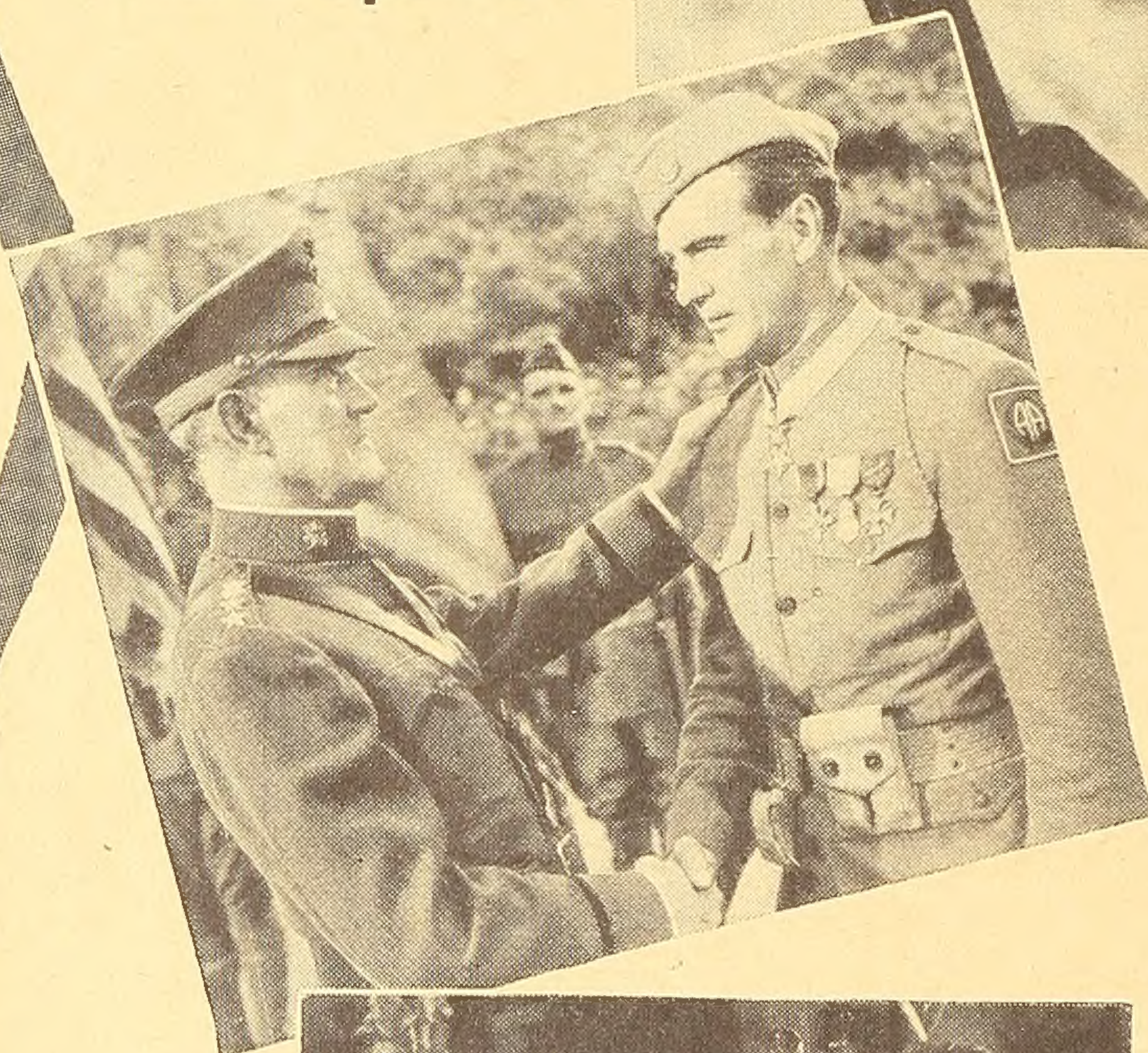


SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE



Saluting "Sergeant York," the greatest American motion picture to honor a true, real-life patriot

Acclaiming Gary Cooper, who gives an inspiring portrayal of a noble World War hero



Every American must see "Sergeant York" for its challenging call to patriotism, its homespun sincerity, its salty humor, its unflinching human interest. For once, a motion picture can instruct and inspire—and still be a great show. "Sergeant York" is the most thrilling entertainment to be found on any screen today.



Superb acting distinguishes "Sergeant York," with Gary Cooper rising to real heights under Howard Hawks' dynamic direction in the starring rôle of Alvin York, Tennessee farmer who went to war despite conscientious objections. Walter Brennan, Margaret Wycherly and Joan Leslie are fine in his support.

How To Run Your Wife's Affairs

DOES WIFEY GO
GAGA OVER
LIFEGUARDS?

DO LATINS BRING OUT
THE GOOD NEIGHBOR
IN HER?

DON'T "TAKE A POWDER"—
TAKE A LESSON ON HOW TO
BRING HER BACK ALIVE —
FROM THAT MAN OF THE
WORLD — THAT STAR-
ABOUT-TOWN

We Traded Those Fifty
Ships for This Man-
Destroyer from Britain
ANNA LEE!

RONALD COLMAN

IN A ROMANTIC COMEDY THAT COULDN'T BE
MORE MODERN IF IT WERE MADE NEXT YEAR!

"My Life with Caroline"

with **ANNA LEE**

CHARLES WINNINGER • REGINALD GARDINER • GILBERT ROLAND
KATHERINE LESLIE • HUGH O'CONNELL

Produced and Directed by
LEWIS MILESTONE

A United Producers Production • WILLIAM HAWKS, Executive Producer
Screen Play by John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard



SPOTLIGHTING a BIG PICTURE

SOMETIMES a truly unusual motion PICTURE reaches the screen . . . A picture so unique in its story . . . SO outstanding in its development AND treatment...so far above the AVERAGE in the portrayals

OF its players THAT it defies ORDINARY STANDARDS OF comparison. SUCH a picture IS "POISON PEN" . . . The

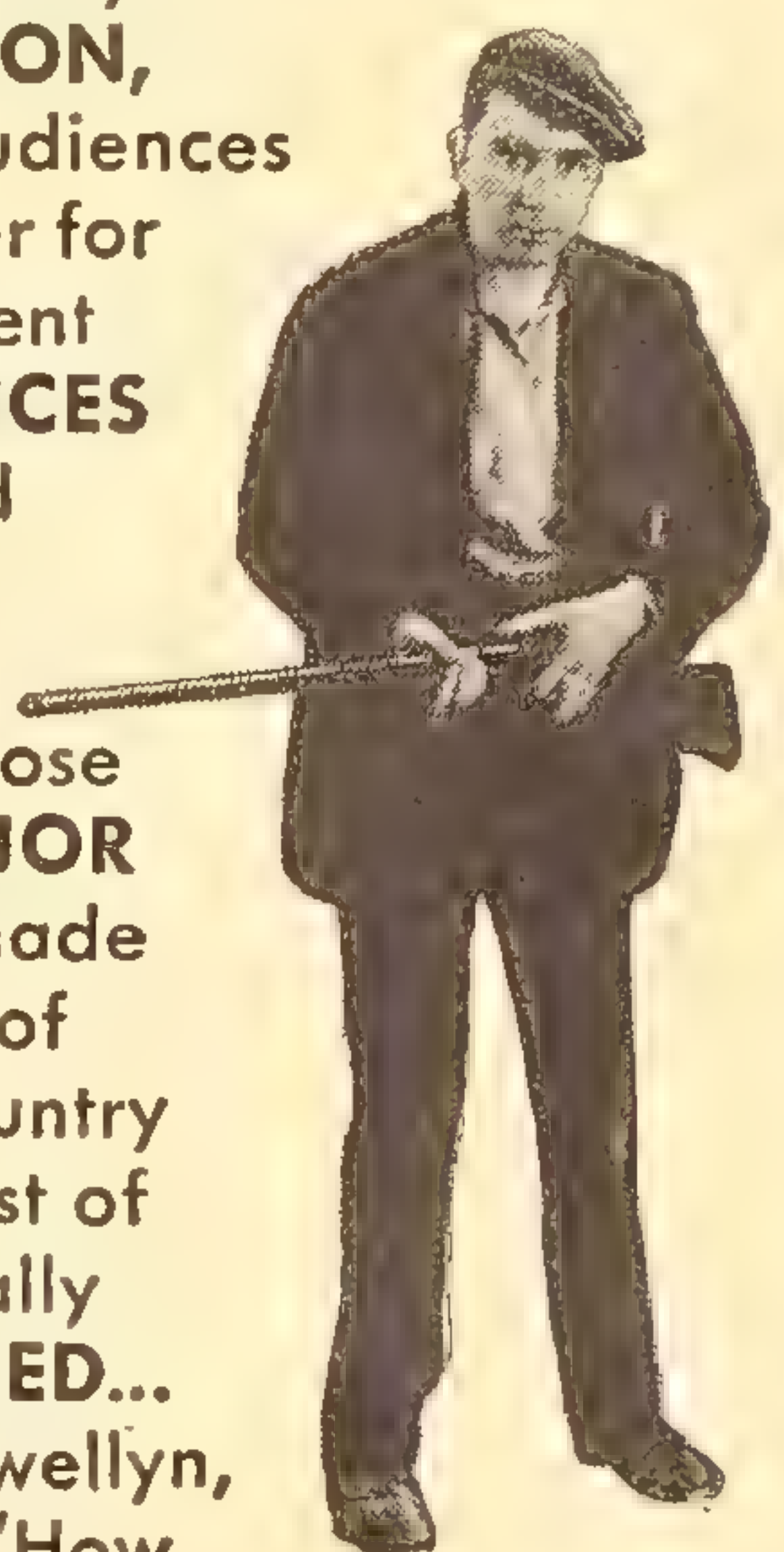


STORY of "POISON PEN" delves deep into HUMAN emotions and desires—DARES to lay bare the innermost MOTIVES that guide the actions OF its fascinating characters . . .

CHARACTERS who are brought TO life for you by such artists as FLORA ROBSON, KNOWN to audiences

THE world over for HER magnificent PERFORMANCES ON stage and SCREEN . . .

ROBERT NEWTON, whose ROLE in "MAJOR BARBARA" made HIM the talk of THE entire country . . . AND a host of OTHERS equally DISTINGUISHED... RICHARD Llewellyn, AUTHOR of "How GREEN Was My VALLEY," wrote this



STARTLING tale—

AND all of the drama, all of the SUSPENSE, all of the novelty, which HE imagined has been fittingly



TRANSFERRED

TO the screen. Be SURE to see "POISON PEN!"

IT'S one of those pictures you'll talk OF for a long time to come . . . It's

A REPUBLIC RELEASE

Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

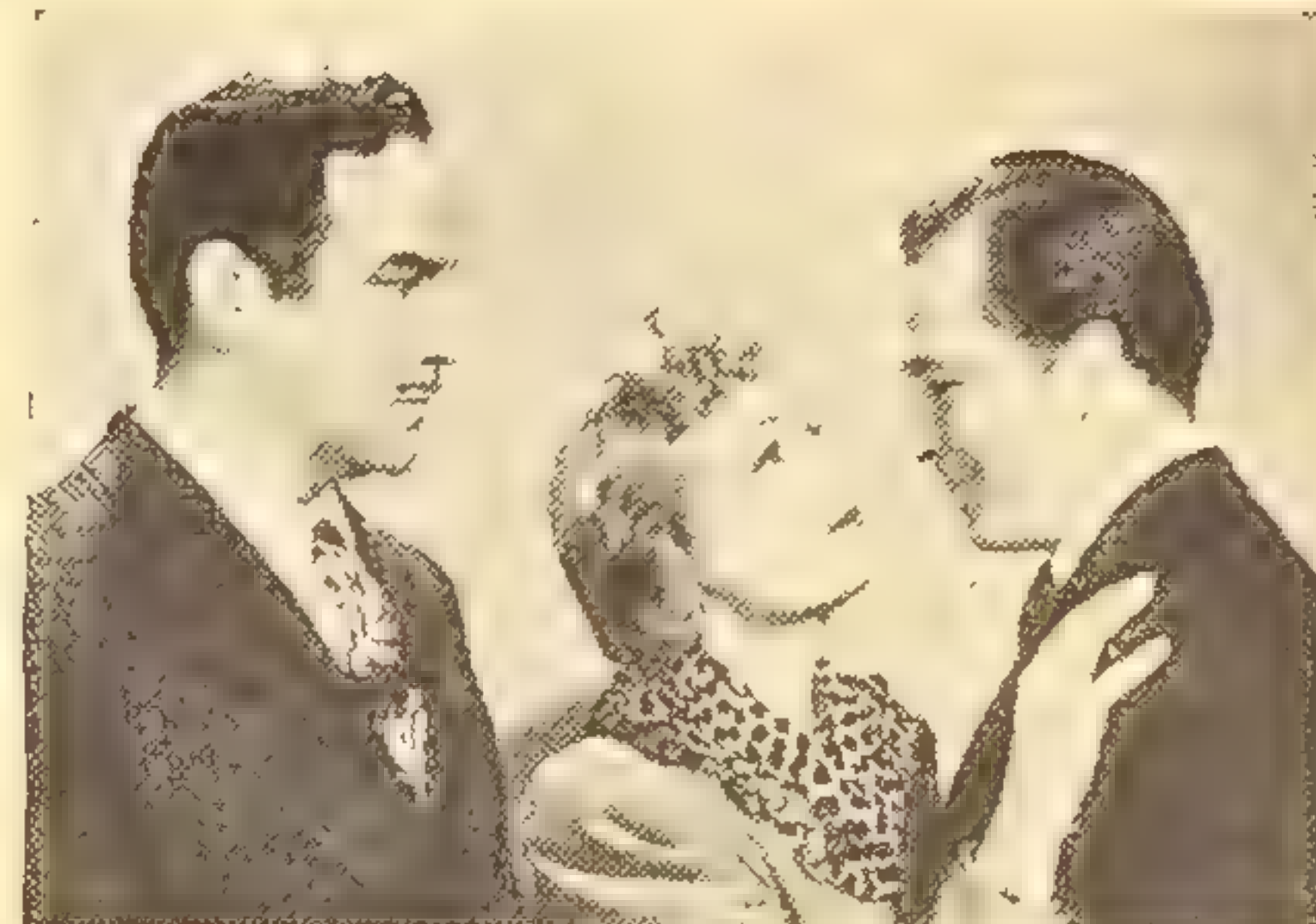


Out of the Fog—Warner



Despite the feelings of revulsion John Garfield inspires as the cruel racketeer, one thing is certain: you'll doff your hat to his superb make-believe. Restless Ida Lupino, gentle Thomas Mitchell, timid John Qualen and sincere Eddie Albert contribute singularly fine portrayals to this dramatic story. Mitchell and Qualen find serenity on their fishing boat until Garfield starts his relentless shake-down. Ida Lupino falls for him.

Tight Shoes—Universal



As a humorist, Damon Runyon is tops in the field. As a thinker-upper of "characters," he is matchless. Which means, without further ado, "Tight Shoes" is typically Runyonesque and, therefore, your assurance for a goodly share of hearty laughs. The trouble starts—Swiftly Miller's (Broderick Crawford) trouble—when John Howard sells him a pair of tight shoes. Binnie Barnes, Anne Gwynne, Brod and John play with zest.

The Big Store—M-G-M



Not overburdened with giggles, "The Big Store" is, despite the presence of the Marx Brothers, overburdened with ennui. Not that these goofy fun specialists don't try hard to tickle your funny bone; they do. But the situations for arousing same are few and far between. Groucho, Chico and Harpo bodyguard Tony Martin, department store owner. Tony, of course, sings; Harpo and Chico play and Groucho clowns. Virginia Grey is the love-interest.

Underground—Warner



Never before has man's brutality against man been so vividly demonstrated as in this spine-chilling exposé. "Underground" is a nightmare of truth—sickeningly crimson truth. Yet with all the horror, with all the ungodlike injustices, "Underground" will awe you, horrify you, fascinate you with its strength. You will applaud Philip Dorn, Jeffrey Lynn, Mona Maris and Kaaren Verne, who brave death to enlighten an enslaved nation.

Poison Pen—A Republic Release



Filmed in England, "Poison Pen" offers American audiences something new in the way of a psychological mystery drama. The village of Hildale is thrown into an uproar when ugly, anonymous letters are sent to decent citizens. The first to receive one is Ann Todd, the Vicar's (Reginald Tate) attractive daughter. Gossips accuse an innocent girl and drive her to suicide. Flora Robson handles her rôle with finesse and restraint.

Try Pepsodent's 2-second Beauty Test!



Blondie in Society—Columbia

They're here again, those delightfully zany, happily normal neighbors, the *Dagwood Bumsteads*. Don't let the "Society" in the title fool you. *Blondie* (Penny Singleton) has gone "doggie," yes, but not high-hat. Penny, who looks as cute as all get-out in her dainty house frocks, has kinipshins when *Dagwood* (Arthur Lake) trots home a dog as big as a horse. Upon learning it's a show dog she feels more kindly disposed toward it.



Nevada City—Republic

This would be just another wild westerner without the presence of Roy Rogers. The transportation business, in the 1860's was precarious even for the bravest. Bandits wrecked tracks, plundered. Pierre Watkins and Fred Kohler, Jr., are the two baddies in this fighting film. Cute Sally Payne is enamoured of Roy, but her love-lorn importunities are to no avail until hero Rogers "dusts off" the lawless. Roy, as ever, is pleasing.



Saddlemates—Republic

The three mesquiteers, Robert Livingston, Bob Steele, and Rufe Davis, ride again. This time, we can report, their riding is worth their time—and yours. The scripters have pulled an old-reliable out of the story bag and emerged with a war-whooping Indian situation. The background music—which is always good—is calculated to lend excitement as the redskins do their silent skulking. Peter George Lynn is a stand-out in his dual bad rôle.



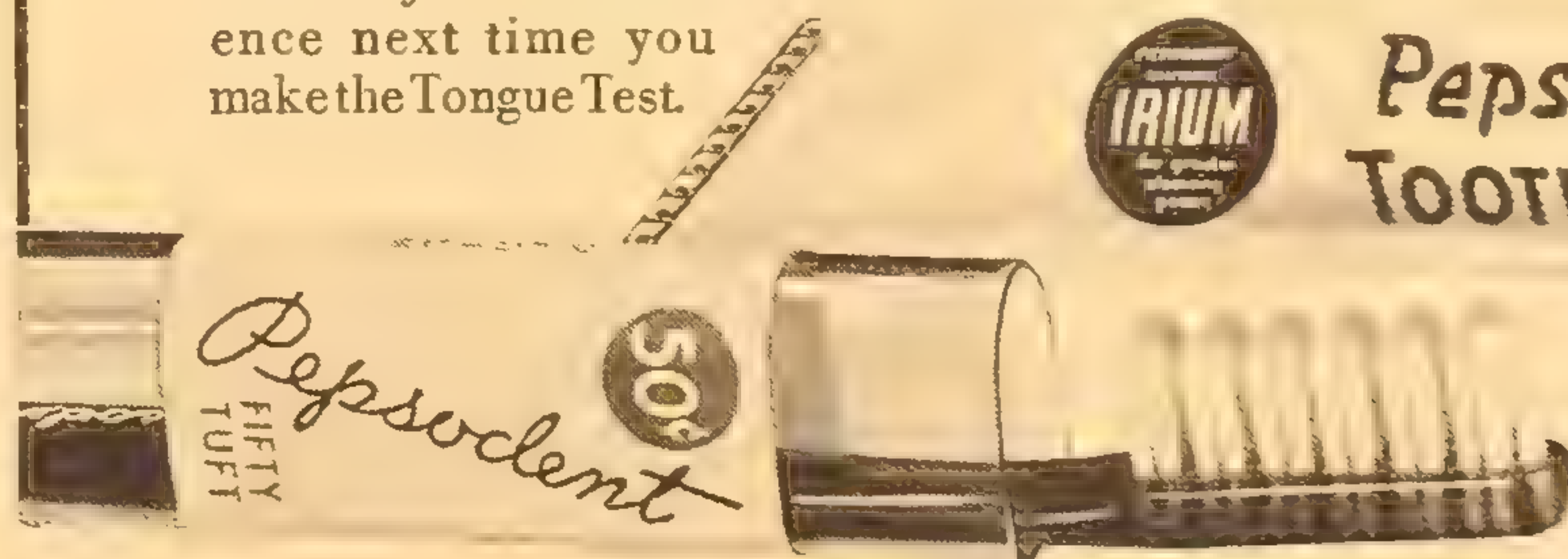
MAKE THIS TONGUE TEST ON YOUR TEETH

- 1...DO THIS...** Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's *Materia Alba* . . . it collects stains, makes teeth dingy-looking.
- 2...IT'S A WARNING...** You need the film-fighting powers of Pepsodent with Irium. Because filmy coating on your teeth is a sign your present tooth paste may be letting you down.
- 3...DON'T WAIT . . .** Correct this beauty-blemish now...with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste contains this wonder-working combination: (1) Irium, super-cleansing agent loosens sticky coating, flushes it away.. and (2) The patented, high-polishing agent buffs teeth shiny-smooth so coating slides off...before it can collect and stain.

Switch to Pepsodent with Irium. Use it regularly and you'll know the joy of sparkling, beautiful teeth. Get a tube today!

TRY THIS SIMPLE BEAUTY TREATMENT

Use Pepsodent regularly for a few days. You'll see and feel the difference next time you make the Tongue Test.



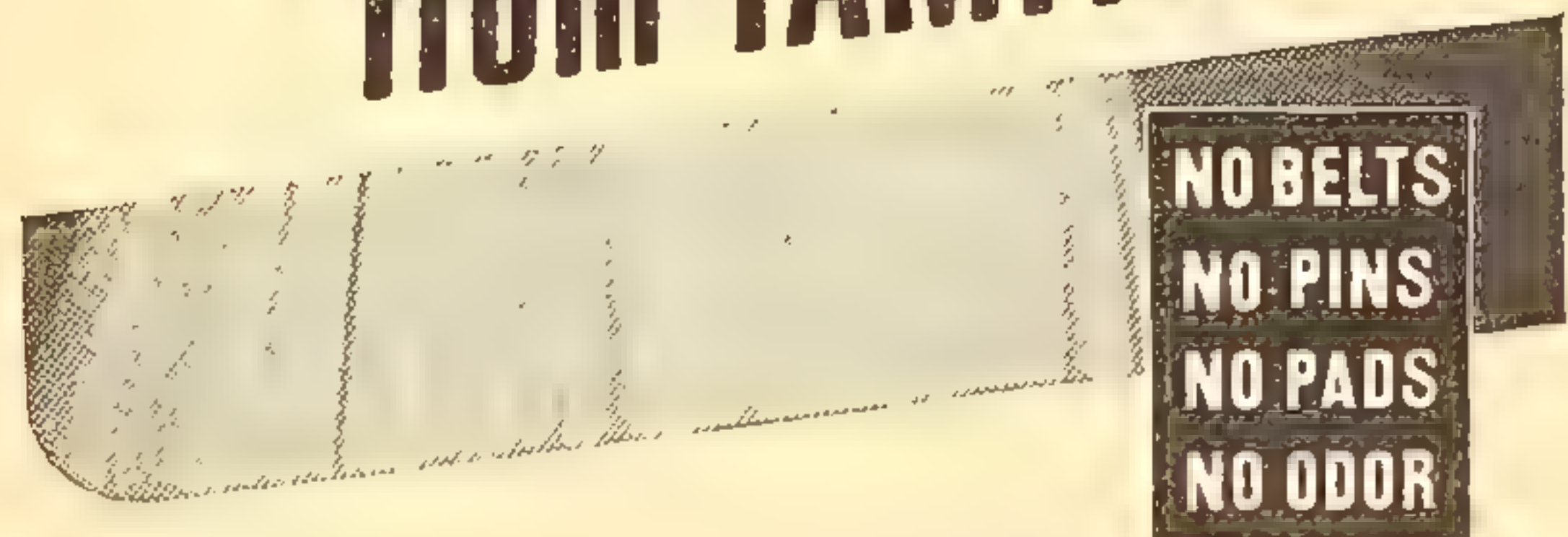
**Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE**



50 TUFTS! Get a new 50-Tuft Pepsodent Tooth Brush for Double-Power Cleansing.



**NO CHAFING WHATEVER
from TAMPAX**



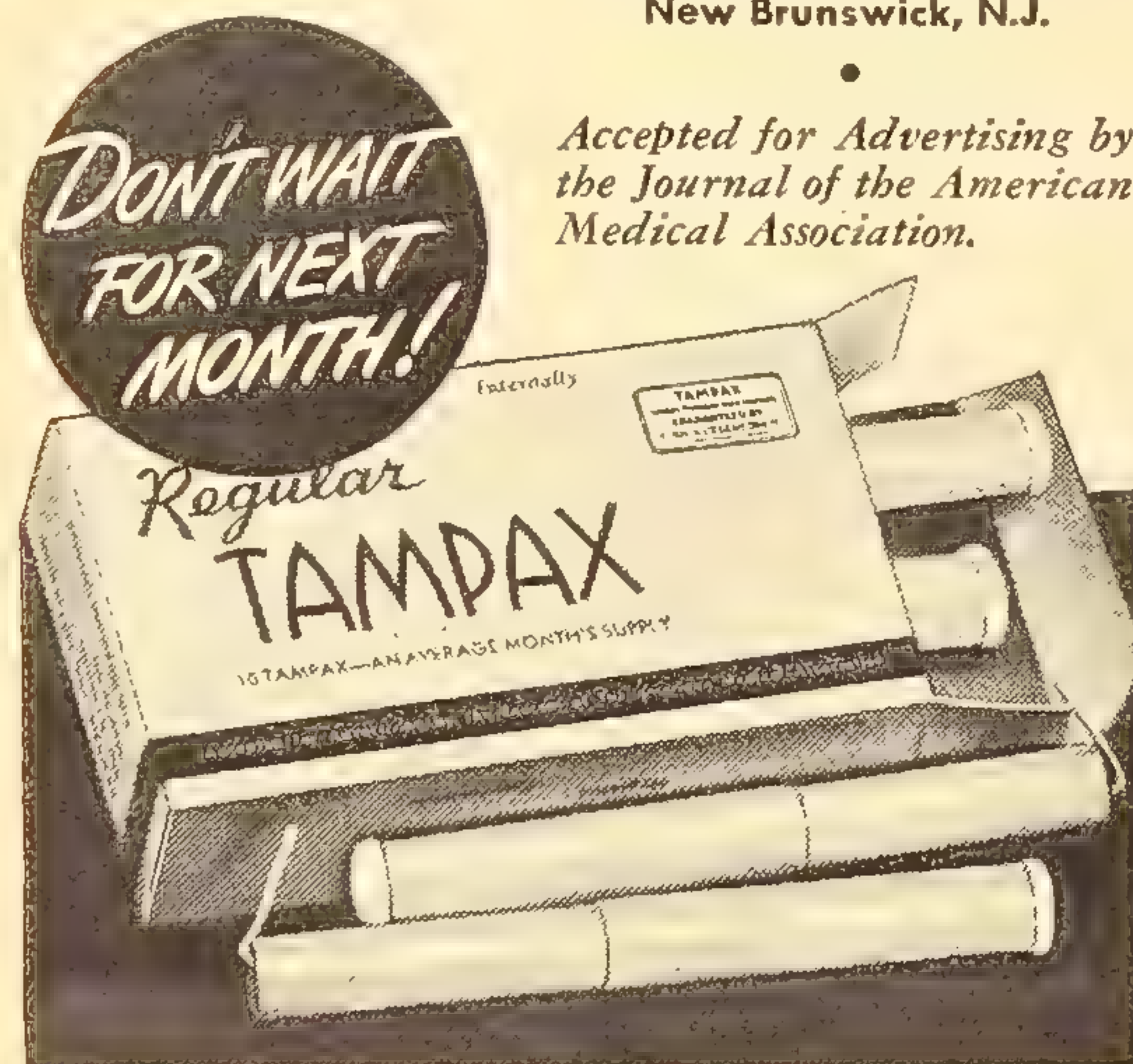
IT IS certainly a grand top-of-the-world feeling when you first use Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. It reminds you of girlhood days before you had any troubles with belts and pins and external pads. And with Tampax there is no chafing, wrinkling or bulking. There simply cannot be because Tampax is worn internally. Also no odor can form!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and is made of pure surgical cotton, extremely absorbent but compressed to a dainty size. Each Tampax comes in a patented one-time-use applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. And the whole thing is so compact there is no disposal problem.

Now sold in three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior, meeting all individual needs. (The new Super is 50% more absorbent.) No belts or pins with Tampax! At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax now!

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
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the Journal of the American
Medical Association.



INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

By
**Betty
Boone**



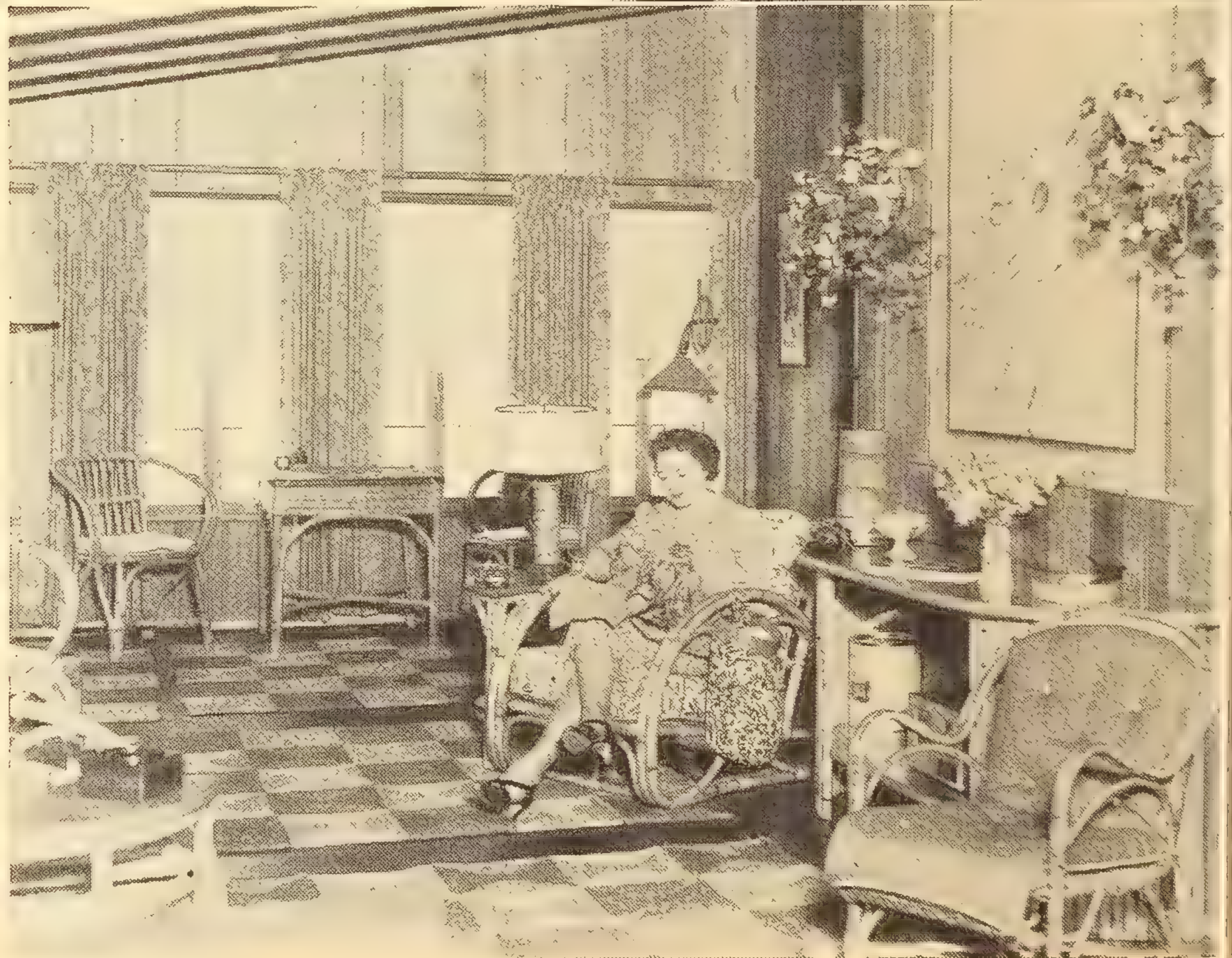
"It's better to make a man happy than to make him over," so Marjorie Rambeau (Mrs. Francis Gudger), shows here in the happy rôle of housewife in her California home.

Want to know how to hold the dual job of wife and working woman? Let Marjorie Rambeau advise you on "the care and feeding of husbands" while pursuing a prosperous career



FOOD served at *Rancho Manzanita*, California home of the Francis A. Gudgers, is in the best Southern tradition. The rambling fifteen-room house, with its garages, servants' quarters, carpenter shop, swimming pool and playhouse, was designed with a special eye to the comfort of its master, and the house is run on the same plan.

"It's better to make a man happy than to make him over," smiled Marjorie Rambeau (Mrs. Gudger). "So be wise and marry a man whose ideas





to accommodate their wardrobes. He likes space. "He can find anything at a glance," Miss Rambeau pointed out, "and he can drop wet towels, soiled clothes, shaving cream, toothpaste caps and what-not just as he pleases. When he's finished, someone restores order." Miss Rambeau thinks a good deal of marital unpleasantness is the result of arguments about who left what around the bathroom. The separate units—she has her own, (Please turn to page 88)

A distinguished actress at home: Marjorie Rambeau relaxes between movies, left, in her living room; and, below, in the playhouse with collection of treasured personal portraits.



of life coincide with your own. Then cater to his tastes and his hobbies and run your house as his home. Mr. Gudger is a Southerner, so I have a cook who is famous for her Southern dishes. We send to his former home for yams and cornmeal and particular kinds of ham and sausage and buckwheat. He is like most men in that he hates to have his desk disturbed, likes to work in the middle of a frightful mess, and hates

to pick up after himself! I don't mind." Mr. Gudger has a den where his desk is never touched except by a duly impressed maid who merely dusts and replaces every item exactly as she found it. He has his own carpenter shop which is cleaned only under his supervision. He has his own unit off the master bedroom, consisting of huge dressing room, shower and bath, and a closet in which half a dozen men could ac-

TO 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS...

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!



An utterly new principle in choosing your cosmetics—"matched makeup"! Created by Richard Hudnut to give you the added allure of color harmony!

• Beauty surveys among thousands of women reveal this startling fact. Actually 5 out of 7 women use makeup that lacks color harmony.

Now Richard Hudnut has developed an entirely new principle in cosmetics... "matched makeup!" *Marvelous Matched Makeup*, consisting of powder, rouge and lipstick in scientific color harmony!

Try this amazing new beauty "threesome." A mere three minutes to apply—and you see exciting new loveliness that catches at the heart... inspires romance!

... *How Marvelous Powder CLINGS!* Two special adhering ingredients help Marvelous Powder to stay on smoothly up to five full hours. Ingredients so pure they're often recommended for sensitive skins.

And Marvelous Powder is sheer, lies caressingly on your skin—gives a luminous finish that lasts!

Try Marvelous Face Powder. And for the added beauty of a matched makeup—try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too. At your favorite cosmetic counter. Large sizes 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).



Hudnut
MARVELOUS

Matching ROUGE, LIPSTICK AND
THE POWDER THAT *Stays on 5 Hours*

CLIP! MAIL!
SEE NEW LOVELINESS!

Richard Hudnut, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City

SU-941

Please send me try-out Makeup Kit containing generous art-metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

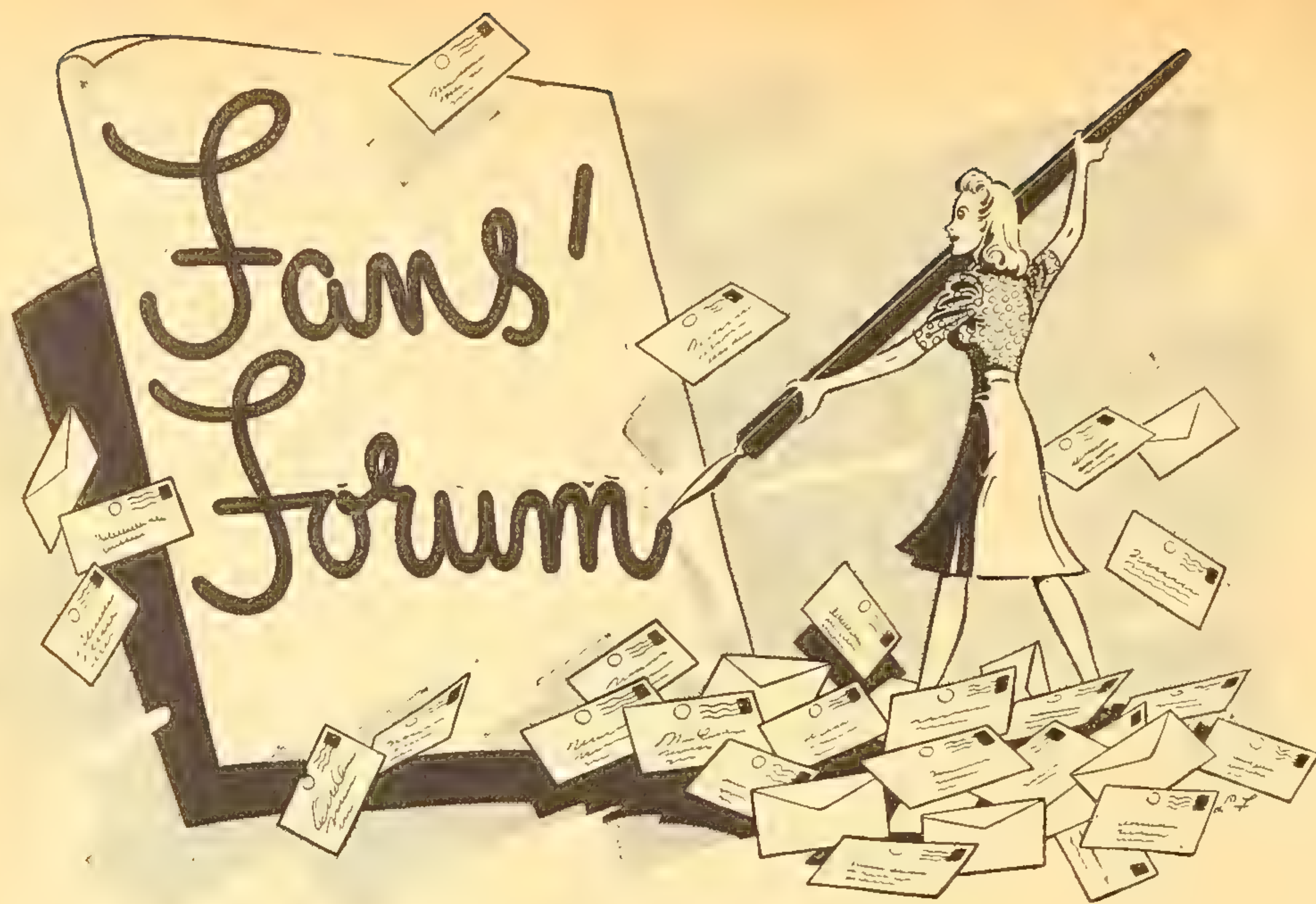
The color of my eyes is _____ hair _____ skin _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

(Good only in U. S. A., except where legally prohibited.)



FIRST PRIZE LETTER

\$10.00

Having lived two decades out here in the ranching country, it still amazes me how the synthetic westerns go on and on. I saw my first western twenty-five years ago, and my heart jumped with joy when the sombreroed hero stopped the runaway stage and clasped the *purty* blonde to his plaided shirt front. Then, incidentally, when the villain objected, the cowboy shot him quite dead.

That was a killer-diller of a show to a young squirt, and I anticipated the fun I'd have shooting rustlers and rescuing blondes when we moved to the untamed Southwest. Now, after twenty years in this great cattle region, I've seen practically no gun fights and not one damsel who needed rescuing.

Yet, the same western I saw so long ago is still being shown over and over with slight variations. From Bill Hart's heyday down to Bill Elliot's, there's been enough powder burnt in western pictures to win a world war. But despite the hackneyed plot, their success and longevity should prove to other producers some of the things movie audiences like—action, danger, suspense, and most vital of all, that final bear-like clinch and happy ending.

JESS F. BLAIR, Loop, Texas

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

\$5.00

Speaking of "peeves," I really have a pet one. I have seen lots and lots of pictures about the movie stars, producers, directors, etc., but never has Hollywood given the slightest consideration to the exhibitors of this business. We work and scheme just as hard to put the finished product over to the public as the stars, producers, and all the other Hollywood bigshots do in making the picture, and yet, not one peep of gratitude from them. If any of those important people out there think that they work any harder in behalf of the Motion Picture Industry than we, just tell them to drop down to the Alamo Theater in Newman, Georgia, and follow me around for just one week. After that, I'll wager that Cinemaland will have just a little more respect for the boys who make it possible for the public to view their little offerings.

GENE CAVENDER, Newman, Ga.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

\$1.00 EACH

For years, despite its annual crop of glamor girls, "beautiful hunks of men," "million-dollar epics" and other species of

subtle publicity to induce the clink of coins into the box-office windows, the motion picture had not really come into its own, so to speak. But now, with the acquisition of Orson Welles, Hollywood has realized its long dormant ambition.

Orson Welles! There are no adjectives or descriptive phrases to realistically picture him, except, perhaps, to compare his crafty showmanship to that of the late Florenz Ziegfeld or, going even further back, P. T. Barnum. Welles knows human beings and the idiosyncrasies of the human mind; and he uses this knowledge to great advantage, as his sensational radio broadcast of a few years back proved so undeniably.

By all degrees of Hollywood comparison—and facial ornamentation—he apparently does not possess "what it takes" for screen popularity. He is big and bulky, with a face like a disappointed cherub. He does not have that romanticism which is so necessary to a movie hero. He is considered to be slightly on the "screwy side." But—I venture to predict that with the general release of "Citizen Kane" throughout the country, the dynamic personality of Orson Welles will be remembered long after the shape of some "pretty boy's" nose has been forgotten!

MAURICE JACOBS, Philadelphia, Pa.

I have often wondered why the managers of theaters don't install straps on the seats in their movie houses when they are showing a Bob Hope picture. They would keep me from rolling out of my seat into the aisle, and assure my neighbor that he wouldn't have to fear getting an elbow in his rib or a foot in his shins.

But if I don't get my wish I won't care as long as I can enjoy the comedy of Bob in as many pictures as his studio turns out. Here's to Hope for giving us all the laughs we need right about now.

MARJORIE WENDL, Milwaukee, Wisc.

"In the Navy" shows that the movies have found a way, at last, to present the war in a palatable way, rather than the grim, serious manner of previous films. We get enough of that in the newsreels and headlines.

Let the glamor boys stay awake nights! That short, fat guy with the baby-face (is he Costello?) is the new screen idol of both males and females. The simple, fundamental humor of this lovable blunderhead, always in trouble, gets a sympathetic response. We laugh with him, as well as at him.

The only superfluous Hallowe'en note of "In the Navy," are the Andrew Sisters,

FUN IN THE FORUM

As we all know, it's the little things that count; things like writing to Fans' Forum and enjoying the privilege of speaking freely on one of the most controversial subjects in the world, albeit, one of the pleasantest—the movies. Also, there's the fun of seeing one's efforts appreciated and recorded for—ahem—posterity. Still greater is the fun in being eligible for SCREENLAND's prize awards each month: specifically, \$10.00, \$5.00 and five of \$1.00 each. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND's Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

whom the Harvard boys selected as "the most frightening"—they frighten me too.

Otherwise, the picture is the best propaganda for recruiting imaginable. It is worth two "I Wanted Wings." Seeing it, a fellow is apt to think "Gee, do they have so much fun in the Navy? I better sign up."

EMILY LEE DOVE, Washington, D. C.

Hooray and three cheers, Christopher Bowen, for your letter published in June SCREENLAND. You took the words right out of my mouth. I, too, am fed up with the skinniness of movie stars. Why don't they wake up and see themselves as others see them, or is it the photographers out there who are so blind?

That old bunk about a star appearing ten pounds heavier on the screen is poppycock. If so, why do they still look so skinny to the audience?

I have seen a number of stars in person, and honestly, they are the most unattractive, anemic, stork-legged looking bunch I've ever seen.

The trouble with Hollywood is that every one out there is out of step and out of date. They can't see the forest for the trees. Get wise, you Hollywood stars; put on more weight! Don't let make-up artists ruin your looks; keep your individuality by refusing to have your eyebrows, lips and hair molded by someone else. Be more sincere. Don't try to feed us so much bunk! Take off those masks—we know you.

KENOVA S. BEIDLER, Chicago, Ill.

What's all this about Ida Lupino replacing Bette Davis? Who's crazy now? What kind of a movie fan could ever forget such great Davis pictures as "Dark Victory," "The Letter," and "The Old Maid," only to mention a few?

I'll admit Lupino has simply gobs of talent—in fact, I'm a fan of hers. But Lupino can *never* take Bette's place! For that matter—who could? Any two gals that can keep me spell-bound in such pictures as "High Sierra," and "They Drive by Night" or, "The Great Lie," can keep me in after work *any* night. And boy, I should know a good show when I see one—I'm an usherette! It's kids like Davis and Lupino that keep usherettes overtime. So three cheers for those two Box-Office Biggies!

KAE McCULLOCH, Seattle, Wash.

HONORABLE MENTION

May I pay tribute to one of Hollywood's finest actresses and loveliest ladies? Thank you.

She has been my favorite actress for several years and I have followed her career with great interest. She has had her ups and downs, but, like the champion she is, has always managed to come out on

top. Step up, Joan Crawford, and take a bow!

I have just seen "A Woman's Face" and was delighted with Joan's performance. Not even Bette Davis could have given a finer, more interesting characterization. Now that she has come through with a real hit (4 stars to be exact) I sincerely hope that M-G-M will not waste her ability on trite material. Joan was fortunate enough to have a good story, excellent direction and fine supporting players. She has often had good support, sometimes clever direction, but never a combination of these three important factors. Producers would save themselves a lot of grief if they would spend more time securing good story matter instead of depending on glamorous clothes and stupid publicity to put a picture across.

MURIEL MARKS, New York, N. Y.

As a long-time admirer of Joan Crawford, I must protest against such vehicles for her as "A Woman's Face," her latest film. In the first place, no plot can justify, for me, the disfiguring of Joan Crawford's face, easily one of the most beautiful on the screen. It was, after all, Joan's physical perfection, primarily, which helped her win the place she holds in the movies.

Moreover, pictures which are based on physical deformities, in general, do not appeal to me. There are too many such pitiful sights in real life. Surely, there is still enough good dramatic material available so that we need not be "entertained" by looking at handicaps of this sort. Certainly the so-called normal person is enough of a mystery and a problem, and offers enough "story."

In short, I like my drama in almost any form, heavy, sophisticated, spicy—yes, and I'll take an occasional dose of slapstick, but give me the actors and actresses "as is," please.

EDITH ZITTLER, Chicago, Ill.

How about a twenty-one gun salute to Rosalind Russell for her fine screen performances. After seeing her in several pictures, I'm thoroughly convinced that she is one of the most accomplished actresses in the movies. Her apparent "at ease" attitude on the screen makes her seem more natural and realistic. Her striking beauty, charm and graciousness are indeed worthy assets to herself and her fine acting.

GENE WIRTH, JR., Kaufman, Texas

Am I burned up! Just came from seeing Judy Canova in "Sis Hopkins." I was looking forward to an evening of laughs, and what do I see but just another glamor gal! They spoiled Martha Raye for me by making a glamor girl out of her, and now they are doing the same with Judy. It's true, Judy sings beautifully but we already have plenty of good singing stars. There are so few with Judy's real hill-billy talent that she is making a big mistake in dropping it for the glamor field which is already overcrowded.

Another thing, producers are becoming worried over the reduction in attendance at the theaters this spring and early summer, and I think I can tell them one reason why: it is because of the big crop of mediocre pictures they are putting out. I attend the movies twice a week, but only about once in six weeks do I see a real good program.

While I am throwing bric-bracs, I also wish to throw a bouquet to that charming British actor, Rex Harrison. I wish we could see more of him. I wonder why he hasn't been brought to this country to make pictures.

DORIS HARRISON, Omaha, Nebr.

There is much ado just now about Jean Gabin, the "French Spencer Tracy," but nary a word about his equally famous compatriot, Michele Morgan, who is also in Hollywood.

Those who have seen Miss Morgan on the screen in any of her French films know that she really has talent and natural beauty, as well as the true Gallic vivacity and charm, and it is to be hoped that she will not be completely ignored while Mr. Gabin gets all the "breaks."

It might be, though, that Hollywood producers are so busy building up and publicizing brunette Linda Darnell and blonde Betty Grable, and all their carbon copies, to foist on the movie-going public, that they haven't time to bother with a real artist!

I'm sure if Miss Morgan were to appear in the English version of her last French film, "Quai des Brumes," she would be an overnight sensation. How about giving her this opportunity. She deserves it and she'll quickly develop a fan following.

MARGARET BELL, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

Last night I saw the latest picture in the *Dr. Kildare* series. "People vs. Dr. Kildare." How long is this series going to continue? We didn't ask for a steady diet of it. When you've seen one you've seen them all. And for goodness sake, they're ruining Lew Ayres! What are the producers thinking of to cast an actor like Lew Ayres in the same rôle each time? He has talent, so why not give him a chance to prove it, and get him away from white uniforms and operating rooms. Wouldn't he be just as good in a tuxedo on a dance floor?

I think Lew Ayres is a fine actor, and I'm not alone in this opinion. So give him some leading rôles in good films and get away from this *Kildare* stuff. Too much of one thing will eventually pall.

MARY MARGARET THOMAS, Jefferson City, Mo.

Stop me if I'm wrong—but I think it's high time to quit showing airplane pictures which have the inevitable crack-up. Now, I like airplane movies, but I dislike very much to sit enveloped in a sort of gloom, as it were—for I just know one of those planes will eventually crack up and someone will be killed.

Besides, I think this sort of thing might have a discouraging effect on prospective fliers. So, why not reverse the plot and show the ease with which remarkable feats are accomplished, playing up the hero-pilot stuff? A few pictures along those lines might help to make flying a little more attractive to prospective pilots—a fact which, I think, might be very apropos. Mothers the country over will feel better too.

MRS. CELIA SCHOOLEY, Wichita, Kans.

I went to the movies that afternoon, not for the purpose of enjoying myself, but simply because a boring movie could not be as horrible as a boring economics class. Stumbling down the dark aisle, I sank into a comfortable seat and prepared myself for a long snooze. But I didn't snooze. Four characters yanked me from the soft, upholstered cushions and dragged me through the rain and mud and fear and tears of today's Europe. Four stories of tragic, upside-down lives knocked some thankfulness into my heart that I am an American, and free.

Frederic March, Margaret Sullavan, Frances Dee, and Glenn Ford can rightly be proud of the sincerity, the "punch," the message they put into "So Ends Our Night."

ANN GILL, Ypsilanti, Mich.



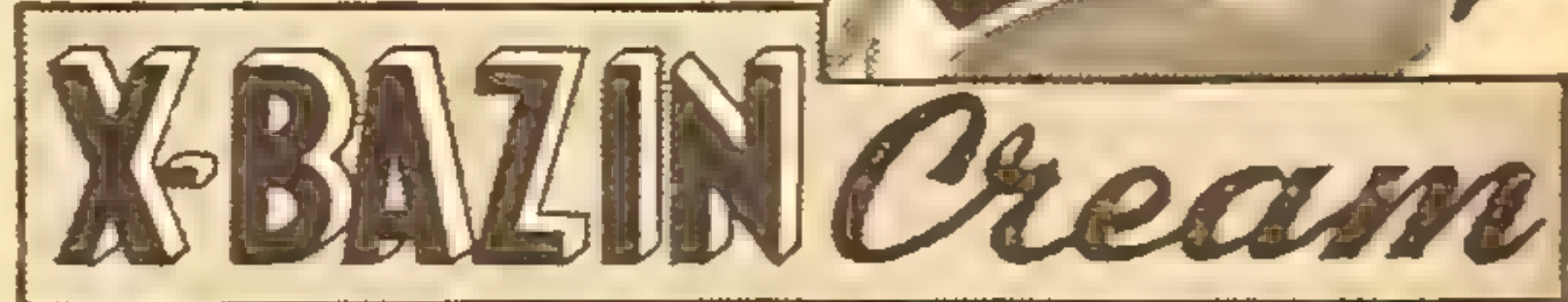
Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

It is every wife's right to know certain facts. Her greatest happiness, her physical and mental well-being may be at stake. She cannot go by what others tell; she must *know*.

Today thousands of informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty, snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Spread greaseless, protective coating to cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet! Zonitors are *safe* for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: revealing booklet of intimate facts, in plain envelope. Send name, address to Zonitors, Dept. 3909A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York City.





A lesson in

Kissing Technique



LISTERINE TELLS YOU WHAT THE MASTERS SAY ABOUT KISSING

The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.

DR. HENRY GIBBONS

*What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:
The sure sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.*

ROBERT HERRICK

A kiss, when all is said, what is it?

... a rosy dot

Placed on the "i" in loving; 'tis a secret

Told to the mouth instead of to the ear.

EDMOND ROSTAND

The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a great deal longer.

O. W. HOLMES

Kissing don't last: cookery do.

GEORGE MEREDITH

Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.

SWIFT

*And when my lips meet thine,
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.*

H. H. BOYESEN

*Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me:
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.*

LEIGH HUNT

*A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.*

TENNYSON

Excerpts from "The Home Book of Quotations" by
Burton Stevenson; Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers



WHETHER it's the kiss given in the first fine rapture of love's discovery, the kiss you give your husband of twenty years as he rushes out in the morning, or the kiss of mother and son—don't be careless. Remember . . . nothing is so intimate or so revealing as a kiss.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

So—for love's sake!—don't ever be guilty of offending HIM with halitosis (bad breath). It freezes love . . . yet anyone may have it at some time or other.

Wouldn't any woman be foolish to chance losing this regard unnecessarily when it's often so easy to make breath sweeter, purer, with Listerine Antiseptic?

Halitosis is sometimes due to systemic con-

ditions. Usually, however, say some authorities, it is caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. For that condition, a good rinsing of the mouth with refreshing Listerine Antiseptic morning and night works sweet wonders!

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse night and morning.

"P.S." TO MEN: Don't imagine you're immune from halitosis! (Who is?) Keep Listerine on hand—make it a morning and nightly ritual! Always remember to rinse your mouth with this delightful, breath-sweetening antiseptic deodorant before any important business engagement—or your date with Her. It pays. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

SCREENLAND

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Roy Rogers

DEAR COWBOY ROY:

Help, help! While you're riding "Trigger" to the rescue of poor, worthy, oppressed people I wish you would please think of me. I am oppressed, all right. In fact, I am practically in hiding, and I could do with a spot of smart Roy Rogers-to-the-rescue stuff right now. Oddly enough, it is Roy Rogers I want to escape from.

Now, wait a minute, Pardner. Don't shoot—yet. No offense meant. It's just that I am a fugitive from the Roy Rogers Friendship Club and its frenzied members, who are out to get me because they think I don't appreciate you. They're wrong—I think you're a nice, clean-cut personality and one of Hollywood's most useful citizens. But that isn't enough for *them*—oh, no. They are demanding all-out aid to Rogers, including interviews, covers, etc. I would be taking to the tall timber any time now, posse or no posse, for a little peace and quiet—except that the

woods would probably be full of more Roy Rogers Friendship Club members. It seems, according to your most devoted fan Lena M. Northam, of Bennettsville, S. C., that she never knew a woman who didn't fall in love with Roy Rogers the instant she saw him on the screen. Why, Lena took a girl friend to see you in "Robin Hood of the Pecos" and sure enough, the friend came away telling anyone who would listen, "I fell in love with Roy, too!"

I don't want this to happen to me. I can see that it might—after all, see enough Roy Rogers Westerns, with your ingratiating grin and pleasant voice and savoir faire in the saddle, and any woman would come away babbling. As it happens, I have enough trouble not falling for Tyrone Power and Stirling Hayden without messing up my life any further. What say, Pal—suppose we settle for a fine, platonic friendship?

Singing Cowboy Roy Rogers commands a devoted following of fans, especially in the smaller cities, with his Republic Westerns such as "Nevada City." Here he is, at right, as a family man, with Baby Cheryl Darline and Mrs. Rogers.

Delight Evans



HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



Spencer Tracy seriously contemplates Jean Gabin, known to all and sundry as the "French Spencer Tracy." Marlene Dietrich, however, finds nothing to scowl about. She's pleased.



Their quarters are slightly crowded but that doesn't deter Joan Blondell, Jack Benny, Dick Powell, Claudette Colbert and Marlene Dietrich, above, from having fun en route to entertain our soldier boys. The lads are appreciative.



Jimmy Stewart is as proud of his sister, above, as his sister is proud of him. James, on a brief army furlough, escorted his attractive kin to the Judy Garland engagement party.

Variety being the spice of life, we give you a variety of stars having fun in a variety of ways. Informality is the keynote to this 4-page picture spread

Photos by Esquire-Globe



Weighty, world-shaking events are taking place, but that doesn't prevent us from wondering about Ann Sheridan and George Brent, above, as to when they will merge in marriage.



Wherever there's a costume party you'll find a cameraman; and wherever there's a cameraman you'll find a star. Jean Arthur looking unlike Jean Arthur, with Mary Martin.



Edgar Bergen became famous when he placed Charlie McCarthy upon his knee; Cesar Romero and Ann Sothorn, above, are already famous, so this is only for a laugh.



Funny-man Lou Costello, above, who's making box-office history these days, takes his very, very pretty wife to the Brown Derby for the usual reason. To eat and make merry.



We don't know anybody else on this continent who can wear the loud jackets Bing Crosby, above, wears, with such utter nonchalance. Bing's with Mrs. Bing, and she's used to 'em.



Into the ultra-swanky portals of Ciro's stepped fur-bedecked Mrs. Frank Morgan, with her silver-thatched husband. They, too, will eat and make merry. As if that's not obvious.



Costume partying, we've probably mentioned it before, is a good old Hollywood custom. Robert Montgomery, pleased as punch in his Scotch kilts, gallantly assists the Mrs.



Just an old married couple who still get a thrill out of dancing and dining out of a night—together. Deanna Durbin and hubby Vaughn Paul simply can't hide that newlywed look.



Mr. and Mrs. Henry (Hank) Fonda, above, dote on the rumba orchestra at the swank Mocambo. They like watching the dancers as much as they like to take a twirl on the floor.



He produces, he writes, he squires the most beautiful girls in the world and, on occasion, he marries 'em! The gentleman is genial Gene Markey, above, with Carole Landis.



Here's another fellow who has the reputation—and the good luck—of escorting the town's most beautiful damsels. Franck Tone, we mean, with Lorraine Gettman and Hank Fonda.



Ian Hunter, above, the guy the gals think (according to Fans' Forum) is just wonderful, dancing with Mrs. Ian, who also thinks he's just simply wonderful--and then some.



Signing autographs is a real pleasure to Joan Blondell, because she knows if it weren't for "her public" she wouldn't be able to wear furs in Summer and Winter. That's hubby.



It didn't take John Shelton long to find Pat Dane, or Pat to find John. Patricia is the model girl who just does things to Mickey Rooney in M-G-M's "Life Begins for Andy Hardy."



Maureen O'Hara, who looks so serious most of the time, breaks into a bright smile as she dances with Bill Lundigan. Anybody with such lovely home-grown teeth should smile.



Borrowing his best friend's wife, Mrs. Hank Fonda, for a twirl around the Ciro dance floor, Jimmy Stewart appears to give the terpsichorean matter his most serious attention.

Torrid love scenes between Dottie Lamour and Jon Hall in "Aloma of the South Seas" don't mean a thing—except good acting. She's Greg Bautzer's; he's actress Frances Langford's.



REAL LOVE

at last

FOR

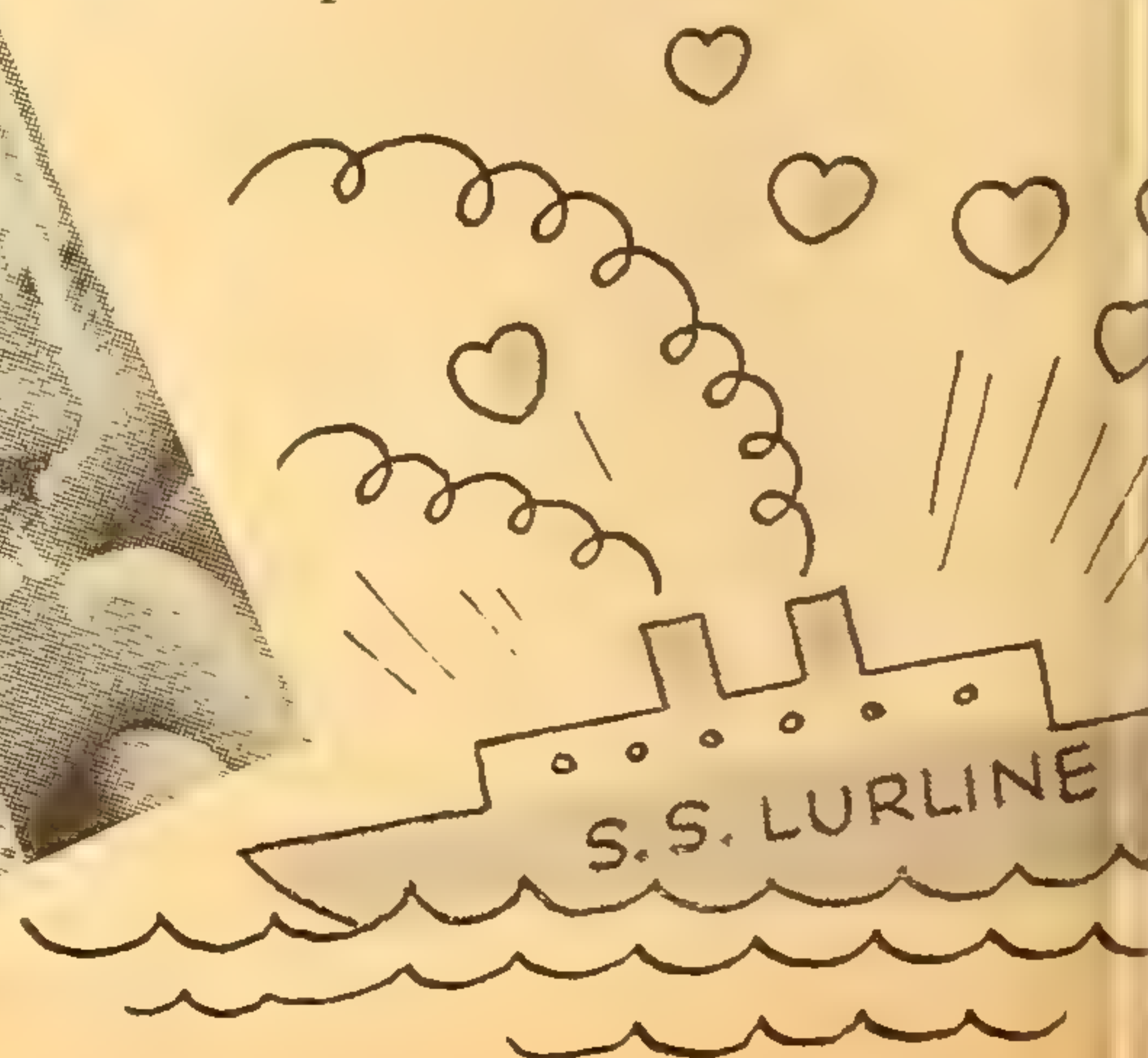
Dorothy

AS THIS is being written for you, gentle reader, Dorothy Lamour is probably sunning herself on the A-deck of the S.S. Lurline bound for Honolulu. Three days out, she should be sporting a wonderful tan by this time. Not to mention a case of love-in-bloom that is out-of-this-world. You see Mr. Greg Bautzer who besides being one of Hollywood's niftiest lawyers, is on Dottie's loving Lancelot, is on the same boat. Ditto Dottie's momma. Just before the S. S. Lurline pulled out, reporters cornered Mr. Bautzer, who, to tell you the truth, didn't seem to mind the ordeal one bit, and demanded: "What's with you and Dorothy, counsellor?"

Mr. Bautzer gave out as follows: no, he and Miss Lamour were not secretly married nor were they hiking to Honolulu with that object in mind.

"Does that mean that marriage is out?" a reporter persisted.

"No, it doesn't," Mr. Bautzer came back as naturally as if he were filing a cross complaint or issuing an application for a writ of habeas corpus. Whereupon he excused himself, file



Weissman photo



Here's a new light in Lamour's eyes these days and nights. Contrast candid shot at night with Greg Bautzer, to hectic scenes at bottom of page showing Dottie the playgirl. Does this mean her new romance the real thing? It looks like it to us.



Lamour

to the gangplank, and disappeared. Mr. B.'s statement, of course, touched off some pretty feverish speculating by the guild of Hollywood columnists, speculating that ended in a stalemate, the "they-wills" and the "they-won'ts" just about balancing each other off. If you're at all interested, here are the facts in the case. You can form your own conclusion, just as you did in the affaire Hess, after everyone from Bugs Baer to Winston Churchill had given you his expert opinion. The they-wills have a pretty strong case. On Miss L.'s third finger right hand there are two old-fashioned yellow-gold engagement rings, which this reporter spotted one day when he strayed onto the set of "Aloma of the South Seas" a few days before Miss Lamour took off. They are engagement rings and belong, if you give two cents for Emily Post, on the left (*Please turn to page 72*)

Mendelssohn music for Dottie? Hollywood "they-won'ts" say: She's a careerist, he's a confirmed bachelor. But the "they-wills" retort: They're in love!

By
John
Franchey

A.G.

(AFTER
GREG)

B.G.

(BEFORE
GREG)



IT'S MODEL YEAR

By VYVYAN DONNE

YOU gals who think you'd like some day to become fashion models and show other people how to wear million dollar clothes—perhaps you'd like to have a few tips on this exciting (but exacting) profession from some one who has had a great deal to do with it from the inside, before you say goodbye to that nice boy you went to school with.

Most famous model in America today is blonde Georgia Carroll, shown in the poses at left. She's a Hollywood hit now slated for stardom.



Above, Peggy Diggins, another ex-model who is one of the Beauty Sextette in "Navy Blues." Far left, sensational ex-model Stirling Hayden.

IN HOLLYWOOD!

As told to Betty Shannon

or let your dad mortgage the farm so that you can go off to Model School and in search of a job.

It's "model" year in Hollywood. Fashion beauties are now finding their way to the screen in ever-increasing numbers. Modeling seems to be one of the neatest little ways at the moment of crashing even the highest Hollywood gates, with a cute little

Yes, modeling is a glamorous showcase for beauty and short cut to screen career—but first find out what it takes to be a successful model, according to authority Vyvyan Donner, fashion director for Fox-Movietone



Three of Miss Donner's "model girls," with Don Ameche.



Miss Donner, above, directs a fashion movie with Roseanne Murray modeling. Roseanne, left, is in motion pictures now.



Phyllis Brooks, above, started as a Donner model.



Here's cute Kay Aldridge, now in Warners' "Navy Blues."

Jinx Falkenburg, famed model for billboards and magazine covers, now has movie career with Columbia Pictures. See her in "Two Latins from Manhattan."



contract zipped into one's pocketbook, too. So more of you than ever are wanting to know what the field is like, and if it holds any opportunities for you. And with all the glamor and romance that have surrounded models for centuries, who can blame you?

Perhaps your friends are harrying you. Maybe they insist that you're every bit as gor-geous (or could be if you had the *(Please turn to page 66)*)



Kay Aldridge again and—far right—Betty Avery with Kirk Allen.

Outstanding example of "model girl who made good" is Linda Darnell. Now noted movie star, she started when only thirteen as a fashion model for department stores in her home town of Dallas, Texas—see pictures at right and below for proof of her past before far-sighted Fox movie scouts saw and signed her.

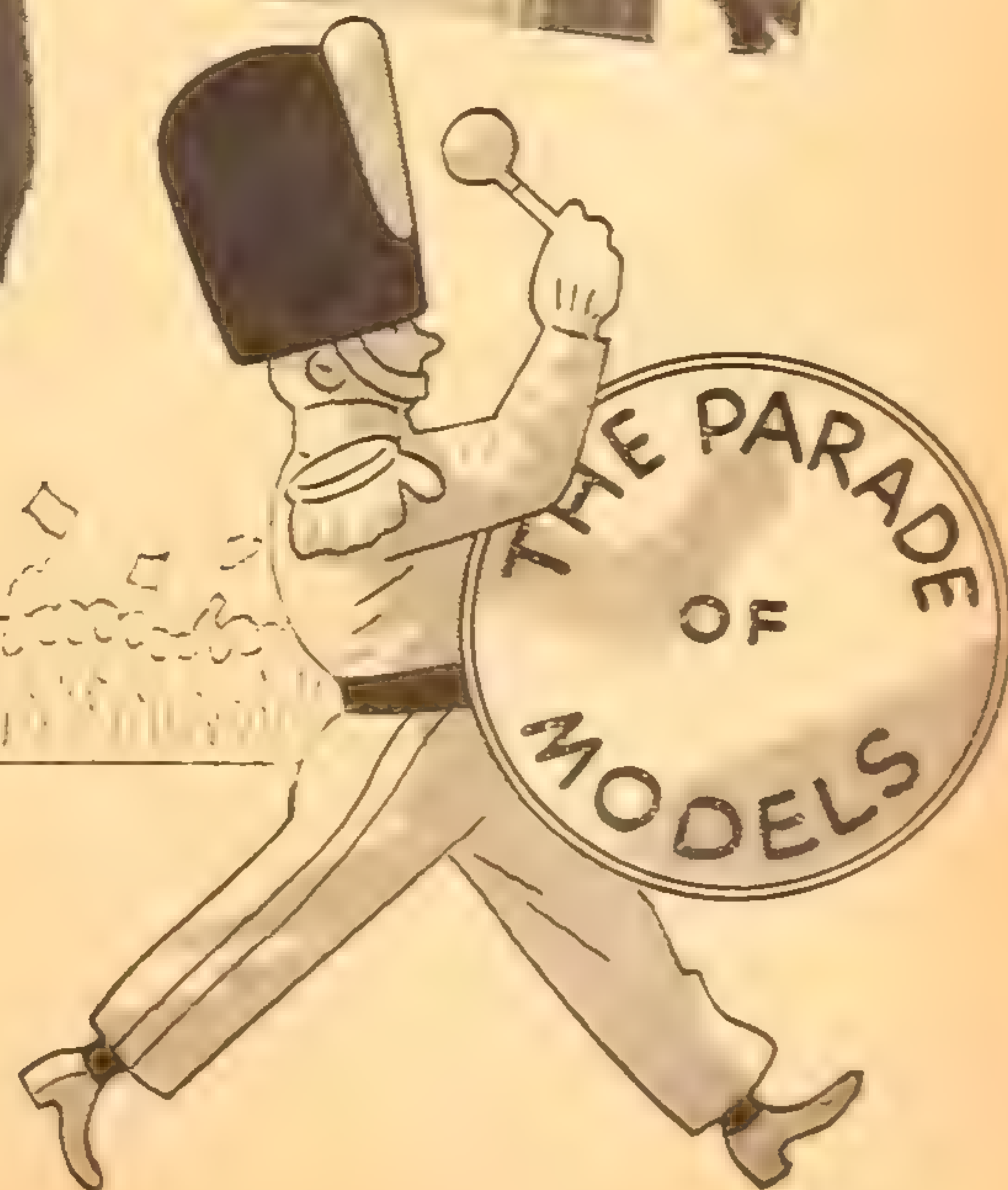


Marguerite Chapman is still another statuesque member of the "Navy Blues" Beauty Sextette.

Lovely Lillian Eggers won her Hollywood chance through attention she attracted as fashion model in Vyvan Donner's Fox-Movietone short movies.



Outstanding male model to win movie recognition is handsome Frank Swann, at right and also below.





Copyright, 1941, by Paramount Pictures.
Complete cast and credits on Page 93.

**Fictionized
by
Elizabeth B. Petersen**

**Season's smartest romantic comedy,
novelized from sophisticated new film
co-starring Ray Milland and Claudette
Colbert as husband and wife whose
domestic happiness is almost wrecked
by Brian Aherne as "the other man"**

THERE had been a time when Lydia had loved parties. But that was before Tony had been a success and the young Kenyons had only entertained their friends. Now their parties had taken on the feeling of Board meetings. Lydia managed a grin as she wondered if she should leave ten dollar gold pieces on each plate. After all, it was business, nothing but business which had prompted this party, even if it *was* their fifth wedding anniversary.

George and Charlotte Gorell would be the only ones of the old crowd there, the only ones of their original wedding guests who would welcome them into their fifth year of, what was it the optimists called it, wedded bliss? But even George would only be there because he was

in the advertising game too. Ever since he had become the firm's most go-getting young contact man, Tony had seemed unable to find time for anyone who wasn't a business asset.

All the sponsors would be there this evening, all the sponsors and their wives. And Lydia would be so charming and sweet to all of them, the perfect wife, the superlative hostess. She took a last glance around the terrace, at tables already set and waiting for the buffet supper before she went into the living-room, and again a reluctant quirk of humor tugged at her lips as she saw the butler emptying the cigarette boxes of the brands they usually smoked.

"Oh, Theodore," she cautioned. "You're sure you've

hidden all of them? Imagine smoking rival cigarettes!"

"Yes, Madame," Theodore said, carefully refilling the boxes from another carton. "When we have guests I never forget that Red Wing Cigarettes is one of Mr. Kenyon's largest clients. Three hundred thousand a year in advertising."

"And Abercrombie's Soap in all of the bathrooms?" Lydia asked. "And what do you suppose we can do about Valentine's Dog Food? We can't just put it on top of the piano with a sign saying 'Help yourself.' That would be a bit *too* obvious."

Valentine's Dog Food! She made a little grimace at the very thought of it. The party wasn't being given for her anniversary at all, it was being given to impress the Valentines.

If only Tony would be the way he used to be, Lydia thought longingly. She loved that Tony so desperately. That was the reason she had thought of the scrap book for a wedding anniversary present for him, that scrap

book showing all the things that had happened to them since they first met. Maybe it was silly, but the old Tony would have loved that book. But then, that Tony had been as sentimental about their anniversaries as she was. He never forgot them and he always brought her a present. He hadn't even forgotten this one. How could he, when he was using it as another rung on his ladder of success?

If he'd forgotten, maybe she wouldn't feel so badly about it. It had taken every bit of courage and humor she had to get over the shock it had given her that morning when she had called for the scrap book at the jeweler's, where the inscription was being engraved, and found George there buying *her* anniversary present from Tony! George hadn't seen her. She had taken care to avoid that as she saw him pick out a pair of jewelled clips that made Lydia wince as she looked at them. Only if she had thought Tony had picked them himself she would have worn them, no (Continued on page 92)

Claudette as the screen's cutest wife, Milland as her gay deceiver of a husband! Stars at their sparkling best make "Sky-lark" a scintillating movie



Married lovers whose happiness is of the modern variety provide a certain problem which the characters are attempting to solve in the scenes below





Exclusive picture of Judy Garland with her fiance, David Rose, and his mother. At right, a big hug and a gift from Joan Crawford at the engagement party. Facing page shows Judy with guest Jimmy Stewart, and—inkling of Dave's youth-of-heart—the Gar-Rose miniature railway, which you'll read about in our story.

Wedding Bells for JUDY!

IT WAS a lovely June day, and garden umbrellas dotted the lawn like huge yellow butterflies, and people looked excited and fond and happy as they do on such occasions, and Judy—like a pink butterfly herself—flitted among her guests, showing them the ring, and Dave threw her his shy crooked grin as they passed, and the kids danced on the badminton court, and the sun shone. It was a happy ending and a happy beginning.

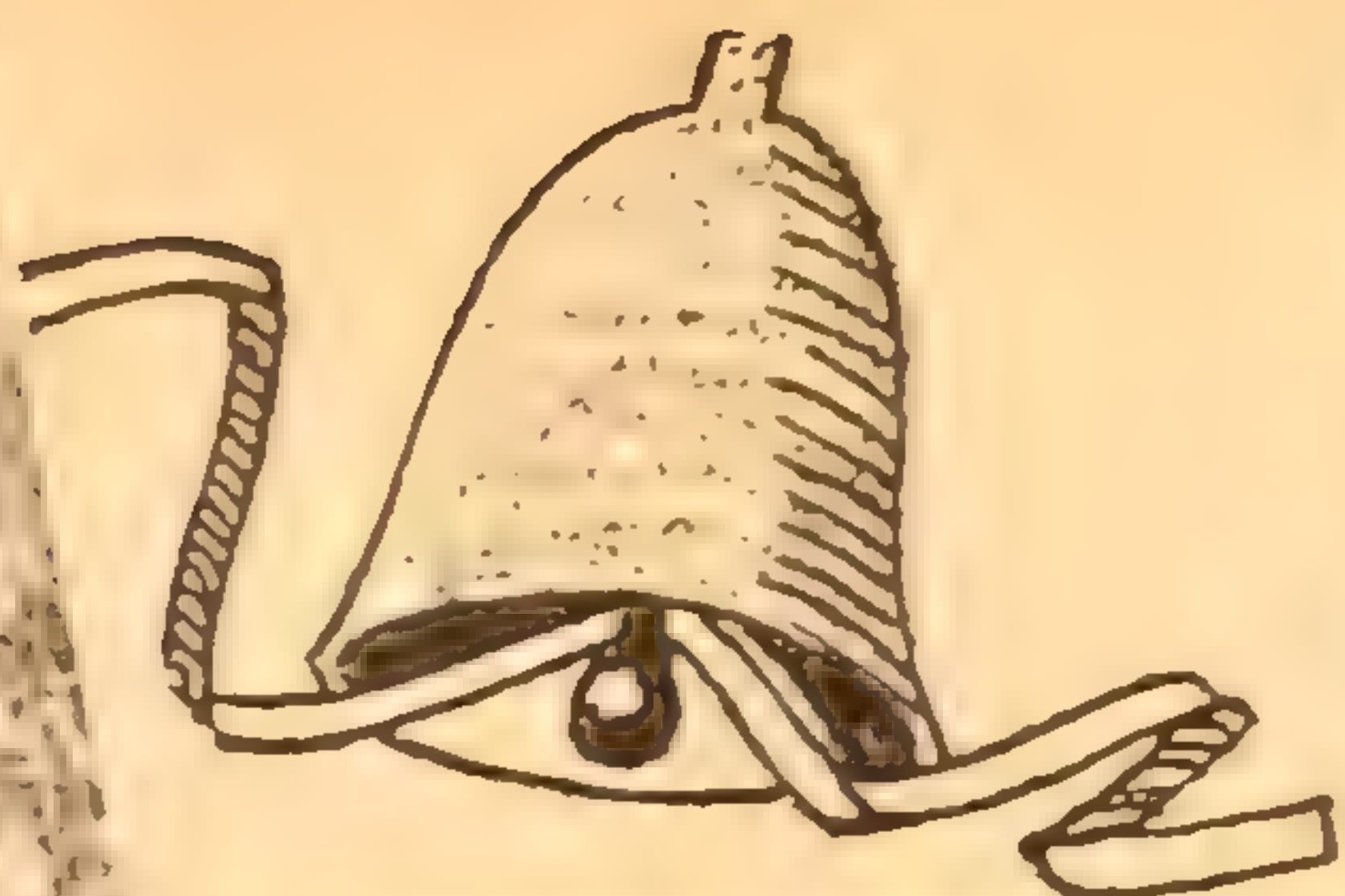
The end was of uncertainty—not for the plighted pair—but for whom it might concern. They stood together beside the cake of two overlapping hearts, marked HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO JUDY AND DAVE—which was more important as a symbol than as a pastry. In the modern way, they're casual on the surface about what touches them nearest. But for just a moment their hands and eyes met and clung. Dave's smile, as always,



In September she'll be Mrs. Dave Rose. Read the first complete story of the unusual romance between the 19-year-old star and the 30-year-old musician

By Ida Zeitlin

Next best to being a guest of Hollywood's gayest engagement party is to read this exclusive feature which tells you all about Judy and Dave, and their love which began with swing and will march on to the music of Lohengrin



was quiet—Judy's a shade tremulous but happy.

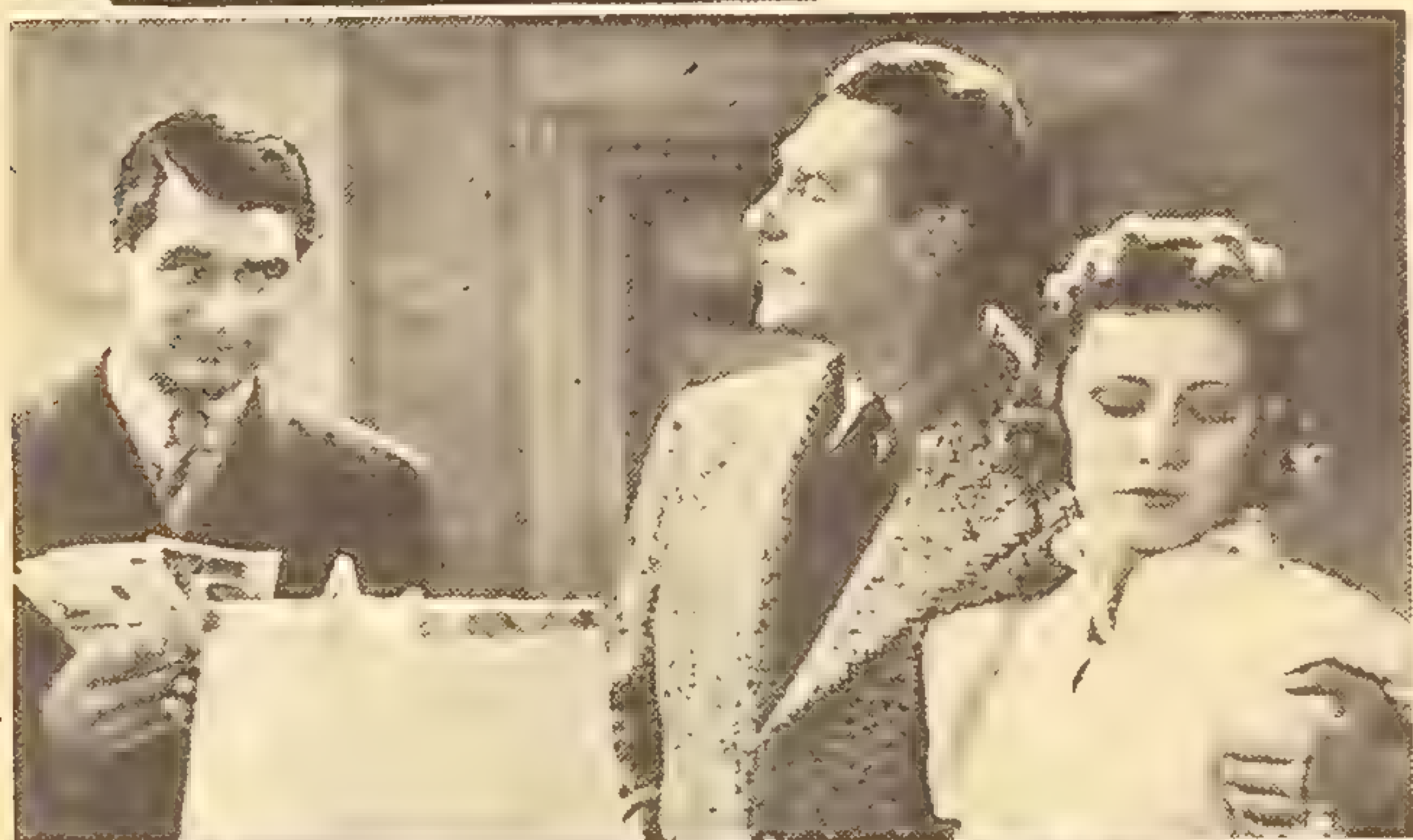
Their love affair has been a thing of gradual growth. It didn't explode, it crept up on them. Moving in related entertainment circles, they've known each other for years. To Dave, Judy was an attractive, talented kid who had a socko way with a song and was fast making her way in the movies. Judy's admiration was all for Dave as a musician. She and her gang had always been mad about music. You could tell if Judy was in by the blast of her recording machine as you entered the house. Even the symphonies had to be loud. It wasn't noise for noise's sake, but to help her distinguish the sound of each instrument. She's also mad about penny candy, spurning the expensive brands to concentrate on those chocolate buds that come wrapped in tinfoil. Armed with a bag of these confections, the crowd would drive to their favorite music shop, take possession of a cubicle, dispose themselves on the floor, chew chocolate buds, and listen to records all evening, choosing those they wanted with the care of a connoisseur. They all (Please turn to page 76)

"The GIRLS I Left Behind Me!"

"If Ralph doesn't get the girl in a picture soon," says Mrs. Bellamy, "people are going to think I won him on a punch board and was stuck with him!" You will enjoy this



Bellamy lost Irene Dunne to Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth," Rosalind Russell to Grant (again) in "His Girl Friday," and Merle Oberon to Dennis Morgan in "Affectionately Yours." But he does better with Margaret Lindsay in "Ellery Queen and the Perfect Crime."



RALPH BELLAMY, believe it or not, has made seventy-five pictures, but not until he played the part of "the stuffed shirt" in "The Awful Truth" I'll bet you not one out of fifty picture-goers could have told you his name. Oh, they recognized him all right, and when they saw him they knew they would see good acting—but he was just another familiar face on the screen.

In "The Awful Truth" he was changing his type and he landed with a bang-up hit—just as Brian Donlevy did when he switched from heavy drama to light comedy in "The Great McGinty." But now Ralph is turning apostate on us. "I don't want to go through life playing worthy but dull young men," he stated firmly.

"You ought to be glad to play them," I countered. "They've made you an important figure on the screen."

"Perhaps I wasn't as well-known before," Ralph argued, "but I was doing all right. People have got the idea now that I'm as dull in person (*Please turn to page 79*)

**By
S. R.
Mook**



*Presenting
Screenland's
Special
Gallery
of
Hollywood's
Gayest,
Most Gorgeous
Pictures!*

**YOUR ANNOUNCER:
MISS BETTY GRABLE**



You can't get away from Betty Grable these days—and who wants to? Wherever you look, there's the Grable girl, dancing and singing or, in her latest film, romancing with Ty Power.

A YANK and his GIRL

In the spirit of the times, Tyrone Power plays his most gallant rôle in "A Yank in the R.A.F.," with Betty Grable as the heroine





(Yep!
It's
Jeanette
MacDonald!)

AND SHE CAN SING, TOO!



"Mr. Jeanette MacDonald" and "Mrs. Gene Raymond" relax at home after working hours at the studio — where they're appearing together, for the first time on the screen, in "Smilin' Through." Gene plays two parts, father and son. In the rôle of the father he does not win the girl — Jeanette. In the rôle of the son, he does. And they lived happily ever after!

Exclusive photographs by Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M



Beauty from Broadway

Carol Bruce comes from the New York stage and night clubs to captivate you in her very first film, Frank Lloyd's "This Woman Is Mine," with star Franchot Tone

Ray Jones, Universal Pictures



*Lady
Spy*

Willowy, blonde
Ilona Massey will sur-
prise you in her latest
picture, "Internation-
al Lady"—for she
sings only one song,
devoting herself to
dramatic intrigues



HI, YA, TOOTS! What's Cooking?

Of course, Cesar Romero wouldn't dream of addressing a lady in these tough terms in real life—but in his new picture, "Dance Hall," he plays the kind of a guy who would, and who does





BUTCH, BEHAVE!

(Carole Landis
Speaking)

His best friends call Romero "Butch"—because, except when he's playing a pungent part, he's such a perfect gentleman! Now it's Carole Landis who is his dancing-romancing movie partner

ANN SOTHERN SUITS THE NEW SEASON!

The suit at left, worn by Miss Sothern in "Lady Be Good," has a red flannel jacket and navy skirt. Of particular interest is the lapel ornament, fashioned after an antique brass knocker. Below, the long jacket and bolero trim distinguish this black wool suit, with crisp white pique for the collar and the smart chapeau bow



Because she is so picturesque, Miss Sothern is the perfect model for the very new, very smart long-lined suits, which the famed Hollywood designer Adrian helped to introduce to the fashion-conscious world

Photographs by Ed. Cronenweth, M-G-M

Interesting black frock, at right, features a harem-draped panel, pert bolero, soft touch of snowy white for contrast. Below, Miss Sothern wears a costume suit of black, light-weight woolen, with yoke of lipstick-red trimmed with brass buttons. Her pillbox hat, with veil, also has a brass button trim, a modern military note





Welbourne, Warners

Before leaving for Buenos Aires on her good-will movie mission, Miss Maris posed for us in the garden of her Beverly Hills home with pet St. Bernard Luisito, meaning "Little Louie" in Spanish.

GOOD-WILL GIRL

Friendly relations with South America gain fresh impetus with Mona Maris travelling down to Argentina to make two movies, following her rôle in "Law of the Tropics," with Jeffrey Lynn



20th Century-Fox

Handsome new cowboy is George Montgomery, on this page pictured as a Zane Grey hero but also a success with the femme fans in his city clothes in "Accent on Love," recent film with Osa Massen.



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

George Montgomery and Lynne Roberts
in "The Last of the Duanes"

FASHIONED

FOR A LOVELY LADY



Combining grace and dignity, the personality of Irene Dunne, star of Universal's "Unfinished Business," reflects her good taste. Above, beautiful cut and draped white crepe dinner dress, highlighted by the striking accent of a kid belt patterned with appliquéd silk flowers. At left, fern and flower print with a new feature in the pleated panel on the back. Huge, ruffled collar of white pique almost hidden by the dotted veiling of the Dunne's white draped felt pompadour hat, with a cleverly corded bow.

Exclusive fashion photographs by Ray Jones, Universal Pictures.

IRENE DUNNE'S

OWN CLOTHES COLLECTION



suit for a lady, above, in cocoa beige wool with a full-gored skirt and a jacket with revers extending up the single buttoned neckline. Miss Dunne's accessories include her own felt calot with a draped veiling. To the right, designed for moonlight and music is an exquisite misty gray tulle gown. "Corsage" shoulder straps of self-fabric flowers complement the delicate tracery of a new white hand-painted motif. Irene's wide gold bracelet has large center sapphire surrounded by sparkling diamonds.

Miss Dunne's costumes from Howard Greer and Saks' 5th Ave., Beverly Hills. Hats by John Fredricks.





BETTE DAVIS AND "TIBBIE"

By Morgan Dennis

Pet Picture Parade

Be it poodle, pooch or baby panda, if it hails from the animal kingdom enter it in our new pet picture contest

EVERYBODY'S crazy about pets! If you own an animal—any kind of pet—from a proud and pedigreed pomeranian to a humble mongrel, from a cat to a canary, dollars to donuts you have a prized picture and display it at the drop of a hat. If you have the pet and not the picture, take one now, and let Morgan Dennis, world-famed etcher and dog fancier, judge its eligibility for a prize. Aside from the important first award, an original star-pet portrait by the noted artist, we will pay \$5.00 for each additional print published. Bette Davis, Hollywood's most enthusiastic dog lover, shown opposite with her Scottie, "Tibbie," is another star in this series of Dennis studies. So put your cameras and pets to work and join our picture parade. It's fun for everyone. The rules are simple.



Who gets the first warm greeting from Joan Leslie, circle, Warners' "Baby Bernhardt," after a busy day at the studio? Her pooch, "Lights," is right. Jane Frazee, below, putting her wire-haired pal Spunky through his paces. A true aristocrat is Laraine Day's silent and contented companion, below, left.

CONTEST RULES

1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.
2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage.
3. Contest closes midnight, August 5th, 1941.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal values will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to New Pet Picture Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.



I am entering SCREENLAND New Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed herewith.

NAME.....
STREET ADDRESS
CITY.....STATE.....



Your GUIDE *at a* GLANCE

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"SERGEANT YORK"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GREAT!

APPEAL: To every American, man, woman, and child, who is proud of his heritage of freedom.

PLOT: The real-life story of Alvin York, whose World War exploits wrote a new and thrilling chapter in American history—beginning back on the farm in Tennessee where Alvin used to play as hard as he worked—until he "got religion"—and ending back there too after his incredible exploits in France which won him fame and offers of fortune which he spurned to return to the simple life he loved. No bunk, but the real story of a real man.

PRODUCTION: Superlative, with Howard Hawks' he-man direction resisting every temptation to turn maudlin or sentimental—no false heroics or flag-waving, but absolute sincerity in every scene, from the earthy humor and everyday appeal of Tennessee farm life to the desperate drama of war as fought by Sergeant York and his comrades. It's a great story which has not been cheapened in the telling. Bravo, Hollywood!

ACTING: It is Gary Cooper's triumph, this portrayal of a man of nobility and courage—even better than his *John Doe*. Margaret Wycherly plays his mother with rare understanding. Walter Brennan is, as always, splendid; and little Joan Leslie is enchantingly fresh and spontaneous as York's sweetheart.

Warner Bros.

"CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
RIOT!

APPEAL: Unlimited—unless there are a few stale characters who have given up Hope for the duration.

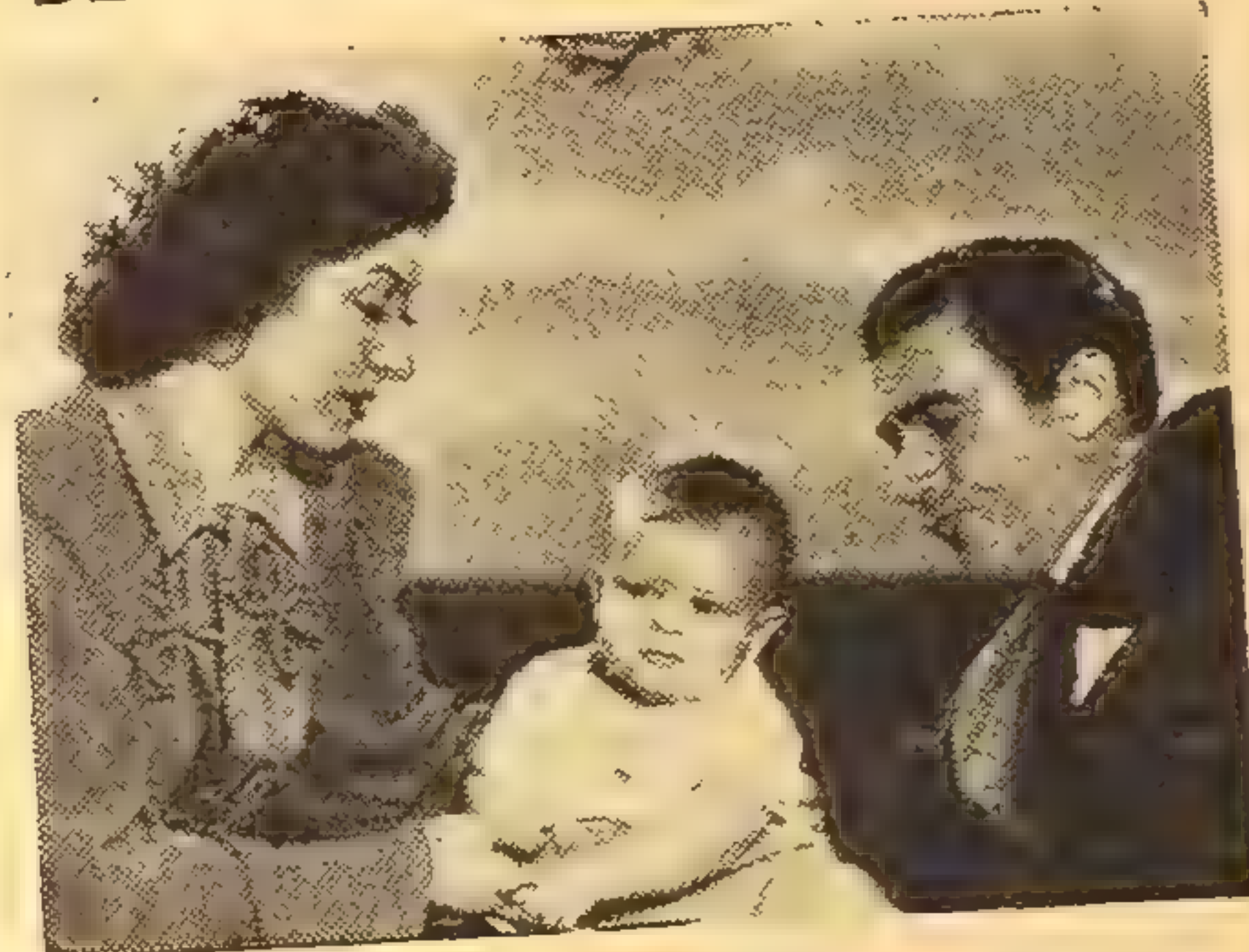
PLOT: Bob plays a softy movie star who is trying to keep out of war, but before he knows it is inducted into the Army, along with two pals, and finds himself doing K.P. when all he intended was to impress the Colonel's beautiful daughter. You can go on from there—or if you can't, Mr. Hope and his imitable gag men can, and do.

PRODUCTION: Trust veteran director David Butler to keep the laughs rolling and the cash customers in the aisles ditto. The boys in the Army camps will laugh harder than anybody, because it is all good-natured fun with no malice. Yes, and the Colonels will chuckle too. It's pretty grand that we Americans can have a Bob Hope in such a picture right now, to keep up our spirits.

ACTING: Bob Hope, with no Bing Crosby to cope with, has everything his own way here, and actually gets the gal this time, the same Dottie Lamour who has always spurned him for Bing. Before we know it, Bob will be winning Madeleine Carroll; and from comments overheard in the ladies' lounge at the Paramount Theatre, the consensus is he's a lot more fun than Fred MacMurray. Of course Lamour's sultry charm, and the antics of Lynne Overman and Eddie Bracken help.

Paramount

"BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
POIGNANT!

APPEAL: Particularly to women, although some strong men may be heard clearing their throats in an embarrassed way.

PLOT: True-life story of a feminine Father Flanagan of "Boys Town"—Mrs. Gladney, who founded an orphan's home in Texas which is a haven for unfortunate children. Her life work, taking up the cause of foundlings and battling for their betterment, provides the inspiring story, with the highlight a dramatic speech in the Texas Senate in which the heroine pleads for passage of a humane law affecting the future of innocent children.

PRODUCTION: Mervyn Leroy's is a sensitive, if sentimental handling of a worthy subject, tending to long-windedness but fully realizing the values of the chief character, a woman who, having lost her own baby, dedicates her life to other children. Technicolor helps to relieve the rather drab and certainly non-glamorous trend of the tale.

ACTING: Greer Garson with her gorgeous red hair and "green" eyes is so handsome in Technicolor that she may take your mind off her good works—but her acting is always intelligent and occasionally moving, although in appearance she changes remarkably little considering the span of years the characterization covers. Walter Pidgeon as her husband is secondary in interest.

M-G-M

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"MAN HUNT"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
DRAMATIC!

APPEAL: If you aren't satiated with spy stuff, here's the latest edition.

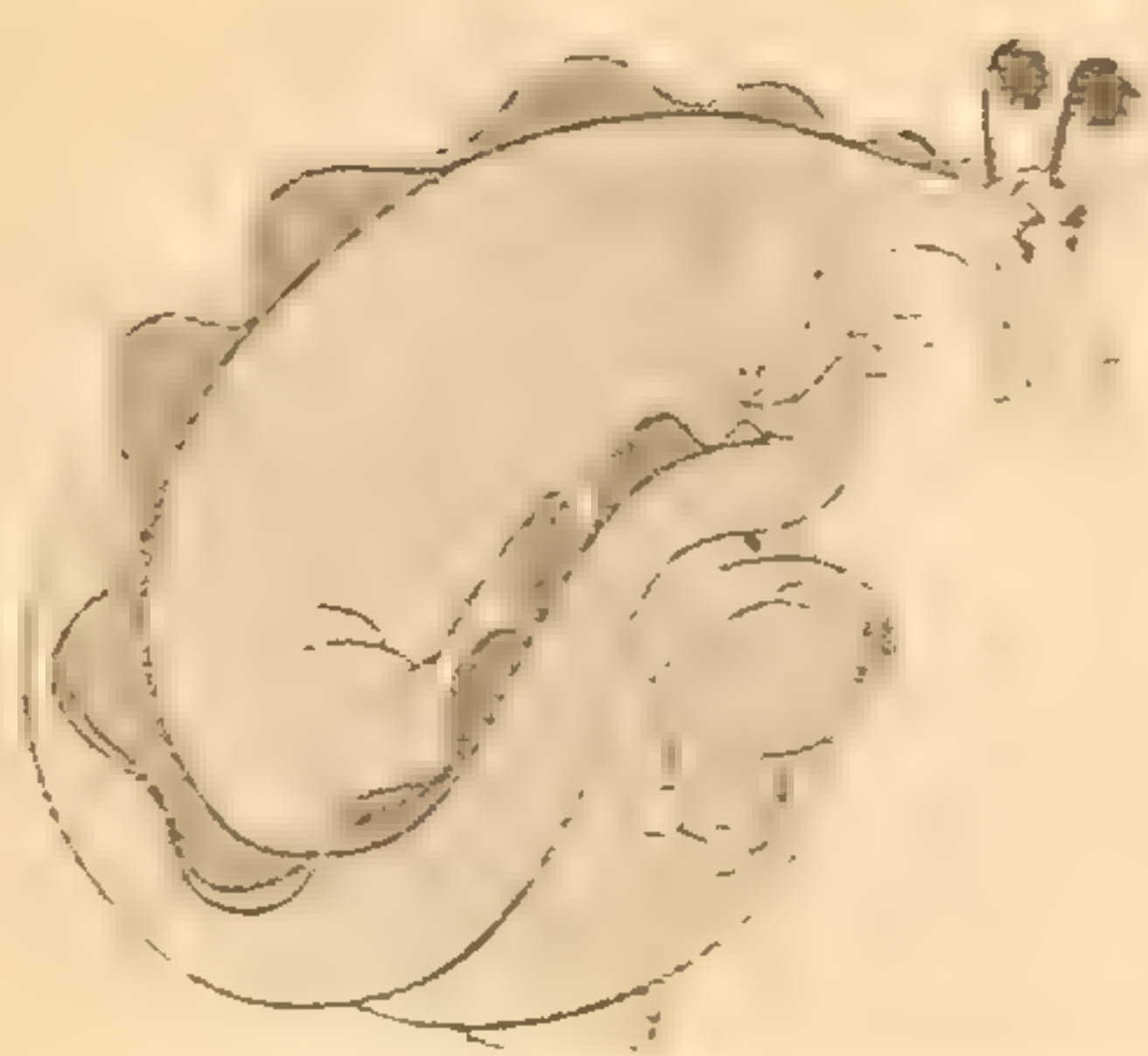
PLOT: And you do mean plot, don't you? "Man Hunt" has more plot than it can accommodate, what with the adventures of a British big-game hunter out to bag the biggest game of all in Berchtesgaden, being captured and tortured before he escapes to England where a little Cockney girl helps him to evade Nazi agents.

PRODUCTION: Continental director Fritz Lang's technique is too ponderous for an adventure story especially when weighted with so much detail—so the daring hero's progress sometimes seems to be photographed in slow motion, with the scenes of breathless excitement too few and far between. However, the topical subject and the age-old suspense of the chase saves it from the merely routine movie classification.

ACTING: At last Walter Pidgeon has a big part which he plays with gusto and all his personal persuasion, which is plenty. As the adventurous *Captain Thorndike* he cuts a dashing figure as he "draws a bead" on Herr Hitler, matches wits with super-menace George Sanders, or gallantly accepts the help of Joan Bennett, who is more convincing as a little "Limey" than you might expect. Best of the cast is young Roddy McDowall, who plays one of those usually rather offensive juvenile rôles with endearing earnestness.

20th Century-Fox

"THE RELUCTANT DRAGON"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
NOVELTY!

APPEAL: For rabid Disney fans to whom the master can do no wrong, a treat; for others, a glorified trailer for the cartoon studios.

PLOT: Benchley-conducted tour—yes, Robert himself—of the Walt Disney film factory, with glimpses of the famed cartoons in the making, including the art classes, multi-plane camera room, prop sculpturing department, animation and scenario departments—as well as three new cartoon shorts, "Baby Weems," "How To Ride A Horse," and "The Reluctant Dragon."

PRODUCTION: Of course it is Disney, which means wizardry—also the first time human beings and cartoons have been combined in a film feature with the exception of a few sequences in "Fantasia." Robert Benchley in person meets the various artists who work on the Disney cartoons, including the "voices" of Donald Duck and Clara Cluck. Beginning in black and white, the film shifts to Technicolor when Benchley wanders into the color camera room. Cleverly staged.

ACTING: Besides Mr. Benchley, the most endearing characters are Mr. Disney's newest cartoon creations, *Baby Weems*, an infant prodigy who shows up Professor Einstein, and a remarkable character, *the Dragon*, a gentle old girl, who'd rather write poetry than fight and sings the Whoops song.

Walt Disney-RKO-Radio

"MOON OVER MIAMI"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GAY!

APPEAL: Like a light and fluffy musical to amuse you? Here's the best—and with Betty Grable, too.

PLOT: Any resemblance between this story and "Three Blind Mice," a non-musical movie of about three years ago, is no accident—isn't it somewhat the same, about sisters in search of a fortune? This time the treasure-hunt leads to Miami, complete with cabanas and palms.

PRODUCTION: Lavish, with the setting Hollywood's own dream of a vacation paradise—life one long party with assorted bathing beauties and millionaires, and no less than eight songs scattered through the luxurious proceedings. Two dances by Betty Grable are worth the trip.

ACTING: Miss Grable again—only she doesn't "act," she's her saucy self and no inhibitions about art. She dances with so much zest, she grins so engagingly, you'll vote her movies' No. 1 soubrette from now on. Don Ameche and Robert Cummings toil too hard at their rôles of gay men about town, often giving the impression they are working for Bob Hope's sponsors. Carole Landis is decorative with little effort to be anything more, but what chance has any other girl in a picture with Betty Grable? Charlotte Greenwood and Jack Haley provide some alleged "comedy."

20th Century-Fox

The **TRUTH** about *Surprise*

Scoop! First interview with tempestuous Tierney, who as a bride of three months tells why she dared defy family, friends, and her studio to elope with Count Cassini

Hollywood took lovely Tierney's elopement with mixed comment, mostly critical—imagine her daring to marry a "climbing Count" for love when she could have won a husband with influence!



Sensational in title rôle of "Belle Starr," Gene Tierney, shown above in character of girl bandit, won't allow marriage to interfere with her career. She loves them both.

CERTAINLY Gene Tierney is brave in love! Headstrong? Yes! This marriage of hers has had every obstacle. Her family objected. Her friends, and almost every acquaintance, warned her against it. A clause in her 20th Century-Fox contract forbids her to take such a step. As a final, ironic twist her husband's wedding present from his employers was—losing his job.

So she is now a bride of three months, and—everybody's warnings to the contrary—she's thoroughly happy. And glad she made the plunge! "I am not a scatterbrain," Gene told me, rocking serenely and quietly on the wide veranda of a most un-Hollywoodish honeymoon house. "But there comes the time when you *must* take things in your own hands, regardless of your family and friends. That time came for me. I have my own convictions, against all opinions, about Olie. I never had found the solution to life before. *This is it!* I know it. Just as any girl, deep inside, knows when she has found the one man."

Another Hollywood star who is a fool about a man she's been well warned not to marry? Yes, and no. For when you have read this scoop interview with Gene all the way through, and



Gene Tierney's Marriage

By

Ben Maddox

But Gene knew her own heart and mind. Below, with her new husband. "I know, just as any girl does, when she has found the right man," says happy bride. At right, with Randy Scott in new film, "Belle Starr."



Esquire-Globe photo

have learned the truth about this "madcap" marriage, you'll agree, I think, that she is actually even more than merely courageous. Her father has sought legal advice to determine if he can have the marriage annulled. Gene smiles at that.

Only a girl of today, wholeheartedly preferring the love of some special man above all else, could behave as Gene has. Only a strong, fundamentally-honest-with-herself person would have dared defy all of the combinations of pressure such as were mustered up in her case. The opposition began with her family. Marrying so young, when a brilliant career was launched would cruelly cut off so many opportunities! Her father, tied down to his insurance business in New York City, maneuvered to postpone the calamity. (As he saw it.) Her brother intended to hurry West as soon as his classes finished at Yale to personally protect her from Hollywood wolves. Her mother, keeping house for her and utterly devoted and ambitious for Gene's future, tearfully refused to accept the fact that this was love. Add in everybody else in Hollywood, except Darryl Zanuck, the big boss at her studio, and you have the line-up of those who tried to stop her from running away to Las Vegas with Count Oleg Cassini. (Gene was smart enough not to ask for the Zanuck okay, which she should have had!)

Aglow, contrary to all dire predictions, Gene gave SCREENLAND her side of the story. She laughed at her title of countess. "Of course," she said to me, "any day now Olie will no longer be a count. Literally! So my little 'fling' at being a countess is over. But I don't feel like Cinderella at midnight, I'm afraid. It's no blow to my vanity. Perhaps," and she chuckled, "I may someday relate to my children, in my best melodramatic style, a hectic tale about when mamma was a countess for two months. People," she continued candidly, "haven't been impressed. Who is, anymore, by obso- (Please turn to page 84)



Irene Dunne's

THE PRIZE-WINNING
LETTER →
↓ THE GIFT



Dear Miss Dunne:

Because I admire you so much as an actress and because I have read how wonderfully balanced your home-life is with your work, I am asking your advice. I am married, have a career as a teacher, and have a cozy little cottage home. Our house is ideally arranged and I know it could be made into a wonderful haven from the cares of the business world for my husband and myself—but here is my problem: I don't have a great deal of judgment in the selection and arrangement of furniture. Neither am I gifted in the art of entertaining friends, as I have given most of my past life to preparing for a teaching career with little thought of social graces. What do you advise?

Mrs. Henry J. McCluskey,
Dallas, Texas

DEAR Mrs. McCluskey:

Thank you for your very nice letter. I am so glad you wrote to me. And I shall answer the best I can.

I believe all women instinctively have a knack for home-building—even if they are "career" women, such as you and I. Naturally, much of your time is taken up with your duties at school and with the problems of your pupils, but your own separate personal world should be arranged so that it is stimulating and cheering to your soul. This detaching your home life from your business life is, I believe, the secret of gracious living. And I make it a practice to see to it that never the twain shall meet.

In order to gain confidence in your own ability to make a home, why don't you consult some friend who lives in your city, who has a home that you think is charming? The friend would be flattered that you like her taste. Who isn't flattered when asked for advice! Next, take stock of just what you have now that you can continue to use. Perhaps new upholstery or a coat of paint or some new gay chintz will make it possible for you to

Your first glimpses of the home of Irene Dunne show the star in the gracious surroundings which subtly reflect her radiant personality



Design for LIVING!

Lovely star selects her contest winner and writes inspiring advice to all home-makers in search of stimulating ideas! Follow the lead of Hollywood's most charming hostess and you'll be a social success. See exclusive pictures of Miss Dunne in her beautiful home, seldom photographed—and "scoop" shots with her little daughter, her pride and joy



use everything. Perhaps eventually you will want to discard everything. Maybe a chair that has been in the corner, an obscure corner, of the bedroom, is just what you need in the living room. You will be surprised what can be done by rearranging, and perhaps brightening up, the furniture you now have. What if the bookcase *has* stood on the north wall ever since you moved into your little cottage home? There's certainly no law against moving it! Try it on the south wall, with an arrangement of divan and table and lamp. If, after trying several arrangements, you are still not satisfied with the result, you will know that there is something basically wrong. That's it—you just don't like the type of furniture you have! All right, your next step is to find out what you do like—because, believe me, a home will never project charm unless there is some of "you" in it. Therefore, you must build the home *you* like, not one that would satisfy the taste of an interior decorator.

Now, we are assuming that (*Please turn to page 82*)

Irene Dunne at home with her beloved adopted daughter, whose nickname is "Missy," seems much gayer and prettier than she is in her screen rôles



FOR CAMPUS AND CAREER



Sunnie O'Dea, featured dancer in "Sing Another Chorus," selects a young first-Fall wardrobe, with emphasis on accessories! Rust, beige, and brown, predominantly for the campus and career girls! And navy, too, 'way out front, as a high fashion color for Fall! Practically all of Sunnie's costumes are good two- to four-timers, and have several social lives for several types of dates. They're young; they're smart; they're very wearable and very enduring, fashionably speaking. The shoes worn by Sunnie and sketched on these pages are Paris Fashion Shoes, chosen by the dancer as special fashion accents; are all \$4, and are for sale in shops listed on Page 98.

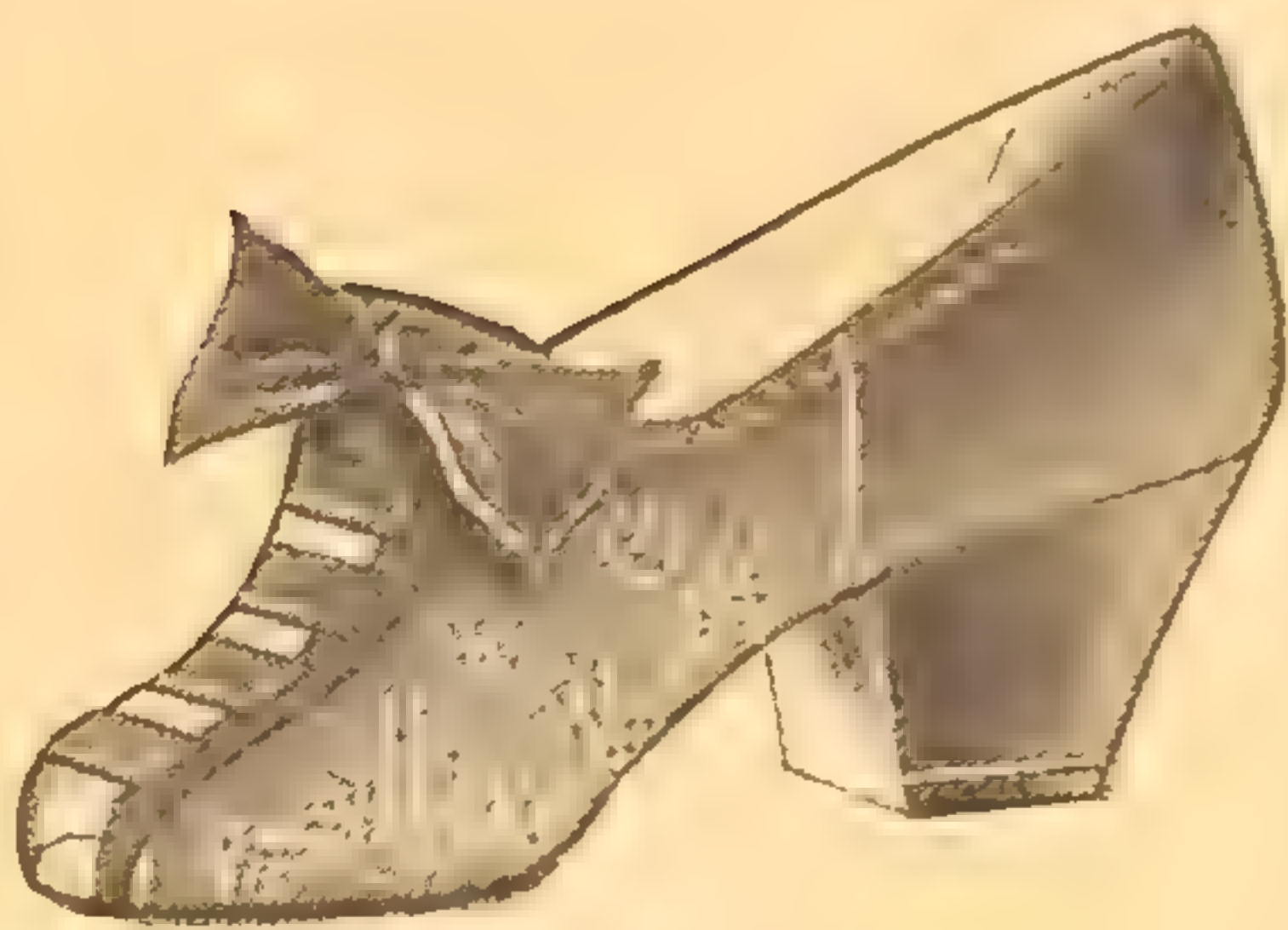
The first football game of the season is a cue to alert young hearts to rise and shine. And Sunnie shines in a classic suit beginning with a rust and blue jacket, with generous patch pockets and three buttons, and ending in a herringbone weave skirt of rust. Her pale blue felt hat is banded in brown grosgrain ribbon and a pheasant feather adds a hunting-on-the-heath note. Brown bag, gloves and spectator pumps complete this costume. A change in sweaters and blouses, including blues and rusts, will add variety. For the early-Fall sports, we stamp this outfit with approval; for the career-minded, it should put you well ahead, so far as appearance is concerned.



Here, in full detail, are the smart, new pumps worn by Sunnie. They are of antique tan elasticized calf, with a V-throat and a walled toe. Harness stitching accents the detail throughout. Here we find a good example of the simpler manish influence for Fall, so harmonious with the tweeds and woollens for casual and spectator sports occasions.



Navy blue is heralded for Autumn as very, very new. And when you take navy blue and combine it with sky blue and top it off with a burgundy note, then you have a study in color worth regarding twice or more. And that is what Sunnie has done for an afternoon or date costume, though it could go charmingly into any very well-bred office. Notice how the first jockey stripe on the bodice breaks across the V-neckline. The skirt is straight-lined with single front and back pleats. The little hat is of burgundy stitched felt with navy blue ribbon and a very wispy veil. Sunnie wears beautifully fashioned keg-heeled oxfords, with interesting perforations, and carries a flat blue bag.



The dressy oxford is much in demand, because of comfort and style. Here is a winner in elasticized "maracain," with a ladder front, an open toe and a saucy bow. It features a low keg-heel, and is a good all-timer for many varied occasions.



This is going to be a corduroy and a velveteen season. And in such galaxies of color! These fabrics, because of their pile, are wonderful for rich colors. A good example of what can be done with corduroy is worn by Sunnie in an all-day outfit for a dozen and one purposes. It starts out with a beige, box-pleated frock, but the jacket is the *piece de resistance*. The center part and sleeves are of jungle green, the small stripes banding the center are beige, and yoke and broad bottom band are salmon. There are nice, big pockets into which your hands slide comfortably. Sunnie is shod in brown alligator-embossed oxfords, wonderful for walking.



You can't get along without these smart "walkers." They're a mud-guard tie of alligator-embossed calf, with a college heel and a new rolled sole. College girls cry for them, and business girls say, "Grand!"

If it's a big date, the college boys want their girls in black. And for that pleasure-after-dark, there's really nothing like it. You seem to rise to the occasion when you're trim and sleek in black. And so Sunnie rigged herself out in a chic, sophisticated manner in an outfit that seems to cry "Cocktails, dinner or theater!" The frock is black velvet with sequins for glitter. The neckline is that very flattering sweetheart line, and the below-elbow sleeves will be worn with smart black gloves. The pleated brim, velvet hat has sequins and black embroidered pumps are worn.

When you look at this pump, you want to rumba. It is so definitely marked for good times and your soft, dress-maker costumes. It is of black elasticized suede, with an embroidered vamp and an open toe. It is a pretty shoe, and in black suede it is the dress-up backbone of every well organized shoe wardrobe.



Never have we seen so many good ensemble ideas as this Autumn. And if you want to make your wardrobe seem twice as full as it actually is, you will choose this type. Sunnie wears a good one—in beige and brown. The wool dress is beige, with a flared skirt and a bow tie, and it is topped by a fitted, peplum jacket of chocolate brown gabardine. Up to the frost-line, you will wear the costume as is; after that, the beige frock goes under your topper. For finish, a corduroy hat in beige, and harness-stitched antique tan pumps with bow.



A classic day-timer for almost any type of costume. It comes in antique tan elasticized calf—and that antique finish is so very popular now. The heel and toe are harness-stitched, and the stitched, tailored bow is just the right touch. A jaunty foot-flatterer and a foot-comforter, all in one.

A brown redingote walks upon the scene, worn over a beige crepe frock. The coat has the popular front fullness, restrained to below the hips to accent the small waistline, modified bell sleeves and self-fabric, big buttons. Sunnie's large hat and bag are of brown, beige and rust flecked wool fabric. She carries brown suede gloves and wears the beautiful new Puritan elasticized suede pumps. The pumps have an open-center buckle of stitched suede and open toe, both giving contrast color play to your best Nylons. This Puritan bow pump illustrates the growing vogue and demand for the dressy low-heeler. As a further thought on your brown-and-beige costumes for Autumn, remember your deep lipstick with a note of warm, brown harmony. Good lip color.



AT LONG last Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor have their own home. Bob's ranch in the San Fernando Valley was traded in on a new home on Beverly Drive, in Beverly Hills. Barbara's ranch was bought by Jack Oakie. At first the Taylors had quite a time getting settled. Furniture and knick-knacks that were perfect at the ranch, didn't fit in their Beverly place at all. By having leather things recovered, etc., they finally solved the problem. Bob is very serious about his flying these days. He's taking navigation lessons from Roger (Mr. Ann Sothern) Pryor, who is now a full-fledged instructor.

THE beautiful ranch home of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard is for sale. The asking price is reported to be \$130,000. The reason? The Gables have bought a ranch in Ventura county. They plan to build there and raise about 1200 head of cattle. They'd like to make only one picture a year, preferably both at the same time. During that period they'd rent an apartment in Beverly Hills. And once upon a time Carole was known as a party girl!

EVEN sophisticated Hollywood was startled. Basil Rathbone walked into Westmore's beauty salon pushing a baby carriage. Quite unperturbed the movie meanie weaved his way in and out of manicure tables until he reached the men's barber shop. Bob Matz (who really "trims" Hollywood) is going to have a baby. When Basil heard the news, he practically leaped out of the chair, rushed home and raided his own nursery.

IN "PANAMA HATTIE" Ann Sothern will do a strip tease. She's going to get pointers from Joe Yule, Mickey Rooney's dad, who used to work in burlesque. At the recent exhibitor's convention in Hollywood, they all but carried Ann around on their shoulders. Her "Maisie" pictures have done such wonderful business, they greeted Ann like a rich relation! It was a nice tribute.

HERE'S HOLLY



Latest fashion note? Yes, indeed; dated 1889, and featuring flush-to-the-floor hemlines. The ultra-modern Bette Davis, above, as she appears in her latest vehicle, "The Little Foxes." "Lydia" is something of a family affair, what with Alexander Korda producing and wifey Merle Oberon starring in the title rôle.

ANN MILLER should put herself into the capable hands of a good designer. Nice as she is, Ann is hurting herself with those white-face makeups, huge floppy hats, too much costume jewelry and miscellaneous trappings. Tourists in the Brown Derby saw Ann dining out one night. They called the head waiter and asked if she was dressed up for a part in a picture.

JEAN PARKER bought up all those new colored stockings in Hollywood. She wears them in green, blue, lavender and dusty pink. They look best with all-white ensembles. Jean also designed a two-piece dinner ensemble for herself. By removing the skirt she reveals attractive evening shorts. Jean's are pale green embroidered in bright red sequin strawberries.

WOOD

THINGS aren't going so well with the Lee Bowmans. At a Hollywood party they quarreled. Lee told everyone present it was only a matter of time. Mutual friends report this has happened before at other parties. With no serious results. Perhaps it is just one of those first-year's-the-hardest things. We hope so.

ROSALIND RUSSELL is the busiest gal in town. Every studio is trying to get her. Hottest deal is Warners' offer for three pictures a year. Rozz still insists she'll freelance. Garbo won't win Hazel back. But *la* Russell loses her competent colored maid just the same. Not only is she backing Hazel in the leather business, but Rozz is also a stockholder herself. She signs all the checks and takes orders over the phone. That's keeping busy, all right. In spare moments Rosalind manages to go places and do things.

YOU'VE *got* to be "good" to have what Martha Raye's got. In appreciation for her work in "Hold On To Your Hats," Al Jolson presented her with a steel *clippy* town car. Formerly, Martha boomed out with "Oh Boy," if something pleased her. She took one look at her new car, threw up her chest and bellowed, "It's MURDER!"

RICHARD BENNETT (father of Joan, R. Connie and Barbara) walked into the Westside Tennis Club. He wandered aimlessly from room to room, a bewildered expression on his face. Finally, someone walked over to him and asked if he was looking for something. "Yes-s," came the answer. "I'm looking for my daughter—Mrs.—a—er—just what is her new name?" He finally found her on the tennis court, applauding for Tommy Gilbert R. Lee.

ANNE SHIRLEY denies that she's expecting a second baby. And Anne should know. Evidently the little Shirley must love to go places. Suffering from an ingrown toe nail, she came to Ciro's with a white fur bedroom slipper on one foot. What's more, she got up and danced.



**Short and Snappy,
Up-To-The-Minute
Gossipy Flashes
From Filmville**

**By
Weston
East**

UNIVERSAL were so anxious to get a renewal on Abbott and Costello's contract, they allowed them to write it. At last they were given every desired privilege. The sensational comedy team will make one outside picture a year. The studios are knocking themselves out, seeing which one will get it.

EX is rearing its beautiful head out Metro way. Ingrid Bergman's scenes in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" are so hot, other stars sneak into the projection room to get a peek at their rival. Word went around that she was stealing the picture. Spencer Tracy, who isn't too inspired at times—actually got in there and did some tall troup- ing. By the way, Ingrid is one of the few actresses who doesn't have to wear makeup.

"Charley's Aunt" is caught off-guard looking more like Charley's uncle in this—this—say, Jack Benny, we thought those things went out of style with the bustle and such. My! My! as Rochester would say. Now, here's something that needs no explaining—not from us, anyway—other than to say it's cute Mary Anderson, right.



WHO'S whose in Hollywood: Hedda Hopper dreaming it up with John Hambleton, handsome New York designer. Sheila Ryan date-testing with Eddie Norris. Rand Brooks (he wants to be a bull fighter) and Maureen O'Hara. Pat Dane mesmerizing Cedric Gibbons. Pat Di Cicco, third-finger-left-hand shopping with Betty Avery. Marie Wilson with Nick Grinde. And Alan Nixon. And Bob Oliver. Rudy Vallee at a table for six, with one Mary MacBride. Phil (can't see you without his glasses) Terry, getting ready to play house with Susan (Errol Flynn protégée) Peters. Ricardo Cortez and Frances Farmer, uninspired diners. Franchot Tone (ho-hum) with Lorraine Gettman. Glenn Ford top-down driving with Evelyn Ankers. Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton at Beverly Tropics. Bill Orr *not* giving an impersonation of Jimmy Stewart, with Olivia de Havilland. Kay Francis (yes, we've forgotten the Baron) with Nelson Seabra, from down Argentine way. Carol Bruce with Carol Bruce at Dave Chasens.

KEEPING them in line: Greer Garson's black hat that looks like an umbrella. Sam Goldwyn, Jr.'s first job, cleaning out the Beverly Hills hotel swimming pool once a week. Frances Robinson blaming a Hollywood columnist for nearly wrecking her romance with Robert Riskin. Bob Sterling's allowance cut, now supporting himself and rumba-ing with Garbo. Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden picking out the ring the day following her final decree. Ann Sheridan with Jean Negulesco at "Cabin in the Sky." George Brent sending okay by wireless from good ship Southwind. Joan Perry selecting white suit. Object matrimony with Columbia executive Harry Cohn, now waiting for legal freedom. Loretta Young now running own home, budgeting and liking it for husband Tom Lewis. Joan Leslie with gold bands on her teeth. Wayne Morris dubbing the charming Richard Ainley, "The Limey Jeffrey Lynn."

CESAR ROMERO'S friends are frankly puzzled. Even his closest have no idea if he will marry Priscilla Stillman. It looks as if he *has* had a change of heart. Since her divorce Priscilla has become more attractive by losing many pounds. Cesar wired her every day when he did personals in New York. She met him early Sunday morning at the airport when he returned. Her ex-husband Bob Stillman is one of Cesar's closest friends. Cesar stands for a lot of kidding on the subject. When pinned right down to the question, he won't admit it. Neither does he deny.

Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard clowning in "Nothing But the Truth." Anne Shirley receives a tender kiss from James Craig, center, in "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Paulette gets around, cinematically, this time with Charles Boyer in "Hold Back the Dawn."

AT FIRST even hospital attachés thought his wife was going to present Errol Flynn with twins. But Sean (pronounced Shawn) Flynn was a one man attraction. The night the baby was born, Errol went from the hospital to the Bar of Music to celebrate. When he walked in the musicians played "Rock a Bye Baby." For once in his life, Father Flynnnagan lost his poise completely and blushed to the roots of his hair.

WHEN the Fred MacMurrays visited Montreal, the city really turned out. Naturally Fred was the big attraction. He made speeches and bought bonds. But after several weeks, he couldn't understand why crowds continued to follow them down the street. Finally he asked someone if they weren't just a little tired of seeing him. "Oh, we weren't watching *you*," was the answer. "Every day your wife wears such amazing new hats—we like to look at them!"

IT WAS a great day in the life of Joan Crawford. For daughter Christine's second birthday Joan invited the children of Fred Astaire, Sally Blane and Norman Foster, Douglas MacPhail, Robert Donat, Lawrence Olivier, Ray Milland, George Murphy and many others. There was a real merry-go-round, ponies to ride, an ice cream wagon and a clown who did magic tricks. All the kiddies stayed for supper. Cream of wheat, strained spinach and milk was the choice menu. At odd moments Joan kept disappearing from the room. Upstairs her new adopted son named Christopher, had just arrived. A "preview" was held after supper.

TO WELCOME them to Hollywood, Eddie Stevenson, RKO designer, took Signe Hasso and Michele Morgan out to dinner. For Signe's sake Eddie suggested they start with soup and salad at the "Bit O' Sweden." For Michele, the balance of the dinner at a charming little French restaurant on the Sunset strip. As a grand finale, coffee and dessert at the Scheherezade. When he told Hollywood's newest importations his plans, they almost cried with disappointment. They wanted to dine at a drive-in!

GENE RAYMOND said it with silk on their fourth wedding anniversary. Every hour of the day, Jeanette MacDonald received a carefully wrapped package. They contained, stockings, panties, brasieres, a silk beanie, night gowns and some corn silk with a note warning, "not good for smoking." For her rôle in "Smilin' Through," Jeanette is being coached by Jane Cowl. Coming out to Hollywood on the train, the famous stage star told fellow travelers she hadn't the vaguest idea as to why they had sent for her. For some strange reason, M-G-M didn't want to publicize it.

THE set of "Ladies In Retirement" is a good place for a guy with a butterfly net. Most of the cast play fugitives from a padded cell. Between shots they lock themselves in their individual dressing room, to retain the eerie mood. Getting Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lancaster and Edith Barratt (she's Mrs. Vincent Price in private life—reports say she's terrific) back onto the set in a hurry again is quite a problem to the poor assistant director. To save time—he just stands outside their dressing-room doors—and plays a flute! They all come scurrying out like mice.

Charles Laughton, Robert Cummings and angel-voiced Deanna Durbin in "Almost An Angel." We will fictionize this next month.





D WONDER movie stars hate to have visitors on the set. Joan Fontaine, suffering from a sore throat while filming "Before The Fact." To keep from missing production, instead of going to her dressing room, Joan sent for a pansy and some mouth wash. Just as she was in the midst of gargling daintily, there in front of her stood a group of out of town movie stars. They stared as if it were the first time they were aware that movie stars are human after all.

HOLLYWOOD telegraph companies should send Judy Garland a handsome diamond ring present. When Judy announced her engagement to Dave Rose, over two thousand telegrams were sent to her by friends and fans.

GREER GARSON is an individualist and doesn't care who knows it. Her taste in home decoration wouldn't warm the heart of decorator Bill Haines, but she lives with the red hair *loves* it. Greer's bedroom is the blackest of black wood, with red and gold decorations. Over the white bedspread rests a jaguar skin. Above the headboard is a huge array of curly white feathers and rich plumes. Next to the bed a bird cage filled with artificial camellias.

gorgeously glamorous at the age of 42 years young, Gloria Swanson makes a movie come-back in RKO's "Father Takes a Wife."



"The Great Man's Lady," with Barbara Stanwyck and Brian Donlevy, left. Well-titled, Paramount. Eva Gabor and Richard Arlen, center, featured in "Forced Landing." What has John Barrymore got that you haven't? Frances Farmer and Virginia Dale is right.

THE inimitable Helen Broderick tells this story. She was sitting in the Brown Derby. Across from her were two eager tourists who were out to see movie stars. Dorothy Lamour came in and sat down. One tourist recognized her. The other didn't. "Why, *that's* Dorothy Lamour," said the first impatiently. "I'm surprised you didn't know her." "Well," said the second. "It's the first time I ever saw her with her hair up—and her dresses down!"

TAY GARNETT, the celebrated director, has his beautiful home up for sale. Recently a real estate man wanted to show a prospective buyer through the place. There was one stipulation, however. Everyone but one servant to take them around, must leave the premises. The buyer didn't want to be seen. Temptation was just too great. Mrs. Garnett put on her maid's cap and apron. Soon the mystery was solved. When she answered the door—there stood Greta Garbo.

LIKE all intelligent stars, Fred MacMurray has an allowance. Every week his business manager gives him twenty-five dollars for spending money. Hollywood keeps Fred so busy and his desires are so simple, he's carrying around uncashed checks that were issued last January. It pays to be a MacMurray.

FOR years Ann Sothorn yearned to see the famous azalea gardens in Charleston. Finally, she planned to stop by on her return from New York. When she arrived in Charleston, the city turned out en masse. More delay. After long last she was free to feast her eyes on the floral display. Excitedly Ann arrived at one of the more famous farms. There she ran into the "Reap The Wild Wind" company. They had come on from Hollywood to take special shots of the flowers for C. B. De Mille. Because it was a technicolor picture, they had sprayed the leaves with brighter green paint. Brighter colored artificial flowers had been attached because they photographed better than the real thing. Ann Sothorn still hopes someday to see the famous gardens in Charleston.

BELIEVE it or not, two chorus boys rehearsing for the Fred Astaire-Rita Hayworth picture are knitting sox during their rest periods. One day a chorus girl cracked: "Who are you knitting those for—Jimmy Stewart?" The boys are still burning. Knitting, they will have you know, is not reserved exclusively for the female of the species. Many a rugged male likes to knit one, purl one—in privacy.

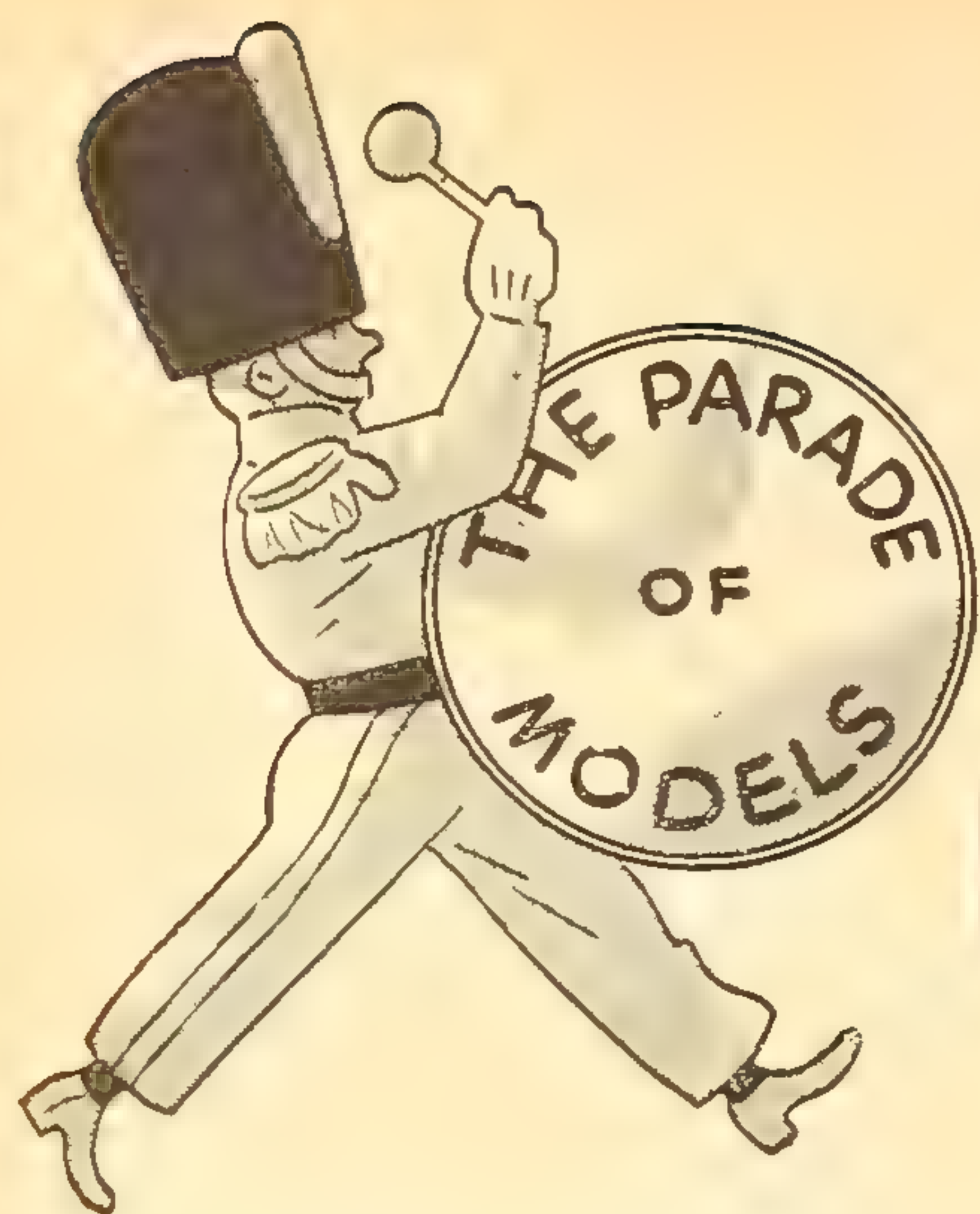
THAT new Northridge rancho owned by Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball is a dog's idea of heaven. When they moved in, Desi and Lucille Ball gave a housewarming. In answer to requests, they said they preferred trees to any other kind of gift. So trees of every kind and color arrived. George Murphy's tree was the most unique of all. George brought a "hat tree."

AT THE garden party given for the British War Relief, Hollywood stars outdid each other with original floral beds. Anna May Wong's was a Chinese garden. Sir Cedric Hardwicke had a real bomb shelter, with vegetables growing on top. When Rosalind Russell walked in, Gene Markey took one look at her new hat and said: "Well, I've seen all the gardens. But you are the only one *wearing* your exhibit!"

THE Hays office aren't taking any chances with Jack Oakie. In "Navy Blues" Jack sings a number called, "When are we gonna land abroad." The title will be okayed—providing that Jack sings it straight, without any eye rolling or double meanings!

HOLLYWOOD is *that* amused watching Marlene Dietrich. When she knew she was meeting Jean Gabin at a party, la Dietrich arrived done up to the teeth in glamor trappings. Gabin accepted the introduction and went right on listening to Bing Crosby recordings. Then someone told Marlene that the famous French star liked simplicity. That's why he always appeared in those down-to-earth pictures. The next time Marlene met Gabin she didn't have a single jewel. Not a veil. Not a snitch of silver fox. Now she and Gabin are seen here and there in Hollywood. And each time Marlene dresses more and more like the females in Gabin's pictures!

JOEL MCCREA can well afford to be independent. He just sold his first crop of wild barley for \$1500. And in Hollywood, that ain't hay!



IT'S MODEL YEAR IN HOLLYWOOD!

Continued from page 28

right clothes) as Georgia Carroll, the tall, peaches-and-cream outstanding model of the age; or as cute as Jinx Falkenburg, the thrilling billboard and magazine girl who is out to capture a real place in pictures; or any of the attractive newcomers such as Lucia Carroll, or Marguerite Chapman, or Peggy Diggins—and are urging you to be on your way.

As like as not they've been overtaken by the old fable that models get \$50 an hour, rain or shine. And they ride you because they think you ought to be off plucking \$50 bills instead of enjoying yourself on your pappy's porch. Well-meaning friends can often get you into an awful lot of trouble, I might warn you right here, especially where the subject of what is beautiful is concerned. There is the biggest difference in the world between being merely "pretty" and being really "beautiful," and nothing in the professional world is more pathetic than just an ordinary,

scarcely attractive "protégé" being bandied around by some fatuous older friend or relative with an untrained eye. But on the other hand, there is frequently the chance that, provided a girl has all the necessary requirements that a successful model must have, the friends are right!

There is great leeway in what people consider beauty. Study your own face carefully. Go to see the best beauty specialist that is within reach of the family jalopy. There must be some one within the county, or you might wait until some New York specialist comes out for a week of beauty lecturing at some local store. Get her to tell you the honest truth. If you are not

From model to movie idol reads the saga of Frank Swann's success, at top right with Arleen Whelan. Frank, you learn here for the first time, is also an attorney-at-law.



It was not beauty alone that won Ruth Warrick a coveted rôle in "Citizen Kane"; it was ability. Right, a scene from same and, extreme right, Ruth before fame. From model ranks, these six sweeties, above, Lorraine Gettman, Marguerite Chapman, Alexis Smith, Georgia Carroll, Kay Aldridge and Peggy Diggins were chosen for "Navy Blues" by the best judges of feminine pulchritude—Uncle Sam's Gobs. And can our sailor boys pick 'em!





By George Gillette

cheduled for big places, get a fair evaluation which will help you find a happy smaller one.

There is only one chance in 10,000—so they say—that you could become a Georgia Carroll. There is just about as little chance that you could ever give Jinx Falkenburg any real competition. They are America's two ace models. One in 10,000 is supposed to be the proportion of A-plus Superlatives among the thousands upon thousands who long to get to the top. One in 1000 is rated A-extra good.

Yet no one knows quite why all of a sudden some plain little goof of a girl may blossom into a flower. That stubborn cowlick on your brow may become a beauty point, or the cleft in your chin may overnight be seen as a mark of fascination, instead of something for the family to poke fun at! Even a pair of blissful freckles that won't come off, nestling on your shoulder when they are out of season and hard to find—may make you a catch financially worth finding.

And the truth about the remuneration in this field is nothing for a gal—or boy—to sneeze at, even though \$50 bills do not grow on each golden hour, and there are 5000 or 6000 aspirants who do not make the grade to 300 successful ones who do in New York alone. It is a very pleasant field for a girl, and a filler-in for men.

The average pay for "top" models in the highest paying centers like New York and Chicago is \$5, \$10 and \$15 an hour, when the work is on an hourly basis. Often these models get two or three pieces of work a day—averaging from \$75 to \$225 a week. There are frequently extra special jobs for the most famous and well known glamor girls that may actually equal far more than \$25 or even \$50 an hour. Beauty pays well while the sun shines. Models usually do various kinds of work—such as modeling clothes, posing for advertising pictures, magazine covers, illustrations, etc. There is a less lucrative—but more certain, perhaps—type of work in specialty shops, department stores, etc., where models receive from \$18 to \$50 a week, depending on the quality and size of the store. Mail order houses also use many models for cuts for their catalogues. There is always a chance throughout the field for special pay for extra-specially artistic or difficult work.

Linda Darnell is the shining example of the intelligent, practical girl who has earned her way to success and fame by taking the opportunities which lie close at hand. Of course, you may object, since

It wasn't many moons ago when Linda Darnell was a "clothes horse"—but look at her now! Mickey Rooney, who isn't exactly myopic when it comes to beauty, squints at Linda for keener appreciation. Model girl meets model boy and the result is a date after modeling hours. Above left, Georgia Carroll and escort ready for fun. Another eye-filling view, below, of Hollywood's new and lovely model recruits.

Linda was raised in Dallas, Texas, the acknowledged home and center of more beautiful women than any town of its size in this country, that the cards were stacked in her favor. Anyway, the smooth and unruffled work with which she astonished people in "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women" at Twentieth Century-Fox in August, 1938, had been seasoned and disciplined by steady work for several years as a fashion model in Dallas department stores. (She says she used to frequently see Georgia Carroll, who had come to the city from Blooming Grove.) It had been

contributed to by appearances at the Southwestern Style Shows for Spring and Autumn. And it had been raised to a high pitch by the exactions of the Greater Pan American Exposition in Dallas in 1938, which brought the whole world, including Billy Rose, there for her to model before. Twentieth Century-Fox talent scouts posed her in a screen test, then found she was still too young to be presented to the public on the screen. A year later they tested her again—and you know with what glory she has since pursued her star-lust career.

But it is not necessary to come to New York or a big center to become a successful model. Many crossroads shops use living mannequins, today. Every section of the country holds beauty contests, fashion and bathing beauty tournaments with local girls competing. This is a modern American way of doing things, and we like it.

The supply of "top" models is built up largely of girls who have been prize winners in local contests, by a few girls who have a flair for dress, etc., dominantes, too.



Many of them are girls and boys studying art, or starting out in the radio or music fields. Some exceptional girls have reached the annual beauty show at Atlantic City, which draws entries from all over the country, and demands a display of talent as well as looks in competitors.

Betty Avery, a lithesome Tulsa, Oklahoma, girl who plays the piano and sings, composes music and dances divinely, was a runner-up for the title of "Miss America" in 1938. Frances Burke, "Miss America" for 1940, has sung with several orchestras of National fame. Both have worked in the fashion subjects I direct for Fox-Movietone Newsreel, and which I am presently going to tell you about. I saw them first on the Atlantic City runway, where I frequently am a judge. Mary Joyce Walsh—another girl in my "flock"—had won the title of "Miss Miami" and "Miss Florida" before going seriously to work. She was persuaded by her sorority sisters, who thought her a simply swell looker, to enter the contests. Both she and Betty Avery are now in Hollywood.

In fact, fashion modeling—once you have mastered its technique—is like typing. You can take it with you anywhere, and it is surprising the doors it may open for you, including Hollywood.

What *are* the "necessary requirements that every girl who hopes to succeed as a model must have?" I sit in a position where I can pretty well check up on the model situation, because it is my pleasant duty to hire anywhere from four to six or eight of the world's most lovely and famous models almost every week of my life for tiny minute-and-a-half dramas of hats and frocks and Alaskan seal muffs and other



Red-haired, divinely formed Susan Hayward, pride of Brooklyn, New York, also hails from the model ranks. Susan's rise as a thespian is really spectacular. Pretty Peggy Diggins', above, Irish eyes are smiling because she is on the road to stardom. Peggy can't miss.

frills and furbelows for Fox-Movietone News. When I produce a Technicolor Fashion Forecast or a special one-reel "short," as I did about Lillian Russell and her tempestuous wardrobe not so long ago, I use from 20 to 30 models, both men and girls.

Every outstanding professional beauty in New York, I suppose, including Georgia Carroll, Kay Williams, Cecilia Meagher, Anita Colby, Susann Shaw, and other lovelies who are now on the West Coast, has worked for me at some time or other. There are at least 200 girls and 25 men upon whom I draw regularly. Some of them are furnished me by agents. So many of them I have found myself that some of my friends refer to me good-naturedly as "the Number One Talent Scout of America."

I will tell you the points I look for and must have in models I select for the fashion subjects I direct, which I advise you to see and study if you have any thoughts soaring screenward, and if you like to see beautiful people in action.

1. *Beauty.* A model for motion picture purposes must have perfect, flawless features, exquisite skin, lustrous hair and wonderful eyes—because these are the focus points of the camera. Beauty is more or less a static quality, photogenically speaking. It means perfection of line and contour, balance and proportion of features, and harmonious coloring.

2. *Refinement and Breeding.* As when found anywhere, they raise the tone and value of the subject.

3. *Personality and Intelligence.* Some judges place these very important require-



modeling very smart clothes. Following is my average scale of measurements.

Average Measurements
(For Girls)

Size—12 to 14.
Height—5 ft. 8 in. to 5 ft. 9 in. (without heels).
Weight—115 pounds to 123 pounds.
Bust—34 in. to 35 in.
Hips—34 in. to 35½ in.
Waist—24 in. to 26 in.

The perfect model is supposed to measure almost the same in bust and hips, the inch more in the hips being considered perfect. The waist is supposed to be 10 inches less than the hips. Georgia Carroll, being 5 ft. 7½ inches in her stocking feet, is half an inch shorter than my average fashion model. Five feet 6 inches is a popular height.

With men models, the ideal to be accomplished is that of a manly, straightforward type.

Average Measurements
(For Men)

Height—5 ft. 10 in. to 6 ft. 2 in.
Weight—160 pounds to 185 pounds.
Chest—30 in. to 33 in.
Waist—38 in. to 42 in.

In handling my fashion subjects, I show the styles in the form of dramatizations or stories, instead of merely as a traditional fashion parade. I try to give the models an opportunity to do a little acting, as modeling is limited to very definite routine movements calculated to display clothes to advantage.

Since many of these youngsters are studying for the theater, or have played in college dramatic clubs or in summer stocks, they like appearing in these pictures of

Georgia Carroll, above, you will notice without calling it to your attention, looks superb from all angles. Hollywood noticed it. Alice Talton, right, will have the spotlight shined on her elegant face and torso in Warner's "Navy Blues," the model-filled film.

stands on a par with, or above, beauty. To them they come third. Personality is dynamic. It lights the features and gives them sparkle and charm. It may even top beauty in fashion presentations with living mannequins—but before the lense of the camera I consider beauty to come first. Intelligence comes right through on the screen. Grace and Poise. These go without saying as a "must" for pictures that move. Knowledge of clothes, and good modeling.

Georgia Carroll receives her perfect rating from her great beauty of face and figure, her delightful smile, pleasant personality, grace and evidences of fine breeding. She possesses all of my requirements. (and those of everybody else.) Her teeth are especially white and even, which is absolutely obligatory before the nosey little eyes of the camera, in these days of the Crawford ear-to-ear smile. (You can have a cap made for a recalcitrant toothy, however, and carry it around with you in an old-fashioned snuff box to slip on at important moments, as a model I know Miss Carroll's poise and intelligence are marked, as is her good nature. And that she is a charming actress you have already seen in "Ziegfeld Girl," "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," "Maisie Was a Lady," and "They Met in Argentina." She now has a contract with Warner Brothers, where she is working in "Navy Blues."

The vogue of the extra-tall model, of course, everybody knows, but that does not have the short girl out of things altogether. I use small girls frequently for college styles. I call them "cutie pies." However, height is what is demanded in





Waikiki, land of sunshine, romance, music and pineapple. Definitely pineapple juice. As for romance, ask Judy Canova about that. She upped and married sudden-like while vacationing in the vacation paradise. Judy's serenading Gene Smith and Johnnie Makua.

mine and do excellent work. The pictures are shown in the leading theaters, and the models consider them one of the best possible methods of coming to the attention of the movie bigwigs. Frank Swann, a youth who went to Hollywood straight from my set, was formerly president of The Pierrots, a dramatic club of the University of Illinois. Jack Lueddecke was sent to me by the University of Miami, where he was taking dramatic work.

For several years now, various companies, especially Twentieth Century-Fox, have been sending certain of these young people to the Coast. Phyllis Brooks, that pretty brown-eyed thing who was seen in "Panama Hattie" on the New York stage last season, and Priscilla Lawson were the first two girl models who had worked for me to be sent. Stanley Hughes, Michael Whalen, and Alan Curtis were the first boys. That was before 1940. Kay Aldridge, Georgia Carroll, Ruth Warrick, Frank Swann and Elyse Knox went out after that.

But this year, whoops! Six of my prettiest gals were shipped out to Hollywood in one fell swoop to appear with Don Ameche, Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda in "That Night in Rio." Five of them were tall—and one was a "cutie pie." Here they are: Roseanne Murray, Lillian Eggers, Mary Joyce Walsh, Betty Avery, Marion Rosamonde, and Bunny Hartley. One is a red head, one has titian locks, two are brunettes and only two are blondes.

These striking girls have been used to enhance several other pictures including the new musical, "Moon Over Miami." The gorgeous gray-eyed Roseanne Murray, New York colleen with copper-red hair, red eyebrows and Irish eyes, had a line in "The Cowboy and the Blonde." Since 1935 she has been constantly at work to improve her acting. I feel like a mother whose baby has had its first tooth! Because Roseanne—and all of these girls—have worked with me in various pictures, and some have gone on picturemaking trips, and I have watched their progress.

But you don't need me to tell you that 1941 has been a big "model" year in Hollywood—the biggest in the history of the films.

What else could you say for the year

that bags that six foot five "he" sailorman Stirling Hayden, who is now stopping traffic wherever he shows his blond head? He modeled six months in New York, showing collars and clothes and even something to make a gentleman's hair stay in place, before his epoch-making debut for Paramount in "Virginia" with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray.

And ever since "Ziegfeld Girl" gave away the secret of how to do the "Mannequin Strut" I'll wager that thousands of you gals all over the country have been slinking up and down the house *a la* Lana Turner and Judy Garland with a book on your heads, and your cute little derrieres tucked in smooth under your hips.

Right here let me pause to say, that if you have acquired any mastery over the "Mannequin Strut" you may be smarter than you know. This walk is the basis of the fashion parade, and is as necessary to the mannequin as the A.B.C.'s are to the typist. It is taught in all the model schools, which require an hour's practice of it daily in all their students. (That is partly what the \$200 or \$300 tuition fee is for.) The procedure is to select an 8 x 10 book, and follow a crack in the floor up and down ten times without resting. If you do so without spilling the book, you are promising material.

"Books both on top of and inside the head," is a rule I tell every girl who asks my advice. Practice in balancing a book develops beauty of neck and shoulders, while reading (you can't get too much) gives interest to the face and mind. Take modeling as a means to a greater understanding of life, rather than merely an end in itself. Then it will not be so awfully serious if you do not reach "tops."

"Fannies in" is another rule for mannequins which is very stern indeed. A smooth back is necessary for satisfactory line and chic, whether you are a model or not. Also "Tummies out of sight."

I thought of the importance of spirit and fine bearing recently when I saw Ruth Warrick, that charming contrast of dark hair and white skin who had made her first screen appearance in one of my fashion subjects, in what has been called the outstanding picture of the year. This was Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" in which

she played the first Mrs. Kane.

Always dashing and stunning looking Miss Warrick's personality made such an impression on Mr. Welles when he met her at a party in New York that he hired her on the spot. At any rate, he asked her to have a screen test made, and then hired her. She has since completed her second picture at the RKO lot.

Elyse Knox is also one of "my" models with wonderful grace and photogenic beauty of face. She is one of the leading photographic models today. And what time Twentieth Century-Fox had gotten that dove-eyed beauty to leave New York and go West! They had fallen in love with a close-up of her in a wedding veil, which she finished a fashion subject. But she worked too hard to get to the place where she earned \$300 or \$400 a week as a model in the East to take a chance with movie. Then, you may be surprised to hear that the salary she was offered as a novice in pictures was very much below par. What is one reason why Dorothy Temple and other highly paid models turn up their noses when you say films.

Finally, after she had eluded them a long time, the Fox talent scouts, the house tracked her to a hospital one day and persuaded her to sign on the dotted line where she was too weak to resist! "Footlight Fever," RKO production, was the last picture I recall seeing her in, but she seemed to have become reconciled to Hollywood. She is also doing considerable posing on the side.

People frequently ask me if I believe luck has anything to do with the "break" a person gets in this modeling field. The answer is "yes"—or at least the thing people call luck. Others may define it as "being in the right place at the right time" or "being ready for a thing when it comes along."

The wedding gown which put Elyse Knox over in such a big way, was not for another girl who couldn't come at the last minute!

On another occasion, I had ordered a sports suit altered. The boy it fitted called away, and I offered the job of modeling it to a youth who delayed giving his answer for several days. Finally I decided if I did not hear from him by 6 o'clock on a certain day, I would give the job to someone else. He did not phone before 3 but Frank Swann did. He got the part. The suit fitted him perfectly.

When he came out of the dressing room all fixed up in his sports suit, every one including Joe Pincus, Meyer Mishkin, Joe Holton, of the talent department—was bowled over. Frank looked like a bronzed Adonis in his maroon slacks, tanned shoulders. We had never seen before in anything but prosaic, every day attire, and were much impressed by his likeness to Tyrone Power.

"Gee whiz, ain't that sumpin'," we said as we walked around him admiring. That led to a film contract then and there—and the company hurried him out to appear with Shirley Temple in "You Belong with Me." The second lead in "Arger Nights" with the Ritz Brothers, and "Sinners" with Marlene Dietrich. Others of his pictures, before he returned to New York to do "Sweetheart of the Rio Grande," "Friendly Swinging Polka" and a lot of other "Soundies" for James Cagney, and to sign up for nine weeks summer stock experience with Jackson Lida's company at the Theatre by the Sea near Newport.

His friendship with two ex-girl models, Nancy Kelly and Linda Darnell, were frequently mentioned in fan bulletins. But it seems to have come back heart-whole and ready to do a hard summer's work.

I did not learn until he got back



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FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD

Real Love at Last for Dorothy Lamour

Continued from page 25

spring, that Frank had studied law as well as acted in the dramatic club at the University of Illinois, where he was also a Phi Delta Theta. He is a full-fledged lawyer, and on his way back from Hollywood stopped at his home in St. Louis long enough to try an injury case for his father against a bus company, and won. He had another lucky "break" in getting a part in "Herod and Mariamne" with Katharine Cornell, before I ever saw him. He was East on a vacation, and went to her office just to see if it was as hard to get a job in the theater in New York as people claimed. There was a part that suited him and he got it, at once.

Frank's "luck" extends to others sometimes. It did to me, once, and he tops the list that I am going to submit, one day, to Saint Peter. This was during the making of a Technicolor fashion picture, when everything was going at top speed and costing \$500 a minute, and a new model who had never been before a camera before got nervous. First she winked, then she wet her lips. We had to make several retakes. Then she began to cry, though we were all being as gentle with her as we could. What to do? We had already used her in considerable footage, too expensive to discard.

And that was where Hero Swann stepped in. Whether or not his law training had included quieting women clients, or he had just had a polite Southern bringing-up—he seemed to know just what to do. He fanned her, led her off the set, took her for a walk through the studio, and made her laugh. She came back with her confidence restored, and finished her scene without blinking. I think Saint Peter has got something there!

This is only one instance of the genuine kindness and camaraderie I have found so often expressed in the young people who surround me in my work. I have never known any more grand, happy, normal girls from any walk of life, nor any that were less temperamental or upstage and more fun. A good many of them are married, or have a couple of younger sisters with them who are going to school. They nearly all plan to marry if they are not married now, and expect to have homes and babies. Some of the most beautiful girls are in love with some of the plainest boys. Many are helping their husbands through school. The old-fashioned, wild, exotic siren type of model, while she still does exist, is not going so strong as she once did.

"Well-scrubbed," is the way Harry Conover describes today's girl. He is the model agent who handles Jinx Falkenburg and many other famous beauties. Next to John Robert Power, who represents Georgia Carroll, Mr. Conover arranges the working time and remuneration of more decorative American girls than any one else, I suppose. Both men are celebrated for their excellent taste and high standards in girls.

Mr. Conover used to be a model himself—in fact, he used to model for me now and then, when he was learning the business which he now handles with such tact and astuteness. It was to his office in New York that Stirling Hayden came with arms loaded with books, coats, cameras, bags and "junk" straight from his last ship before he went modeling. The agent also had something to do with the seaman's movie contract.

Are you still determined to be a famous model after all this? Well, the field is overcrowded. You've got only one chance in 10,000 to get to be a Georgia Carroll. But if you're determined to do it, both you and that nice boy you went to school with might try it out together, unless he's in the draft.

hand. They are forty years old and were formerly the property of Greg Bautzer's mother. He presented them to Dottie a day or two before Valentine's Day. She slipped them on the middle digit right hand. Then they went for a long drive. It was the rainy season and huge drops pelted the windshield. Neither noticed them. That's how it is with love.

Love at first sight, to be specific. The romance began just as it does in pictures, the B-pictures at that. That's how it is with life, always doing its best to make the fiction writers look like amateurs. It all goes back to a certain day in May last year, one year ago to the day from the time she embarked on the good ship Lurline. She had just returned from a three-week vacation on the islands. Possibly you read about the trip. It was the excursion which was supposed to have netted her an exciting romance with an army captain. Anyhow, she returned (so all the columnists broke their necks telling us) with a set of wings pinned on her lapel when the boat docked at San Francisco. Presumably she was being ravaged by Love.

There was nothing to this "romance." It wasn't even one of those delightful items known as an intermezzo. The whole business sprang up fully-apparelled from the fertile brain of a press agent, who was, as you might have guessed, drawing down do-re-mi from good old Paramount. It's all part of a press agent's hectic life, although for our Dottie's money this demon "idea man" could have pegged his wonderful little flight of fancy on Susan Hayward or Patricia Morison, even.

Well, that very night she received a call from Wynn Rocamora, who happens to be, as you may know, her agent. Mr. R., good soul, asked her what she was doing. "Twiddling my thumbs," said Dottie. "Let's twiddle 'em together—on the town," Mr. Rocamora said, knowing full well that thumb-twiddling at home is hardly calculated to keep sweet and spiritual one of his choicest clients, ten percent of whose income drops into his lap every Paramount payday. Miss L. accepted. But fast.

Which explains how it happens that at eleven o'clock on a certain night last May our Dottie, dressed in a gay Hawaiian print, was seated opposite this same Mr. Rocamora at Ciro's, listening to him tell his eighth droll tale within the short space of a half hour. The lady, for a fact, had a faraway look in her eye. The gentleman was doing his best to entertain her. He had almost reached the punch line of his favorite gag when a tall, dark, and debonaire gentleman with jet black hair and jetter eyelashes dropped by the table. "Hi, Rocky!" he said. "I haven't seen you in—"

Followed a double-take. The lady, it seems, had raised her head and exposed those fetching features of hers which look positively entrancing with faraway look attached. Their gazes met and they seemed, Wynn Rocamora noticed, to do an involuntary double, double-take. W.R., always the gentleman, performed the introductions.

"Miss Lamour, may I present Mr. Bautzer? Greg, this is Dottie." After that Mr. Rocamora remembered a telephone call and, still the gentleman, excused himself.

Mr. Bautzer did not let any grass grow under his feet. What he did was to plop into the freshly-vacated chair and begin talking. You know how he began, of course. He began by telling her how bewitching she looked in a Hawaiian print. He was going strong when the Rocamora man checked in again—but only for a minute or two. One glance was enough to convince him he had better make another 'phone call. A very long one. Or at least a half dozen short ones.

They were sitting there spellbound when he returned two hours later from a discussion of life on the South African veldt with a man from Dallas whom he had met at the bar.

When Mr. R. took leave of his client at precisely 1:30 a.m., she murmured: "Thanks, Wynn, you were wonderful."

"I—did you say?" he came back. As he slid under the wheel of his motor he chuckled. "It's an ill wind," he reflected. Those were his very thoughts.

Just about tea time that very next day



Jon Hall seems pretty definite in his preference in this scene from "Aloma of the South Seas," though why he should turn his back on Katherine De Mille is a mystery. Dorothy Lamour became famous when she donned a sarong and made the sarong sound like a song.

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Your guess is as good as ours as to what these cuties are cooking. Why ask for explanations, anyway? We're satisfied to learn that they will be seen in Republic's "Puddin' Head," and that they are known as Marian Duval, June Earle, Marjorie Dean and Eleanor Counts.

Dorothy Lamour received a call. Greg Bautzer was on the line. How was she feeling? All right? Wonderful! Meanwhile, with whom was she having dinner? By herself? Ridiculous! Why didn't they have it together?

They did. And wound up at Ciro's. At the identical table where Bautzer had plopped himself down, as a matter of fact. Only the man who was nuts about 'phone calls was not around. To be truthful about it, none of the two missed him. That is how it goes when you're in love.

That night a sort of pact was arranged. Greg Bautzer and Dorothy Lamour were going to go steady. The unwritten pact—perhaps, as with true love, it was never even spoken—has been observed faithfully, a few columnists notwithstanding. One or two of these inspired paragraphers have been confiding to their readers at regular intervals that the firm of Bautzer and Turner (dissolved when she impulsively married Artie Shaw) is once more in operation and that the two do the Hollywood spots. But frantically! Another commentator has recently referred to "the long-smouldering fires that have flamed up in the heart of Greg Bautzer, now that Lana Turner is once more unattached."

Count 1, the business of Greg Bautzer romancing Lana Turner after the crash of her marriage, is all wrong. He hasn't seen her, at least not since he met Dottie. Count 2 is very pretty but also very sappy. There were no smouldering fires to be rekindled—not after the marriage. When Lana Turner eloped to marry Artie Shaw, Greg Bautzer took it very philosophically. Being of legal bent, he recognized that what was done was done. It is perfectly true that he had met Lana Turner and had found her verve, her boundless enthusiasm, and her lust-for-life challenging, to say the least. Unforgettable as a Stuka dive-bomber, she left him drenched with her personality the very first time they met. But there was never any combustion. The night Metro's Invitation to Insomnia, meaning Lana, got married, he drank a toast to her health and happiness.

As for the talk that Dorothy Lamour has had to share Greg Bautzer with her former secretary, pretty Patti McCarty, now under contract to Columbia, it is equally sappy. Patti is quick to set you right on this score: "What in the world would Greg Bautzer want with me when he could be with Dottie?" she asks you naively but to the point.

The foundation for the rumor may lie

in the fact that pretty Patti has gone on a number of dates with Dorothy and Greg. Only she's had her own escort, a gentleman about town named Jack Huber who happens to be Greg's number one chum, the lad with whom he shares his imposing "bachelor's quarters," the house formerly owned by Ronald Colman. Patti met her Jackie at the Del Mar race track last June, whither she had repaired with her new boss whom she calls "Mommy," as does the entire Lamour menage. Young Mr. Huber had ambled over to roommate Bautzer to ask what he liked in the fourth. It was obvious to Mr. B. that what the bewildered gentleman liked was Patti. From there on you can practically write the adventures of Patti and Jackie yourself. Only be sure to underline this in red: THE FOURSOME STILL GOES OUT TOGETHER. Which ought to prove something or other.

If it doesn't, surely the Bautzer conduct will. Never was a romancer more in dead earnest. He fairly dances attention on his lady. To begin with, there are a half dozen calls daily to the Lamour dressing room, whenever she's working. (When she isn't there are twice that many to her home.) Count that day non-existent when he isn't sending over flowers. Sometimes there'll be three bouquets in a single day. Dottie, herself, arranges them in yellow bowls or crystal vases. She's forever sniffing them, just like flower-minded Ferdinand.

Wait until you hear what he gave her for Christmas. It was a bracelet-wrist watch which you would call "positively divine," if only you had had an opportunity to see it for yourself. We in manly fashion will call it "nifty" and let it go at that. Divine or merely nifty, it is encrusted with diamonds on the watch part, rubies on the bracelet part. You could get enough money to equip a regiment of soldiers merely for what a pawnbroker would loan on same. Dottie gave him a miniature of his mother, executed by a famous portrait painter and framed in a solid gold case.

They see each other daily as you might imagine. The Bautzer devotion is proverbial. He frets about her no end. At the height of the floods his fretting turned to worry. You see Dottie was living then in Coldwater Canyon and what with the water tumbling down from the higher places and inundating the tortuous roads leading down from her lofty retreat, the trip to the studio loomed as a major hazard in his mind. What he did about it was to drive out there mornings and pilot her to the

studio, himself. When he didn't, couldn't, he saw that his trusted chauffeur did. That's how it is with true love.

All of her friends get eloquent on the slightest provocation on the topic "the new Lamour." There IS a "new Lamour." We saw her for ourselves on the set of "Aloma" just before she did a water scene with Jon Hall. The troubled look is gone. There's a shine to the eyes. She's as airy as meringue, light as a soufflé. She sings to herself. She's herself again, although she once despaired of it. The interlude with Robert Preston was pleasant. But there was nothing to it. It was designed strictly for laughs, for camaraderie, and abetted by the studio publicity boys. It never became serious. They saw each other a couple of times a week, maybe, for 3 or 4 months. There was something like 14 dates. And they're friends.

With the new romancers it's like this: they manage to see each other at least once every day. Twice or three times a week they have dinner. It would be oftener if it weren't for business complications. They play gin rummy for hours upon end. Every Saturday night they go to Ciro's. They do little dancing. Mostly they talk. She loves to listen to this amazing Bautzer fellow. Amazing is quite the word.

Gregson Bautzer is a Los Angeles boy who graduated from law school at the University of Southern California six or seven years ago. He comes of German-English stock. In the same graduating class was a go-getter, long on charm, named Bentley Ryan. They talked it over and discovered they had a community of interests. Both had made wonderful grades. Both had a feeling that to know the law was not enough. You had to know *people*. Furthermore, you had to get them believing in you.

They raised a fancy sum of working capital and opened up a handsome suite of offices. Prosperity rolled around in no time. They became counsellors for Carole Landis, Bob Hope, Ciro's, Lloyd Bacon, Arrowhead Springs Hotel and a host of other movie names. Three years, and Mr. Greg Bautzer was a name to reckon with around town. Five years, and he's a figure in Hollywood. The firm, meanwhile, is going great guns. It is very unlikely that either of the partners will ever be looking to his social security card for a weekly pittance.

The Greg Bautzer who is responsible for Dorothy Lamour's out-of-this-world look is of this stripe: wise without being a bore, worldly wise without being a cynic, he is someone she can lean on. Gay without being irresponsible, fun-loving without being foolish, he is someone with whom she can blow bubbles. Understanding as only a successful lawyer can be, he knows how to make allowances and better still how not to be too demanding.

This is the gentleman who is on board the S.S. Lurline with our Dottie as the columnists argue over whether or not the lady of the sarong is due for Mendelssohn music and orange blossoms. The they-won't columnists talk like this: Mr. Greg Bautzer is a confirmed bachelor. Dorothy Lamour is a career girl. Besides, if they were going to get married, they would have gone ahead and done it long before this.

Would this expert on Hollywood romance care to make a prediction? Certainly. And it's a pleasure. For Lamour *l'amour*. It's an even bet that if she isn't a bride by the time she returns to Hollywood, our Dottie will be Mrs. Greg Bautzer long before the first snow flies in Minnesota.

Meanwhile, don't go wagering your house and lot on our prediction. Love, as they say, is a funny thing. Especially the Hollywood brand.

"I don't care if you never come home!"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. I thought my husband was all to blame. He'd been leaving me home alone night after night. Our once-blissful marriage seemed headed for the rocks. I was almost frantic.



2. In despair, I went to see my sister-in-law—Sarah's been so happily married for years. When I told her about our troubles, she said: "You may be the guilty one, Sis. Often a husband's love grows cold just because a wife is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene. It's one neglect few husbands can forgive."



3. "My own marriage was once in danger," Sarah said, "until my doctor set me right. He advised 'Lysol' for intimate personal care. He told me it does more than cleanse and deodorize. Being an efficient germicide, 'Lysol' kills millions of germs instantly on contact, and without discomfort to you."



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Mickey Rooney and Patricia Dane in, "Life Begins for Andy Hardy." Beginning with Patricia, Mickey shows wonderful discernment. How do you do it, anyway? Or is it a trade secret?

Wedding Bells for Judy!

Continued from page 33

thought Dave Rose's arrangements were terrific. "That man's going places," Judy would prophesy.

She had her schoolgirl crushes and got over them. She'd meet Dave at the home of mutual friends and listen, enthralled, to his playing of the masters he loved. Judy's never taken lessons. She sings like the birds, plays by ear, and is blessed with instinctive musical taste. Like a hungry kitten, she lapped at the fountain of Dave's knowledge, and bowled him over the sureness of her grasp on such fundamentals as even trained musicians spend years in mastering.

He was going places, as she had forecast. His arrangements for Lamour, Ameche and Jeanette MacDonald were the talk of the town. In March, 1940, he was made musical director of the Mutual-Don Lee network. Under his guidance, *California Melodies* with Maxine Gray and *Adventures in Rhythm*, the Betty Jane Rhodes show, forged to the front of popular favor. His handling of Betty Jane's music was at least in part responsible for the long-term contract she's just signed with Paramount. NBC, whose airwaves compete with those of Mutual-

Don Lee, turned its Woodbury Soap program over to Dave, because Tony Martin would sing under no other leader.

Little by little Judy and Dave began to single each other out from the group. He'd drop in to play for her and her mother and her sister Sue. They'd listen to pet records together. Presently you'd hear Judy saying: "I'm going to a show with Dave tonight."

In the film capital, Dame Gossip wears seven-league boots on which she moves swiftly, often in the wrong direction. If you're out with a man three times, she's got you married. If your husband plays poker with the boys while you stay at home with a good book, she's got you divorced. She had a whirl for herself with Judy and Dave: Judy was a child—the studio didn't want her to marry—Mrs. Garland disapproved of the whole business.

The facts are these. Judy was eighteen, which isn't a child. To inject the question of marriage was rushing the season, since it hadn't yet entered into the calculations of the principals. As for Mrs. Garland, she had the advantage of knowing Dave. You can't know him long without recognizing his gentleness, his integrity, his sensitive

good taste. That Judy was eighteen and Dave thirty never bothered her mother as it seems to have bothered the busy-bodies. On the contrary. Better than anyone else she knew that Judy, mature for her years, would be more likely to find happiness with Dave than with a boy of her own age. Not that she promptly cast him in the rôle of a husband. The buzzers, professional and amateur, did it for her. She was satisfied to let matters take their course. But from the first Mrs. Garland was Dave's friend, for his own sake as well as her daughter's.

In the early days Judy would say: "Gee, he's wonderful! So understanding. Like a brother. I can tell him anything." Neither could tack a date to the fading of the fraternal note. But after a trip to New York, where Judy met other men and couldn't wait to get back to California, her mother asked her whether she was in love. "I don't know," she replied soberly. "I'd just rather be with Dave than anybody. If that's love, then I'm in love."

Mushiness was always out. They don't feel at home in the sentimental idiom. They underplay by choice, and duck superlatives. For anything super, the word is "adequate." "Miss you adequately," one would wire the other. Or at a preview, "That was a good picture," Dave would observe, "and you, my dear, were very adequate." Judy's only photograph of her fiancé is inscribed: "Here's hoping for an adequate friendship."

This dislike of show marks their whole relationship. Birthdays and Christmas are adequately remembered. But they don't keep bombarding each other with expensive gifts. Last Christmas Judy gave Dave a boiler for the precious railway train whose tracks circle his whole backyard, and whose engine proudly flaunts the name GAR-ROSE RAILWAY. On St. Valentine's Day Dave turned up with a marketbag full of chocolate buds in his right hand, while his left lingered coyly behind his back. "I didn't want you to feel bad, Jude, so I picked up a trifle of perfume for you too." Whereupon he produced a huge dummy bottle advertising a popular scent, but holding none. Judy has more perfume than she knows what to do with, but she can always use another laugh.

She paints and writes verse for her own pleasure—"dabbling and scribbling," she calls it. Dave is sometimes allowed a glimpse of her canvas from the neck down. Let him try to uncover the face and she goes frantic. After long persuasion, she let him read some of her verse, and floated to seventh heaven when he suggested they collaborate. So many requests have poured in for the three themes he uses on his broadcasts, that they are about to be published. Judy's writing the lyrics. Dave doesn't think she's Shakespeare, but then he doesn't think he's Beethoven either. He just thinks she's as good as a lot of lyric-writers, and they get a kick out of working together.

It's her pride in Dave which makes her humble about herself. He's equally proud of her, but too diffident to say so. She thinks his talent is so much more important than hers, that she's been reluctant even to sing for him. A month or so ago she appeared at Ciro's. "This is the first time," said Dave to a friend, "that I've really heard her sing. She's wonderful!"

"Why don't you tell her so?"

He seemed to be blushing, though through the bronzed skin, it was hard to be sure. "You tell her," he grinned.

Because she was young and untried in love, he bent over backward to exert no pressure on her. She knew how he felt. The decision had to be hers. It wasn't till after the trip to New York late last

March that the question of marriage was broached between them. One day Judy said: "I talked to mother, Davy. She thinks it's swell." In spite of their closeness and their exclusive dating and the fact that the world had had them engaged for weeks, it was then for the first time that Dave looked his happiness square in the face. Till then he'd been afraid to believe it. Through the rush of feeling flowed a warm stream of thanksgiving to Mrs. Garland. "What made it perfect," says Dave, "is that she should think I was adequate for Judy."

Judy's birthday is on June 10th, Dave's on the 15th. It was decided to announce the engagement at a joint birthday party. But the newshounds pawed the earth, sniffed the air, got wind of a scent, and drove all concerned crazy with their clamor. "Please don't tell them," Judy pleaded at first. "I want the thrill of having mother announce it."

The boys at Metro did their expert best, but went down to defeat. "We'll have to please it, Judy. If we keep saying no and then it's announced so soon, we'll all look pretty silly."

She was disappointed, but sensible. She knew this was part of being a movie star. But her voice sounded a little forlorn when she phoned Dave. "Well, I guess we're going to be engaged before we planned—"

"That's swell," said he. "Or don't you think so?"

"It's just the party, Davy. Kind of takes the bloom off."

"Never mind, honey." Then he did a double-take. "Engaged!" he yelled. "And haven't got a ring yet!" Which so tickled Judy that she cheered right up.

On the heels of that came another event, second in importance only to an en-



Even a breezy guy like ANDY HARDY gets bewildered once in a while, like for instance in a situation as the above, with Patricia Dane.

gagement. The White House asked Judy to sing in Chicago on June 6th at a Unity Rally, whose principal speaker was to be Wendell Willkie. She couldn't wait to tell Dave, and called him from the set. What impressed her almost more than anything else, was his reaction. "I'm very proud of you," he said.

"Can you imagine his bringing himself to say that?" she giggled to her mother. "The most I expected was 'fairly adequate.'"

She was to leave Thursday morning—her first plane trip. Dave had to work after his Wednesday broadcast, so he took

his music over to Judy's house. He'd been at it a couple of hours when he looked up. "Hey, I've got something to show you," and fished from his pocket a box whose size and shape shrieked aloud that it couldn't be holding anything but a ring.

Judy rose in her wrath. "You mean to say you've been sitting here all evening—" But by that time he'd opened it, and how can a girl scold when a man slips an emerald-cut diamond on her third finger, left hand. In the plane next day she spent most of her time shining it up on her sleeve, and cocking her head to eye it against the light. "Beautiful, isn't it?" she'd sigh for the twentieth time. "Just the kind of a ring every girl dreams about."

What with rehearsals and the press, she hadn't much time to herself on Friday. But she did manage to sneak off to Marshall Field's, and pick a black lace dress for her mother to wear at the party. Her own was already ordered. A couple of years ago she'd wail: "I'm so sick of bouffant dresses," and yearn for the day when she could pour herself into something slinky. "What are you getting for the party?" asked a friend.

"Don't laugh," laughed Judy. "Organza—dusty pink—bouffant!"

That Friday evening was unique in Judy's life. She dined with Mr. Willkie. Then, wearing a plain street costume—because she wanted to be not a movie star on parade, but just another American—she stood up in the Stadium to sing to fifty thousand fellow-Americans. Her first song was Roger Eden's arrangement of *Don't Bite the Hand that Feeds You*, then she led the audience in *God Bless America*. It lacked four minutes of ten, when Willkie was to go on the air. Judy had been asked to prepare only two songs. But the

June Preisser, James Lydon and Mary Anderson appearing in "Henry Aldrich for President," a Paramount Picture.

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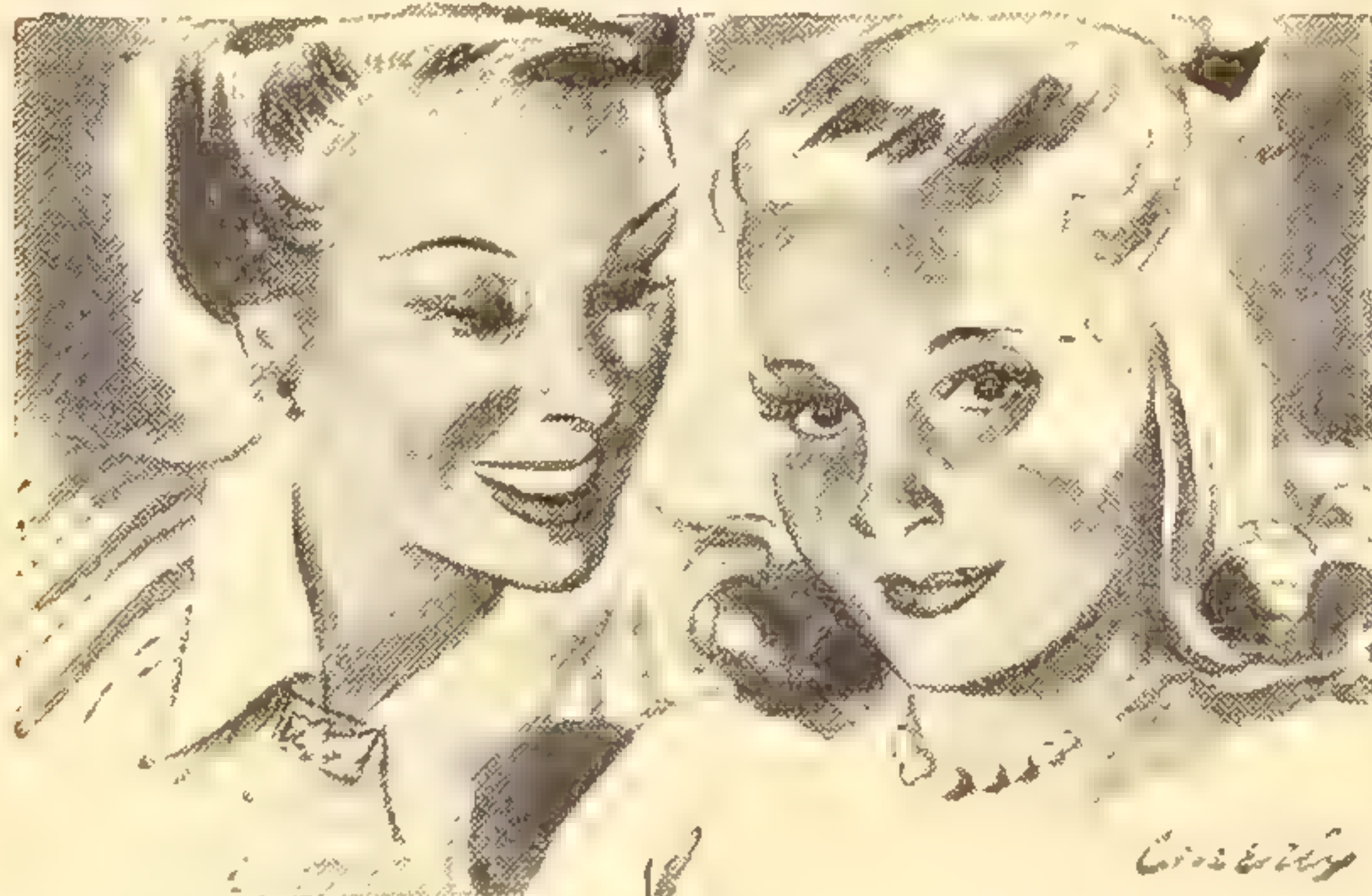
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four minutes had to be filled. "What about our arrangement of *Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones*?" she whispered to Eden.

That was it. Only she left out the *Jones*. "Franklin D. Roosevelt," she caroled, her young voice soaring, filling in words where she needed them, thrilled and thrilling, till the audience rose as one and stamped and cheered and roared and flung hats in the air. Judy felt like yelling too. She compromised by kissing her hand to them all while the tears rolled down. The emotional strain was still evident when Dave met her at the airport Sunday morning. "I'm beat," she told him.

The next week was spent in arranging details of the party. It would be very simple. The garden was lovely enough to provide its own decoration. The food would be served from a large central table, and the guests sit at small tables scattered over the lawn. The badminton court above the terraces would be canopied, cleared for dancing, and a small band engaged. "Only you know what would be nice?" mused Judy. "White balloons floating on top of the pool." So they blew the balloons up Saturday and dropped them in. At five AM Sunday, they started popping, scaring the daylights out of a timid neighbor who called the police to investigate what all the shooting was for.

The neighbor was reassured, the dead balloons fished out, and the day came up—cloudy. Which drove Judy into a second dither, lest they all have to mangle their garden dresses under coats. She washed and set her hair, and ran out to look at the sky. She had breakfast, and ran out to look at the sky. She bathed and dressed, and ran out to look at the sky.

Dave arrived early, and helped put up yellow umbrellas. In the hall he came on a silver tray, filled with small white envelopes, tied in green ribbon. Opening one, he found a card on which, under a pair of wedding bells, was printed:

DAVID ROSE
JUDY GARLAND
September

"That stopped me," he said. "Seeing it printed that way—oh, nuts, I can't explain it!" His face explained it for him. He spent the afternoon—this retiring fellow—

slipping cards into the pockets of his cronies.

At one, old Sol thought he'd co-operate, and broke through. Judy thanked him. When the guests began coming, she went out to direct traffic, see that the cars didn't get jammed. It was all most informal. These were boys and girls she'd gone to school with and worked with, and old friends of her family and of Dave's come to wish them happiness. In mid-afternoon, having been on her feet all day, she decided that her happiness depended on getting her shoes off, so she changed into bedroom slippers. Her dress covered them anyway, but she poked a toe out at Dave as they danced together. And told him about her presents—the bedjacket embroidered with her name from Joan Crawford, glass Cinderella slipper from Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper, crystal goblets from Lana Turner. She saved the best for the last—her mother had given her an exquisite piece of white lace. "For my wedding veil," smiled Judy.

Earlier in the week, Dave had said "Hey, it's your birthday. I've got to give you a present." But she wanted the ring to be her birthday present. So to seal the bargain, she'd bought him a combination birthday and engagement ring too—a cat's eye set in heavy gold for his pinky.

They'd planned to go to Ciro's that evening, but Judy was tired. The guests gone, she went upstairs and reappeared in a chintz playdress, her hair stuck with two pins on top of her head. They settle themselves in the kitchen—she and her family and Dave's and a few intimates—to munch olives and spaghetti and leftovers and to chew the fat. "This," sighed Judy in content, "is my idea of a party after a party!"

They haven't set the day yet, just the month, and they hope to wangle a few weeks off for a real honeymoon. No have they picked a house. Judy knows the when they go hunting, Dave's first move will be toward the backyard. If it's big enough to accommodate the Gar-Rose Railway, the rest will be of slight importance. That's okay with her. She'll be right on his heels, measuring with him.

Which, if two nice people will permit us to borrow a word, promises well for an adequate marriage!



While JUDGE HARDY (Lewis Stone) ponders, Mickey Rooney wastes no time in making play for Judy Garland. From all appearances, Mickey learns fast in "Life Begins for Andy Hardy." Ann Rutherford should see the Mick now. Patricia adds to the competition.

SCREENLAND

"The Girls I Left Behind Me!"

Continued from page 34

as I am on the screen. In too many pictures lovely ladies have left me. In 'The Awful Truth' I fought a losing battle with Cary Grant and the script writers. Irene Dunne chose Cary, who was not as rich or as stable as I—but apparently a lot more stimulating. In 'Brother Orchid,' if you can remember so far back, Ann Sothorn took me just because Eddie Robinson knew he couldn't make her happy and decided to return to the monastery. But her heart belonged to daddy and Eddie was playing daddy. In 'Trade Winds' Joan Bennett turned her back on me as soon as she saw she could get Freddie March—even though I was filthy rich and *he* hadn't a dime. And then, in 'His Girl Friday' Rosalind Russell kept me dangling on a string while she made up her mind whether she wanted the security I offered—or the harum-scarum existence that rat Grant dazzled her with—and she finally chose Grant. I hope they were miserable ever after!

"Do you remember a poem Service once wrote called 'Which?' It goes something like this:

'If you had the choice of two women to wed,
(Though of course the idea is quite absurd)
And the first from her heels to her dainty head
Was charming in every sense of the word:
Although in the past (I grieve to state)
The lady was never exactly "straight."

The second, *she* was beyond all cavil,
A model of virtue, I must confess;
And yet, alas, she was dull as the devil,
And rather a dowd in the way of dress:
Though what she was lacking in wit and beauty
She more than made up for in "sense of duty."

Now, suppose you must wed, and make no blunder,
And either would love you and let you win her,
Which of the two would you choose, I wonder,
The stolid saint or the sparkling sinner?"

"Well, that's me in reverse. I'm the stolid saint. I embody all the traits everyone admires and no one envies. And where does it get me? Nowhere! Nobody wants me."

"Yes," his wife, Catherine Willard, interrupted testily, "it's true. If Ralph doesn't get the girl soon, people are going to begin to think I won him on a punch board and was stuck with him!"

"I always act the perfect gentleman and I'm virtuous to a fault," Ralph continued. "But it begins to look to me as though ladies don't like gentlemen. They don't want to be treated with respect. They want to be mauled. Look what mauling has done for Gable and Cagney. And as for virtue! I know now there is no saying more apposite than 'Virtue is its own reward' and, if you ask me, it's a darned poor reward."

"Do you think," he demanded hotly, "when I come home at night and weep into my pillow over the loss of Irene, Joan, Ann and Rozz it's any comfort to me to reflect, 'Well, at least, I'm good!' No, sir. I want to be a gay blade and one of these days I'm going to be."

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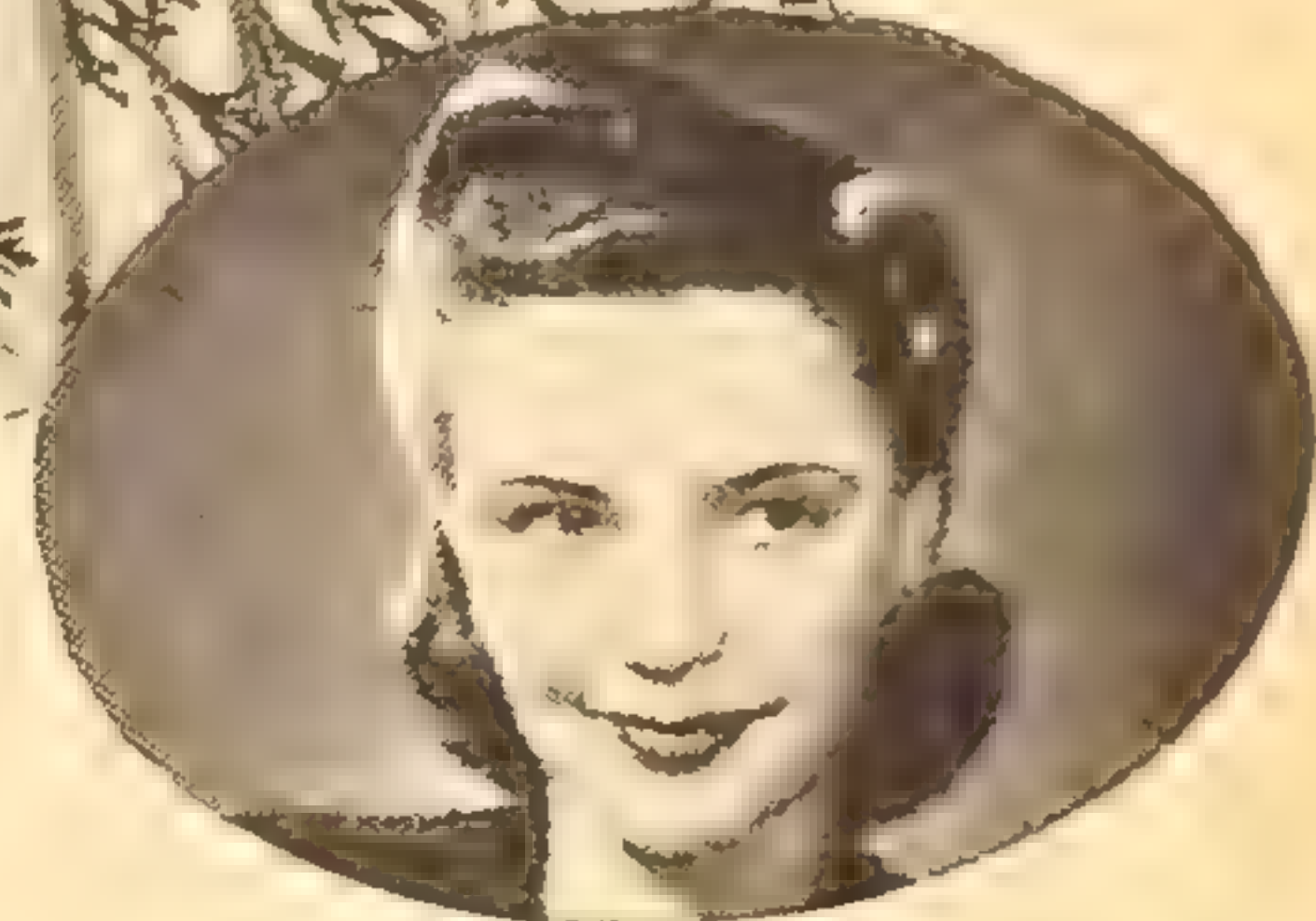


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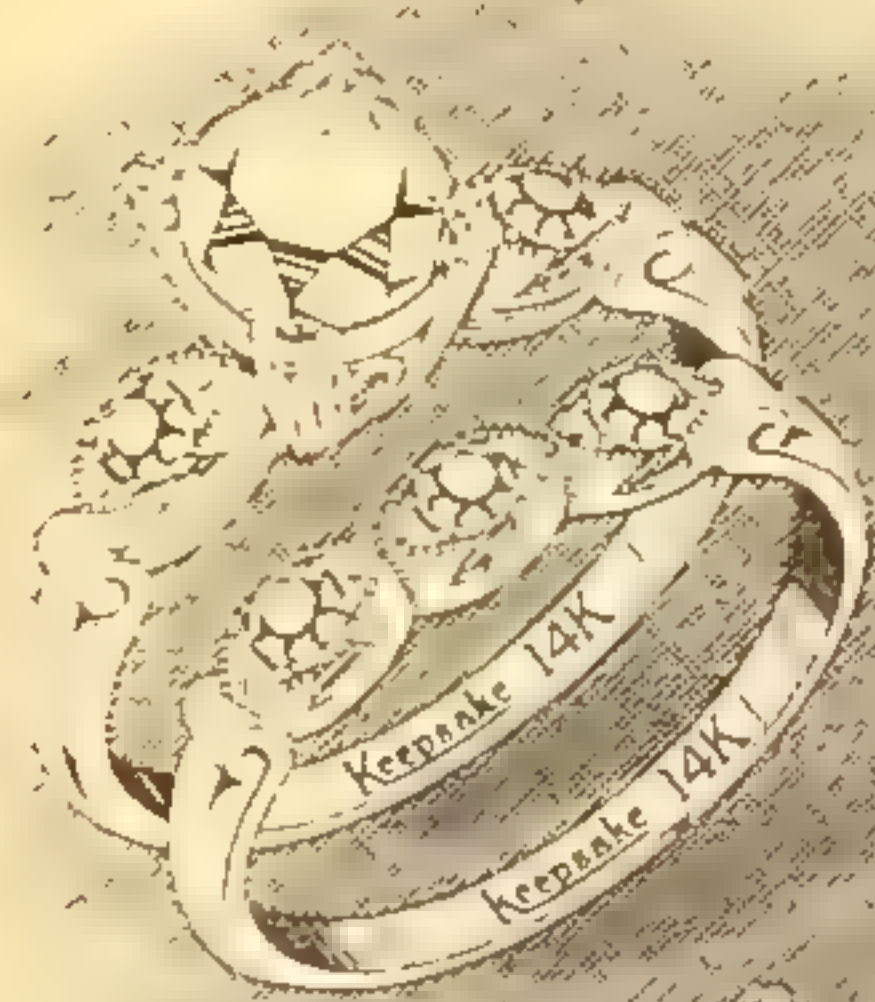
Bonnie Parsons, of Cleveland, dances for hours confident of daintiness.



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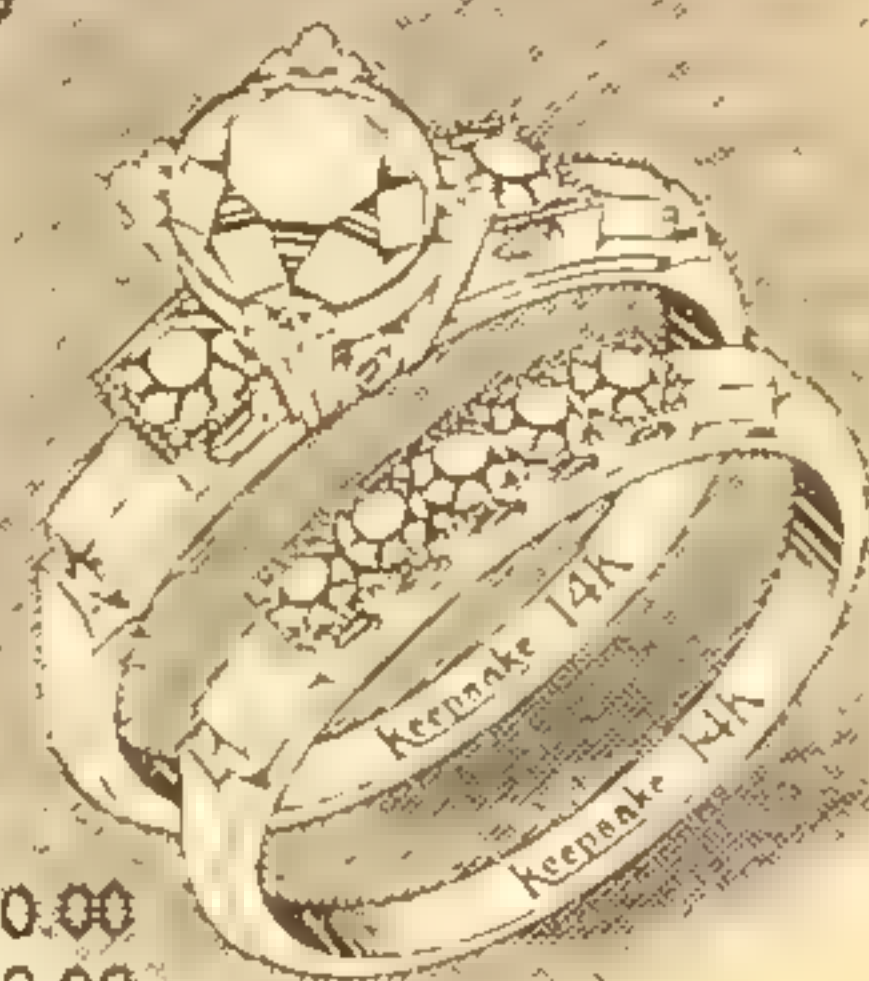
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John Murray tries to eavesdrop on Laraine Day and Lew Ayres in the latest "Dr. Kildare" movie. We'd like to find out a few things, too. When, Doc, are you going to make nurse MARY LAMONT your lawfully movie-wedded wife? Or do we have to speak to the scripters?

"Listen!" I ejaculated, "once I was discussing you with one of the oomphiest girls on the screen and you want to know what she said? She said if you weren't already married there's no one in Hollywood she'd sooner be wedded to than you. She said *any* girl would feel so safe with you."

"What a terrible thing to say about a guy!" Ralph moaned.

"And, anyhow," Miss Willard interrupted again, rather tartly, I thought, "who'd feel safe with *her*?"

"In 'Footsteps in the Dark' I got away from stuffed shirts," Ralph resumed. "I played a heavy but it was a good, meaty part and I thought it would show producers I could do something else. But no! In 'Affectionately Yours' I'm right there pitching goodness and stability at Merle Oberon while Dennis Morgan feints with a sense of humor and a devil-may-care view of life that completely hypnotizes her. So once again I lose the girl. In 'Dance, Girl, Dance' it was the talk of the town for a week because, at least, I was going to get the girl. Much consolation *that* was. The only reason I got Maureen O'Hara was because, although *she* was in love with Louis Hayward, *he* loved someone else. She took me because she didn't want to ruin his life and she knew if she married me he would realize she was lost to him forever and would go back to his true love—his wife. That was a fine way for me to win a girl, wasn't it?"

"You say you want to do a story on 'The Girls I've Left Behind Me'—but you might better call it 'The Girls I've Loved and Lost.' But heigho, as we say in the old country. In spite of my virtue and courtly instincts, I've made them pay through the nose for jilting me. This house is all paid for and there is enough money in the trust fund so that when a studio offered me a contract recently I was able to say, 'Gentlemen, I don't want to make any more money than I'm making right now, so the only point in my signing with you is if I can better myself some other way. If you will agree not to use me in over three or four pictures a year (and those must be A pictures) and to give me my lay-off in a lump, so I can take a decent trip if I want to, we'll talk turkey.' But they couldn't see that, so I am still free-lancing—and loving it.

"It's a funny business. I've been out here eleven years now. The last play I did in

New York was 'Roadside' in which I played one of the most romantic parts ever written. I came out here and the first picture I made was 'The Secret Six' in which I played the leader of a gang of thugs. And what a cast that picture had! Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, Wallace Beery and John Miljan! After that I played one heavy after another."

"I should say he did," Mrs. Bellamy interjected. "I was afraid when he came home at night he would mistake me for one of his molls and start banging me around accordingly."

"After a while," Ralph went on, "leads in big pictures didn't come along so frequently. Studios were using their contract players rather than pay big salaries to free-lancers. So, because I wasn't seen in big pictures, people thought I had hit a slump and when I appeared in 'The Awful Truth' they spoke of my 'come-back.' Well, the awful truth is, I made more money during those few years they didn't see me so often than I did when I was playing in big pictures.

"I had made up my mind if I couldn't get the parts I wanted I would take the parts I could get. As a result of that, I can now afford to turn down a part occasionally. My wife and I have just got back from an extended trip to South America. We go to New York whenever we please and I don't even have to worry about losing a part to do it. What I want now is to get back into A-pictures exclusively and to vary my type. Do you blame me?"

I glanced around the den, where we were sitting. Books lined one wall. There were easy chairs and lounges scattered about. Sheffield and crystal cigarette trays and boxes. Through the door, in the hall, one could see a couple of Duncan Phyfe chairs, a grandfather's clock and a Sheraton table. Out the window, the back yard seemed to stretch away to infinity. Orange trees made a blaze of color against a leaden sky from which the rain poured. I jerked my thoughts back to Ralph. "B-pictures, villains, and stuffed shirts have given you all this," I said, waving my arm around to indicate all I had taken in.

"Wouldn't you rather write for 'slicks' (high-class magazines) than pulps?" he rejoined. "It's the same with me."

"I can understand your wanting to do A-pictures," I conceded, "but your insistence on trying to get away from parts that have made you famous and in which

fans like to see you, I can't understand. It seems to me you're defeating your own ends. All the big pictures you've made lately are those in which you've played the parts you're objecting to—those in which you've made your biggest hits. This way, you've developed a following. People go to see a picture you're in knowing what you're going to do and knowing you'll do it better than anyone else could. If you change parts—or types of parts—it confuses them. They're disappointed. Other people who, perhaps, haven't seen you before but who have heard of you, see you in a different type of part and maybe they won't think you're so hot in it. You alienate your established fans on one hand and, on the other, you won't acquire any new ones."

"I see what you mean," he nodded, "but I don't agree with you. Before I landed on Broadway I used to run stock companies. One year I had the best stock in the country and we were doing a land-office business. Then receipts began to drop a little—not much, but enough to worry me. So I used to pull my hat down, turn my coat collar up so I wouldn't be recognized and I'd go out and stand in front of other theaters to see what people were saying when they decided where to go that night. I found they were shopping for *entertainment*. One would say, 'Oh, there's so-and-so. He was fine in his last picture. I wonder what kind of part he'll be playing in this one?' It was the same if it was a picture house, a vaudeville house, a legitimate theater or even burlesque. They were always wondering what kind of part a favorite would be playing. If that favorite had always stuck to one type of part they wouldn't have had to wonder. So I came to the conclusion they want variety or diversity. And if I have any luck or any say about it, from here on out instead of its being a case of 'The Girls I've Loved and Lost' it's *really* going to be 'The Girls I've Left Behind Me' or 'The Girls I've Wooed and Won.'"

"Amen!" said Mrs. Bellamy fervently. "At least, then, people will get to see you as you are. I might add," she finished modestly, "this is the voice of experience speaking!"



NURSE LAMONT (Laraine Day) takes time out from her busy duties to play with a dove and a rabbit. Doves, you know, are good luck.

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*Tops for Fingertip
Flair and Wear*

Irene Dunne's Design for Living

Continued from page 57

you feel you cannot use any of your present furniture or decorations. And you haven't found a close friend whose taste you like whom you may consult on your problem. Then I would first make up my mind what I could spend to rejuvenate the place. Don't think of your house as a whole. That might be too financially depressing. Most of us housewives do one room at a time. After setting up the budget, I think your next move would be to go to one of your more important furniture stores. Talk with someone in the decorating department. Tell her, or him, your problems, and ask for guidance—but definitely not for complete advice.

If the budget only permits re-doing one room, you would probably choose the living room as the first room. Set up a color key. Choose a color *you* like, but also one that is right for the room. If your room is bright and sunny, select a nice cool tone to start from—green or gray or slate blue. Let the person who is guiding you tell you what harmonizes best with your key color. If your room is dark and needs brightening, choose a color you like that will lighten up—yellow or pink or chartreuse. Your next move must be to determine whether you want the room massively, or less heartily, furnished. Whichever you choose, be sure and bear in mind that comfort plays an extremely important part in home building. Therefore, whatever type of furniture you choose should be on the “comfortable” side. (Your husband will certainly approve of that.) It seems to me that if you have no particular choice that, inasmuch as you are living in the West, you should set up as informal an existence as possible. You can use chintzes and natural wood furniture, rather



A study in relaxation is this photograph of singing-star Irene Dunne. Stealing a few minutes from her latest film, “Unfinished Business,” on the Universal lot, is an important ritual.

than the formal period type of furnishing. However, if you favor the more formal type, have it by all means.

One thing to bear in mind is that it can't all be perfect at once! If it were, the fun of doing it would be gone. If you “do over” your living room and are pleased with the result, and you have to wait a while to do the dining room, you will dislike the dining room more than ever, in contrast to the new room. But by the same token, the new room will be doubly stimulating and cheering. Also, if you can't find just the right chair for just the right place in the room, *don't* feel you must take something else. Wait until that wonderful day when the right one comes along. It will in time, though it may take months, and lots of “shopping around” on your part. It will be worth that much more to you when you

get it. Also, I think for people such as you and I, who are not professional decorators, that after we have visualized a room as a whole we should settle down to making the selection of each individual piece carefully. In other words, it seems to me that much individuality is lost if you walk into a shop and say, “I'll take that chair and that divan and those tables and that lamp and rug.” Each piece should be carefully studied and chosen for just the right place. If you deal with a furniture store they will be willing to let you try your selections, I am certain.

If you collect antiques, you should go back several times to get acquainted with the piece you are interested in before you actually buy it. As a matter of fact, you should *want* your important pieces—you should feel that you just *can't* get along without them, before you buy them. If you buy a chair simply because you need a chair, you will usually find that the chair lacks all personality in your home.

If it is necessary to take five years to re-do your place to your satisfaction, take that long! Meantime, you will be learning along the way, because a strange thing happens once you become home-conscious: you think about it every time you go into someone else's home. You think about it when you are looking at a moving picture, or a play, or reading a book. You find yourself buying magazines that stress the home angle. You pick up bits of information here and there, and this information builds to such a degree that before you know it you have an amazing confidence in yourself, you have acquired taste, and you know how to use it.

Certainly you will want to entertain simply, inasmuch as you have so little time in which to plan and arrange parties. Either Saturday night suppers or Sunday afternoon “brunches” would seem to be the best time for you to set your parties. You could make quite a thing of either of those functions—and have people hoping for an invitation to your house for one of your nice informal parties.

On the Saturday night party, it seems to me, make it buffet if you are entertaining more than four people. If you have no maid, buffet is easier on you, the hostess. And even if you *have* a maid, buffet is considered more informal, and informality is what everyone likes these days. Have good food, well cooked—it need not be the most expensive food, and certainly not the heaviest, or you'll find a lot of sleepyheads



This is no make-believe picture, ladies. Irene Dunne is really having fun preparing her own lunch in her dressing room. She finds kitchen duty a pleasing indoor sport. You would too, if you'd only think of cooking as an art instead of a drudge. You're welcome, husbands.

How GIRLS GET AHEAD in Hollywood!

FACTS make Hollywood even more fascinating—and facts are what you get in SCREEN GUIDE—the independent picture magazine of motion pictures. In September SCREEN GUIDE, learn how girls suddenly become starlets, then stars. This is the inside story, with sensational pictures, about Linda Darnell, Marjorie Woodworth, Jane Russell and others who have gone up the Hollywood way.

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Clark Gable, Perpetual Motion Picture Star: The Brutal Truth!

Dorothy Lamour's Adventures in Love: Where will they end?

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SCREEN GUIDE

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on your hands after supper! Also, to make it easier on yourself as the hostess, have something for your guests to do to keep them entertained. If they are a musical group of people have some new records, or some old songs for them to sing. Maybe they are people who go for quiz games. Maybe they are bridge or gin rummy fiends. If they don't like such strenuous mental games (and you'd be surprised the number of people who don't) surely they will like keeno and bingo. The important thing is to have something planned, so they can't get bored. How will you know what to plan for them, what type of entertainment they will most enjoy? With the discernment you must have as a school teacher, that will be easy. And, of course, you will only invite those people at the same time who will be congenial together and enjoy the same things.

The Sunday "brunch" you could serve about one o'clock. Let all the guests play a part in this. For instance, get a couple of double waffle irons, and let each guest bake his own waffle. These irons are not too expensive and are easily manipulated, and whether your guests know how to cook or not, they can at least turn out their own waffle, and probably have lots of fun doing it. Crisp bacon, strawberry preserves, honey, maple syrup, are delicious with waffles. And, of course, have pots and pots of good coffee. After eating, if the weather is right for it, have a ping-pong contest, or a badminton contest, or a good, old-fashioned, rousing croquet contest. Contests can absolutely make the spirit of a party. With all your guests having such fun you'll probably have a hard time getting them to go home. You may have to produce one of those Sunday night cold suppers—with hot rolls or hot biscuits. But the fact that you can't get rid of your guests should be very flattering, and not annoying. In time, en-

tertaining will become a delightfully pleasant pastime. It requires practice.

You are blessed with intelligence and knowledge, I know. Else you could not be a teacher. And the fact that you are con-

scious of a need for a more gracious and interesting home existence will make it easier for you to work out a way of living that will be completely to your liking. I am positive of that. The very best of luck!



In Irene Dunne's "Design for Living," she makes every waking moment count. Here, while she has her lunch, she also attends to other matters. Her excellent and entertaining advice to our 6-Star contest winner will appeal to countless women with similar home problems.

OLD KING COLE
calls it
"something worth
calling for"



Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and he called for his pipe, his bowl, and fiddlers three. Then he shouted *extra* loud for Dentyne — (that delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

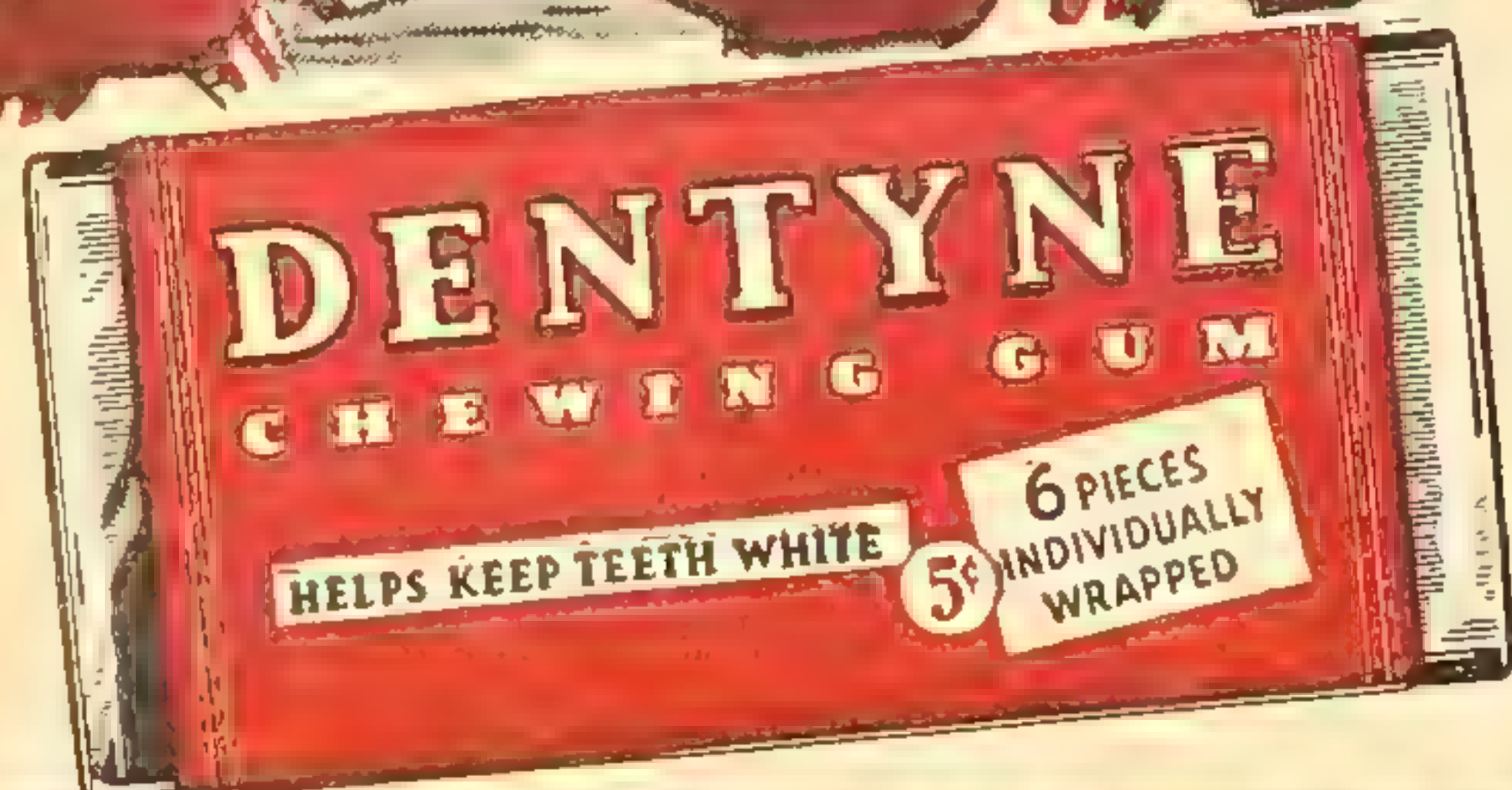
That made the fiddlers hopping mad. "How come you call *extra* loud for Dentyne?" said they.

"Because it's *extra* good," laughed Old King Cole. "You see, it has a really *different* flavor — a warmly satisfying goodness, and it's mighty refreshing. Besides, Dentyne's pleasant firmness helps keep your teeth naturally sparkling. Try some."

And the fiddlers, sampling delicious Dentyne, were so delighted they played the merriest tune imaginable.

(Moral: You will feel merry too when you chew Dentyne. You'll enjoy its sparkling flavor — and the way it helps keep teeth bright. Notice Dentyne's handy flat package too).

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



Hollywood is still buzzing over Gene Tierney's surprise marriage to Count Oleg Cassini; but the Tierney girl blithely ignores the gossips, concentrating her energies on her career and brand new husband. Gene, above, as "Belle Starr," gun-totin' female, with Randy Scott.

The Truth About Gene Tierney's Surprise Marriage

Continued from page 55

lete trimmings to a name? Olie's title has been a handicap to him; he is so pleased, the darling, to occasionally meet old chums who knew him abroad. "It is reassuring," he confesses. "They know I'm not a phoney, that I didn't stage an act to make you love me!"

She sighed, remembering. "He didn't, either. That is, he only did, attractively, what any man very much in love does. He won't be like a duck out of water for long. I'll help him see to that! He is a swell, talented fellow, my husband Olie is, and because he's a foreigner, old-fashioned prejudice isn't going to lick him! Good grief," she exploded, "I'm *still* waiting for him to spring his super-suave manners!"

"I was not," she emphasized, calming down from her momentary defensiveness, "overwhelmed by Olie's title—in spite of the wisecracks of sarcastic columnists, who implied I was. It was a good Russian one—Olie's mother's family left Italy for Russia four centuries ago, and he's inherited his surname from her—but he had applied for his American citizenship quite some

months before we ever met. The few in Hollywood who took the trouble to notice will testify, for us, that he always has called himself plain Mr. Cassini."

So all the tall and constant talking about why-would-she-want-to-throw-herself-away on a climbing Italian count (none of the three glibly-used adjectives accurately describe her new husband) boil down to wild gossip by the uninformed. Gene could have chosen a permanently titled gentleman; she's had the social connections. She might have snared a Park Avenue scion, for she went to exclusive girls' boarding schools in Connecticut and Europe. She "endured," as she phrases it tersely, a society debut. But she is too real, too like the modern miss next door to be dazzled. That may sound funny, recalling all the gilding that has been thrust upon her. But strip away all the star shellacking. Discard all the debutante background that, at considerable personal sacrifice, her parents had built up so carefully for her. Go beyond all the surface conclusions that have spread wide recently, that inevitably do in a situation

such as she has caused. Those who hope she will soon snap out of her romantic dream, wiser and sorrier for the experience, are fated to be severely disappointed, I prophecy. Gene is young. Not quite twenty-one. She is a rebel. And how she has kicked aside Perfect Plans! But she isn't reckless, as it has seemed, and she isn't the wrong kind of fool.

"I think," she continued, frankly, "that I am conservative. I've never been a formal soul, but I am not flighty. I'm moody, sometimes mopey, but even if I'm physically lazy I'm rock-bottomed with common sense, I claim. I wanted a church wedding, to wear white, to have my family all present and celebrating with me. But I am old enough, also, to have discovered that we usually don't get everything exactly as we wish it. And that we must make selections. I had a love problem, I tangled with it, and I solved it. To my own satisfaction at least.

"We have had nothing but hurdles, Olie and I, so every girl and boy who envies the smooth path some lovers rate will not envy us. We are in the same boat. We, too, are Of Today. Full of doubts about the world around us. Figuring how far our money can go. We had our adolescent fancies, pretty ones, but Olie and I realize life is no cinch. We may be in Hollywood, but we're still two against all comers. We're going to fight for what we want—the chance to work at what we've an ability for, and the chance to love!

"All right," grimaced Gene, slim hand shielding her from sunlight which showed her up as every bit as beautiful as fine studio lights can make her, "so 20th Century-Fox, my studio, has faith in me. You can bet I appreciate that. Because I'm not as 'lucky' as they've declared. Not precisely. They didn't see any value in announcing that I'd had a previous, unfortunate encounter with the movies. Not that I got on the screen before; I didn't, willing though I was! My studio biography states that I was signed after a Broadway success. Which is so. But the omission is that Columbia originally brought me out, after two minor rôles in Broadway attempts. I was a scared-to-death seventeen then. I wandered and wondered about the Columbia lot, a mystery to everyone including mother and me. There was no rush to take portrait sittings, to pose in the latest fashions. Eventually I was cast in a picture, opposite Randolph Scott. It has been consoling, doing 'Belle Starr' with Randy, for on my second day 'way back three years ago I was unceremoniously taken out and Frances Dee took over the rôle. I was A Failure, and if you think I enjoyed that, you're crazy!

"I did what I could to grin and bear it. I was fat, so I dieted. I studied dancing. And when option time came I got the axe, anyhow. I'd come to Hollywood, fizzled ignominiously, and was fated to be forgotten. Only I'm stubborn. Ask mother and dad! I declined to Fade Out. At almost eighteen I knew I could make the grade with a studio, just as at almost twenty-one I know I can be a true wife. I wrangled another play on Broadway; it was the hit from which 20th re-imported me. So I'm well aware I owe my employers a good measure of thanks, and I haven't shirked on a single assignment. Still, do you imagine I would let 'glamor' go to my head? That I'd say to The One Man, 'I regret that my public is too important! Come back in a few years when my contract is up and we'll get together' . . . ? Well," she retorted, "I wouldn't!"

Her new residence is Olie's former bachelor abode, a shingled cottage set on a hillside amidst weeping willow trees. It's the sort of place that is in demand in Connecticut. You drive past the Beverly Hills and Bel-Air mansions, away up along Cherokee Lane, until you reach a place

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AT 5c & 10c—DRUG and DEP'T STORES

with "wonderful possibilities," to quote Gene. Leading me through it, she pointed out the living-room ceiling, which is badly in need of a new coat of paint. "I doubt if I'll do it myself," Gene murmured. "On my second night here Olie and I painted the bathroom!" She has been huddling with a decorator, ordering chintz, and having the maple furniture and pewter polished. She has a cook, but she's busily supervising every detail. "Olie didn't even have a lock on the front door! But my dog Butch loves his cat, and I adore fixing things up!"

She poured tea, far prouder to be the mistress of a home where love undoubtedly is than to be tossing down cocktails in a be-chromiumed bar. "It may interest those suspicious folk who doubt Olie's intentions—he couldn't help it if he was a count and had a slight accent—to hear that he insisted upon signing a legal document before we married, giving up any claim to community property. He wanted it that way, so people would have no ground to stand on in that respect."

He is a designer, and while his salary is about a ninth of Gene's at present, he may someday be another Adrian. Her husband's family, according to Gene, has welcomed her warmly. And he can't be dismissed as a social climber. "Olie's grandfather was the Russian ambassador to the United States during the administration of Teddy Roosevelt, and his mother was a White House chum of Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Olie's father was a Russian minister to Paris, and that's where he was born, in 1913. When the revolution struck Russia his parents were left penniless. Countess Cassini, a woman of taste, started a dress establishment in Paris and so, hard a time as they had, Olie was well educated in Florence, and at the University of Rome. When he became a designer in his mother's shop she thought he would be satisfied. But he wasn't. He wished to come to America."

And it wasn't simple for him here. He got into the wholesale dress business in New York City. But he was twenty-four and bewildered. After a year of a union that should never have been, he returned to his designing skill, beginning all over again. In two years he saved enough to try Hollywood. He nearly starved in the three months it took to land a year's contract at Paramount. There he costumed Dorothy Lamour and designed the feminine wardrobe for "B" productions.

This was his job when Gene, far higher in the Hollywood rating, met him. The scene was eight months before they defiantly married, in Constance Moore's house, the occasion a formal dinner. Gene retired into a corner moodily empty of any emotional companionship. Olie had brought an Earl Carroll girl who amazed him by strolling out into the kitchen, after dinner, and emerging with a banana in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other. He was practically jolted into observing Gene, comparatively a vision of conservatism. "You don't look as though you're having a good time," he said. "I'm as happy as anyone else!" she answered. And from then on it was love, so far as Olie was concerned. He followed her everywhere, telephoned her three and four times a day, and he saw to it that they had dates every night.

"People have persisted in assuming this is all impulse. They don't comprehend that it was the opposite. I fell in love—not madly at first sight—with my best friend!" Olie isn't handsome. He couldn't push her into the top row of stars. He wasn't an imposing name, as an actor would have been. But he has that fatal fascination no woman can resist: he understands her completely.

"He is the only man I have ever been able to look up to! Oh, I've had crushes. I had them after I met Olie. I'd been engaged twice before. But at the last minute



There's no denying that Wally Beery is unpretty, or that he's lovable. To Marjorie Main he's wonderful in M-G-M's "Barnacle Bill."

I'd always sensed that I could get along without the man. We weren't in tune, down deep.

"Olie and I are not opposites. We are so much alike it's almost frightening. He's like a part of me. Both of us are independent, yet we don't want to be. Both of us are strong-minded. We work hard, play hard. We think the same things are funny, have the same dislikes. He has suffered, has had to adjust himself to the strange ways of a new country. So he's not callow, or narrow. He is so tolerant! But most of all, he always knows what I'm talking about—and what better definition can I give you than that?" When a girl can distinguish that well her choice, I suspect, is unerring feminine instinct."

After three months of discussing their single loneliness an elopement was decided upon. Gene's family and studio would argue that she was far too young, so why clutter up their path? Unseasonal California rain halted them, however. Paul Mantz, airplane pilot for many a star, wouldn't risk the downpour. Next morning Olie telephoned to inquire when they'd try it once more. Gene, temporarily abashed by a talking-to rendered by her mother, replied that she wasn't sure. Olie is no man with whom to trifle. "He believed I couldn't care enough. He stayed away. And so I did what you would imagine: I went out with others. Once with Rudy Vallee, with mother chaperoning Rudy. I went about some with Mickey Rooney, whom I like in a sisterly way because he is a great personality. I even developed some more crushes. And what do you think I did about them? I'd phone Olie in the middle of the night, when I'd come in from my dates, and describe my symptoms. I'd do that regularly. He claims, now, I was subconsciously attempting to make him jealous. Well, it didn't work, if that were it. He listened, but he didn't come back."

Once she nearly went too far for the patient and despairing Olie. She was introduced to Robert Sterling, a personable juvenile, and that was a whirlwind. The columnists reported that Gene was going East to secure her father's permission to marry Sterling. By traintime she knew it could only be Olie. How could she ever do without him? She scrawled a long letter saying just that—to Olie, not to Sterling.

Her father pronounced soothing words about Olie being a passing fancy, and she didn't hear them. When she came back to Hollywood a rush before the cameras ensued. But making "Belle Starr" didn't consume all her thoughts. Olie gave her a diamond and she wore it a whole week at the studio. "Mother and everyone from the prop man on up, except Mr. Zanuck who naturally wasn't bothered with romances everyone knew wouldn't jell, pulled me aside and lectured me on my foolishness. I wired dad, inviting him to come to my wedding. He wired congratulations, but said I was to wait until fall. 'Butch,' my brother at Yale, would spend the summer with me and straighten things out.

"I had them straightened out. I didn't want any more advice. I'd had to eat humble pie, for when I tried to be emotional with Olie, again, he was proud." She grinned. "I convinced him, though. We decided we'd keep the actual event a secret for a month. Mother was so opposed to the idea of me marrying anyone! We went to Las Vegas under assumed names. I wore a sort of campfire girl outfit, instead of a smart suit, and Olie was in casual sports clothes, with a polo shirt. We cautiously sat at opposite ends of the plane—we got practical and went on a regular one, instead of splurging to charter our own—and from time to time I'd take out my compact and wink at him in my mirror. A chauffeur and limousine met us with a, 'Where to, Miss Tierney?' The man explained, 'My name happens to be the same as yours, so I keep tabs on you.' Very odd! When we found a justice of the peace we had to wait until he finished his Sunday School class. Then we were surprised by a studio official, vacationing at the *deluxe* hotel in Las Vegas. He had a grand wedding breakfast served for us."

They flew back to Hollywood that Sunday night. No Riviera honeymoon as she had once visualized. No delirious bridesmaids. No welcoming Mrs. Tierney. When Gene got home her mother was conspicuously out for the evening. Two days later Gene and Olie drove her mother to the New York plane. The Tierneys—mother, father, brother and younger sister—are still "a bit aloof." They haven't anything against Olie, really, but they cannot forget their long-laid plans for Gene. They cannot yet see that, almost twenty-one, she's no longer a child. "Yes," admits Gene, "I was engaged twice before. But so was mother. Her third engagement took, just as mine did. She has never regretted her choice. Neither will I!"

The extra complication Gene has to handle is her career. So far she's had no time off from work. Her studio loaned her to Walter Wanger to star in "Sundown" immediately she completed "Belle Starr." She is counting on a delayed honeymoon trip to Washington, D. C., in November. Olie's brother, a society reporter there, has written promising them a ball there. The elder Cassinis have come West, briefly, from their home in the capital, to bestow their blessing. Gene hopes her own family will relent.

Meanwhile, she and Olie have to work out their new road together. She had to go to New Mexico, on location. Olie, anxious for a new studio contract, was too proud to go along. Hollywood is still displaying a few prongs, being hurt by Gene's daring to marry for love when her stardom could have won her a fellow with influence or fan mail. "But Olie will free-lance himself into demand, you'll see!" she told me, beaming over her tea pot. "He is so talented, so real!"

She is acting as though it were impossible to fail. Which is the only sure system for succeeding at anything. Even at love, when you are unmistakably two against this nutty world!



Why was I born a Woman?

EVER get mad at the world...at the unfairness of your lot? Ever hear a voice inside you whisper: "Better not go out... you won't have any fun?"

And do you ever wonder why some girls always seem to keep smiling, no matter what time of the month it is? If only you could learn their secret!

Well, you're not too old to learn! What you need is a lesson on how to grow a crop of confidence! How to be gay! Carefree!

Stop feeling sorry for yourself

Remember... an ounce of confidence is worth a pound of make-up. And to be sure of yourself on "difficult days," you need the kind of confidence Kotex sanitary napkins give.

First of all, Kotex ends are flat and tapered. They never give away your secret... never make you self-conscious.

And you know, better than anyone, how important comfort is. So do as most girls do and choose Kotex. You see, Kotex is made in soft folds... so naturally it's less bulky... less apt to rub and chafe!

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All in all, Kotex helps give a girl the comfort and confidence she needs to put a smile on her lips... a song in her heart!

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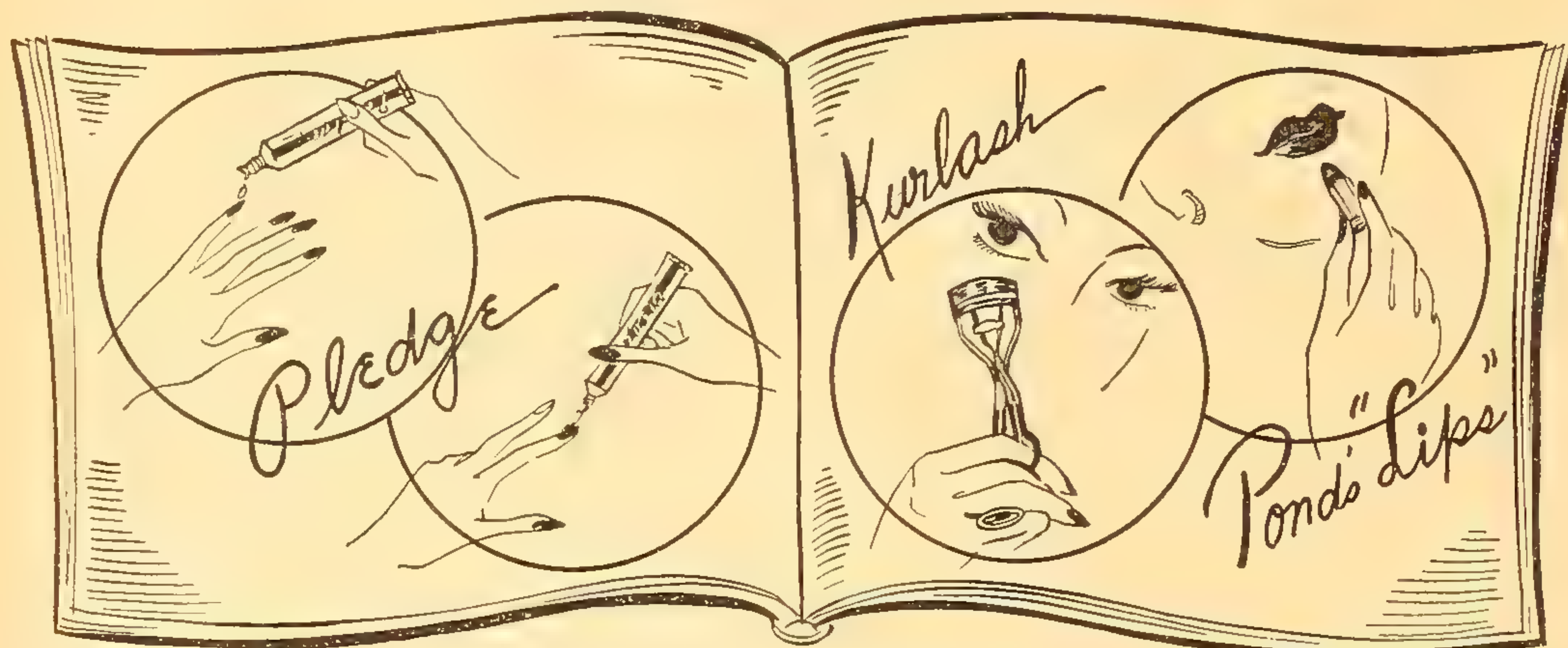
How's a girl to learn what to do, what not to do, on "difficult days"? Send for the new FREE book: "As One Girl To Another". Write P. O. Box 5434, Dept. S-9, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois



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Yours for Loveliness

Notes from our book of beauty lore on what's new—what's improved—and all good!



PLEDGE yourself to a Pledge manicure, and discover how professionally this new tube application method accomplishes nail art, even for the amateur. The oilized nail polish remover, for instance, drops from a self-feeding felt-tip tube to clean nails like magic. A slot in the felt permits that cameo-clear tiny tip and easy removal of polish from cuticle. The nail enamel, in lovely colors, is self-feeding from a brush tube, like applying lipstick. The brush is improved for better results, drying time speeded up. The cuticle softener and nail cream, both oilized, work in the same efficient brush manner.

KURLASH, that queen of a gadget for curling your lashes into an arc of loveliness, has been improved! It's more mechanically efficient, say the Kurlash makers, who are aces in all the arts of eye beautification. Kurlash now curls more quickly and more definitely; there's more space for inserting your lashes between the curling bows; it has a little cushion guard, softening any contact with the eyelid while curling, and enlarged scissors handles make it firmer to grasp and more accurate in curl without extra pressure. Most important, results are more lasting. You can use it with or without mascara.

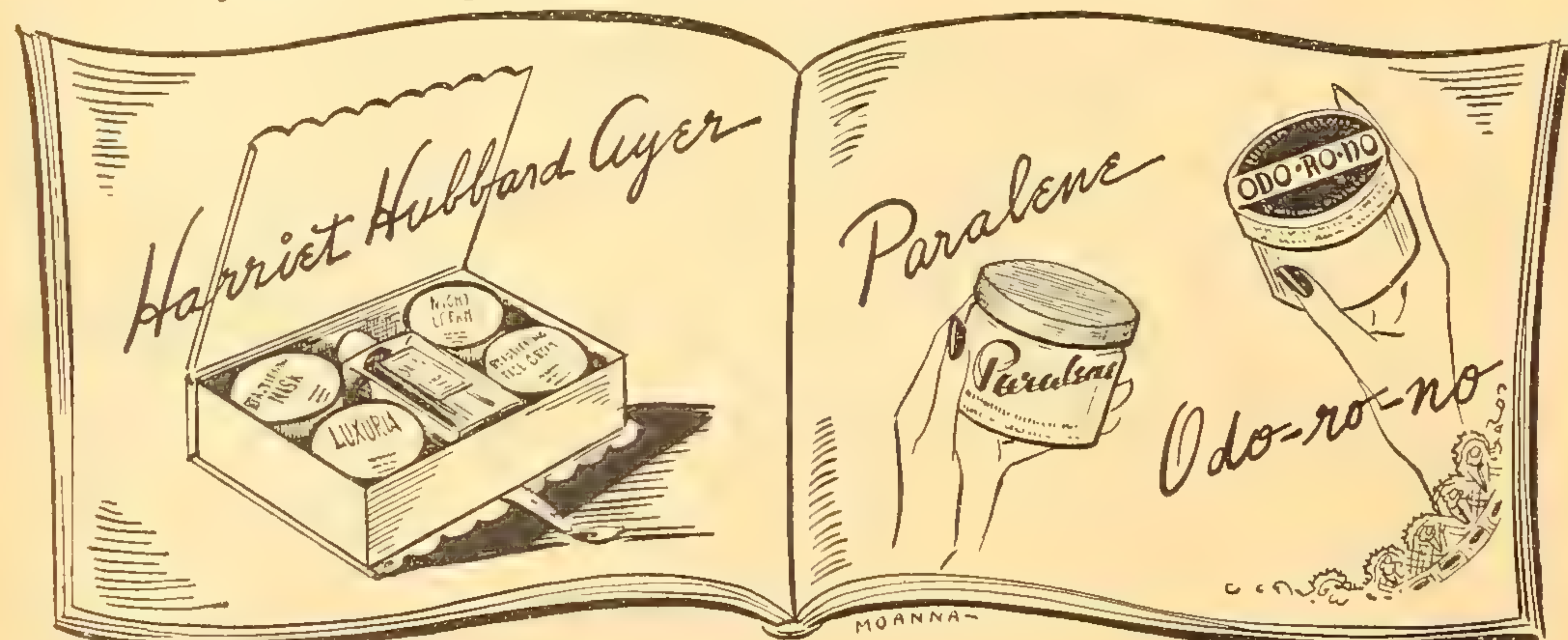
IF ANYTHING makes us feel practically poverty-stricken, it's lack of plenty of lipsticks. Like perfumes, we need a number to be happy and feel affluent. The solution to any such lack is Pond's "Lips." You get little ones in the chains, big ones in drug or department stores, and for color and texture and staying-on qualities, they are tops. The four will give you the correct colors for varying moods, occasions and costumes. Beige, for instance, so heralded for Fall, needs Rascal Red, but you will find Heart-beat better with blues. And what fun, what color and appeal when you make lipstick an accessory to your outfit! The right color is more important than perfect lips.

THIS department has a weakness for packaged beauty. We like what should go together to come together. We like basic aids, for instance, complete, with some of all we need. Therefore, we glowed when Harriet Hubbard Ayer's box, "The Ayer Way to Loveliness" appeared. There are five preparations in a sweet box, costing very little, including Luxuria, that fine cream, Night Cream for lubricating use, Beautifying Face Cream, a powder base, Ayer Skin Lotion, and the very new Beautifying Mask. There is nothing like these masks for quick results when you look tired or dull. Grand buy.

PARALENE is a water-soluble corrective cleansing cream, and I'll wager you'll see some corrective signs after its very first use. Apply a few dabs of the cream, moisten your fingers, then work gently and well over the skin. Rinse off. It's about as simple as that. The point is that this extremely thorough cleansing does wonders in the way of super-bathing, of removing the cause of minor blemishes and renewing a fresh and clear skin tone. A really clean skin is usually a lovely skin, remember. Paralene seems to combine the elements of cream and water bathing to perfection, and is well worth a try.

THERE'S social security for you and that first new frock for Autumn in the new bigger jar of Odorono cream. This cream is light and creamy-smooth, and use in one to three days seems about right. It is very gentle, so you may use it on hands or feet that perspire. It is dependable and safe. Its use means you remain sweetly sure of yourself and that your frocks, sweaters and blouses will never know embarrassing perspiration signs. It both deodorizes and keeps skin free of dampness, and seems to me to answer every need for a perspiration protective.

C. M.



Lynn Bari eyes the microphone as she starts her solo in "Sun Valley Serenade," which also features Sonja Henie and John Payne.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

with even more elaborate arrangements—result in harmony. Wonderful, if you can do it!

Marjorie was born in San Francisco and likes salads and soufflés, but she doesn't let her ideas about food interfere with her husband's. "Mr. Gudger likes hot bread with every meal, so we have hot bread. He says cornmeal bread must be made of white, not yellow cornmeal, so we never have yellow in the house. He likes grits and pan-fried chops; then you pour the pan gravy over the grits—it's quite delicious if properly done. We serve yams, not sweet potatoes. Mr. Gudger wouldn't look at a sweet potato.

"He doesn't care for salad, except for a special salad I enjoy, too. For this I take half a Bartlett pear, put a ball of cream cheese mixed with a tiny bit of Roquefort in the hollow, then pour lime Jello over the whole so as to encase the pear, set on a bed of crisp lettuce and grate a little Elkhorn cheese on top."



Lynn, finding that the "Mike" is not such a frightening instrument after all, faces her unseen audience with much more assurance.



A sure sign that Lynn is now fully at ease before the awesome mike is the way she closes her eyes to get that dreamy feeling.

Two special hot-bread recipes follow:

SOUTHERN CORNBREAD

- 1 cup sour milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking soda (Arm & Hammer)
- 1 teaspoon water
- 1 egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups white cornmeal

Mix milk, soda (dissolved in teaspoon water), egg yolk, salt and cornmeal. Add the stiffly beaten egg white and bake in muffin pans in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

POPOVERS

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup Swansdown flour (sifted)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons butter, melted

Grease muffin or popover pans well with butter and heat in oven till sizzling hot. Beat eggs well; add milk and beat over again with rotary egg beater. Sift in flour and salt, then melted butter, beating vigorously. Pour into hot pan and place in oven.



The last note sounded, Lynn smiles happily. Not many artists can sing and look so enchanting while giving off with the high C's.

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Paris Fashion Shoes

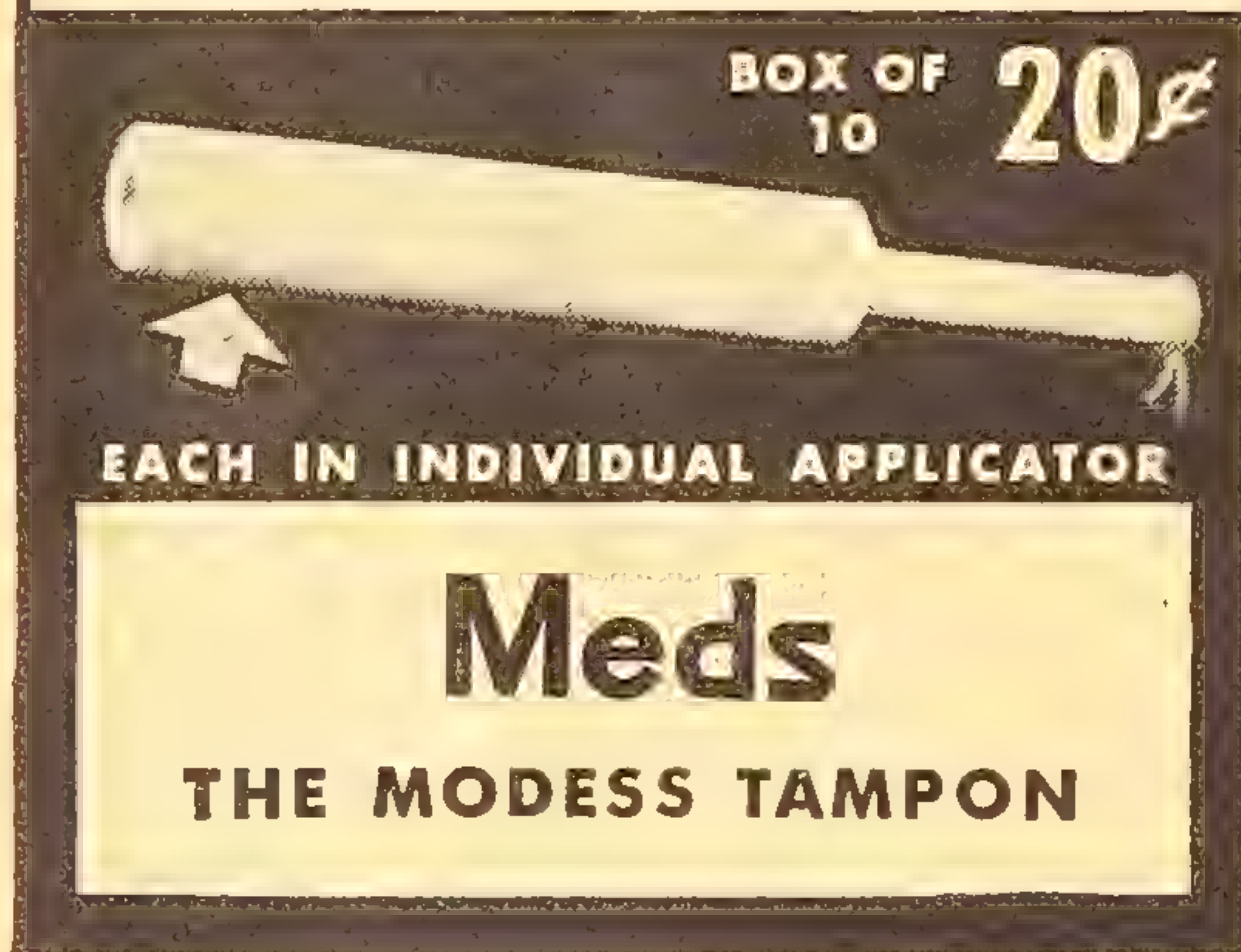
FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

Why I switched to Meds



—by a model

Even on those "certain days," I have to parade around and smile. I just couldn't do it without *internal* sanitary protection. So when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—I bought a box quick! What a blessing! I never dreamed I could be so gloriously comfortable! Meds make protection so sure, too—they're the *only* tampons with the "safety center." And thrifty? Say, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—an average month's supply—or only 98¢ for a box of sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators are priced so low!



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When the director of "Mr. Jordan Comes to Town" called time out for a smoke, the cast and director sought the nearest seats available—the steps of their elaborate set. Left to right, Robert Montgomery, Director Alexander Hall, Rita Johnson and James Gleason.

Turn heat to 450° (hot oven) for 30 minutes; then reduce heat to 350° (moderate oven) for another 10 or 15 minutes.

Emily, the cook, believes that grilled ham with bananas, a dish favored at the rancho, is worth passing on:

GRILLED HAM WITH BANANAS

Cut into thin slices the required amount of ham and broil delicately. Skin some bananas, cut them in half lengthwise, season with salt and pepper, roll in beaten eggs and fine bread crumbs, and fry in hot bacon fat. Place the ham on a hot platter with a slice of banana on each piece, garnish the dish with parsley and serve.

"Mr. Gudger is fond of desserts so we usually have three kinds, since he hates to decide beforehand what kind he'll want," said Miss Rambeau. "The household is large enough so that this is possible. As a rule, one dessert is fruits in season. If it's warm, there is likely to be some sort of ice cream or sherbet, and the third is pastry or pudding. "We are both fond of chocolate, so the cook frequently serves chocolate chiffon pie or chocolate pudding. *Jelly Charlotte* is perhaps not so well known."

JELLY CHARLOTTE

Cut out the center of a stale sponge cake, or any stale cake, leaving the bottom and sides thick enough to hold a pint or quart of jelly, as is desired. Prepare a lemon, orange, wine or grape juice jelly. Cool, and when quite thick and about ready to form, turn into the cake. Chill in refrigerator or cool place. When ready to serve, cover top with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk (Borden's)

LEMON JELLY

- 1 envelope Knox Gelatine
- ½ cup cold water
- 1 cup hot water
- ⅓ cup sugar
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon salt

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice, mix thoroughly and pour into mold that has been rinsed in cold water (Other jellies are made in the same way,

except the fruit juice is substituted for the hot water and 2 tablespoons lemon juice is added instead of the ¼ cup. Use less sugar with canned fruits than with fresh.

It was Mr. Gudger's chicken-ranch hobby that transformed this hitherto urban couple into enthusiastic ranch dwellers. When he retired as vice-president of the Goldwyn Company, Mr. Gudger bought five acres in the San Fernando Valley, christened it Rambeau Ranch, and proceeded to experiment with chickens. So successful was he in his experiments that now he has 5000 laying-birds, and doctors and sanitariums compete to buy the eggs.

"He feeds them on mineral colloids, a substance containing 27 essential elements—and don't ask me what they are!" beamed his wife. "We are terribly proud of the eggs. Emily makes a real cheese omelet with them that is really something."

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ OR OMELET

- 1 cup soft, stale breadcrumbs
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- ¼ lb. Kraft American cheese

Scald milk, add butter and salt and pour over the breadcrumbs. Beat eggs separately, very light, put in yolks and then the whites and add cheese cut up very fine or grated and bake the same as omelet.

Driving out weekly to visit the ranch, Marjorie fell in love with the valley. She was always saying: "I wish I lived out there!" but did nothing about it until last Thanksgiving Day, when Jim Barker, Warner Brothers' make-up expert, saw a "place with a view." Next day he told Marjorie, that night she told her husband, Saturday he looked at the acreage, Sunday she saw it, and Monday they bought the sixteen acres. "We tore down the top of a mountain to make a level site for the house, and built this place in six months, complete with play house, swimming pool, and barbecue. Now we're building stables for our horses on a level far below."

Marjorie designed the house herself. She had always wanted a rambling house that could sprawl over the landscape. Every

room has its outside door so that people can come and go as they choose without disturbing anyone else, or having to wander through half a house first. There are fifteen rooms and eighteen closets in the house; five rooms for servants over the garages; a completely equipped carpenter shop for Mr. Gudger, and a completely equipped beauty shop for Miss Rambeau. The linen room is every woman's dream—as big as a California bedroom, with shelves reaching to the ceiling and plenty of space for every item.

Rancho Manzanita doesn't look as large as it is from the mountain road below. The live oaks scattered on the hillside hide parts of it. Geraniums in every shade splotch the drive with color, and daisies, yellow and white, crowd each other in wide beds.

"All the wood used in the house is Philippine mahogany. The fireplace in the living room holds four foot logs and the stone used in it came from a quarry not far from here," my hostess informed me. "In summer, we spend a great deal of time down by the pool in the playhouse, which is equipped with refrigerator and stove. Dinner is served under a giant live oak tree there. But in fall and winter, the pleasantest place in the house is the roofed and glassed-in porch. Guests seem to like it as much as we do." This room is furnished in bamboo and chintz. The floor is red tile.

Furniture and possessions accumulated for years, some used in homes in New York and Florida, some stored so long that they had been almost forgotten, combine with new pieces in unexpected luxury in the main rooms of the house. In the living room-library, there is a wide Italian divan of the 15th century, an ancient refectory table with a priceless figure in bronze, a lacquered Chinese cabinet containing jade, crystal, and semi-precious stones and metals in various graceful forms, books in profusion, and places for reading them, deep with cushions and cleverly lighted. The dining room furniture is Chippendale, with wine-red striped satin seats and a specially designed wallpaper of trees and flowers. The breakfast room is done in Chinese style, with red lacquered table and chairs and little red lanterns.

"But the kitchen is the heart of the house," confided Marjorie. "As you see, we have two electric stoves and a refrigerator large enough to stock enough food for a



Robert Montgomery turns powerful pugilist in the Columbia picture, "Mr. Jordan Comes to Town." Never knew Bob could punch, eh?

Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves a Dab a Day keeps P. O.* away!

(*Underarm Perspiration Odor)

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week. There's never enough oven space in a single stove, if you entertain big parties, as we like to do. And I insisted on plenty of tiled sink and closets everywhere." There's a butler's pantry, with every known piece of electrical equipment, as large as an average kitchen.

There's a guest room wing, with dressing rooms and baths and a hallway of its own. Opposite the living room, another corridor makes a hallway to the family suites. Miss Rambeau's young sister has her bedroom, dressing room, and bath, Mr. Gudger has his den, and Miss Rambeau has her own sitting room, with its attendant screened porch, beyond which is the master bedroom.

A special feature of this part of the house is the chandeliers of crystal pendants, and the lamps ornamented in fragile Dresden roses. Most of the bathrooms are of her design, too, in pastels delicately combined. Her sitting room is French with a graceful mantel, real fireplace, exquisite furniture, and a mirror-backed cabinet set into the wall to hold her collection of figurines.

"I've collected these for 27 years," she confessed. "The first item was bought at the Leipzig Fair, the ballet came from France, others from Italy, Holland, and Switzerland. The fan is painted with the *Dance of Herod* and is supposed to be over a thousand years old."

Most men have an idea that if they really tried they would make marvelous cooks. Marjorie's husband is no stranger to this theory, which is one reason they built a barbecue pit on the terrace outside the playhouse. Here—probably *once*—the head of the house broiled steaks and roasted potatoes. But no wife who would be happy says: "Why don't you get dinner tonight, darling?" when the suggestion doesn't come from him. "He thinks he likes to cook, bless him," beamed Marjorie, "but the cook has her own little stove inside."

The pool lies above the playhouse, where the sun shines full upon it and no leaves can drift into the water. Dressing rooms for men and women are part of the playhouse, each with its own shower. There is a bar, picnic tables and benches, card tables, games, a big fireplace, and much comfortable furniture in the playhouse, which is also where the souvenirs of my hostess' long stage and screen career are placed. There's a huge painting of her long-time Broadway run, "Eyes of Youth," showing her in four characterizations. There are portraits of most of the stage and screen greats, and stills from her pictures from the earliest to the current one—"Three Sons o' Guns."

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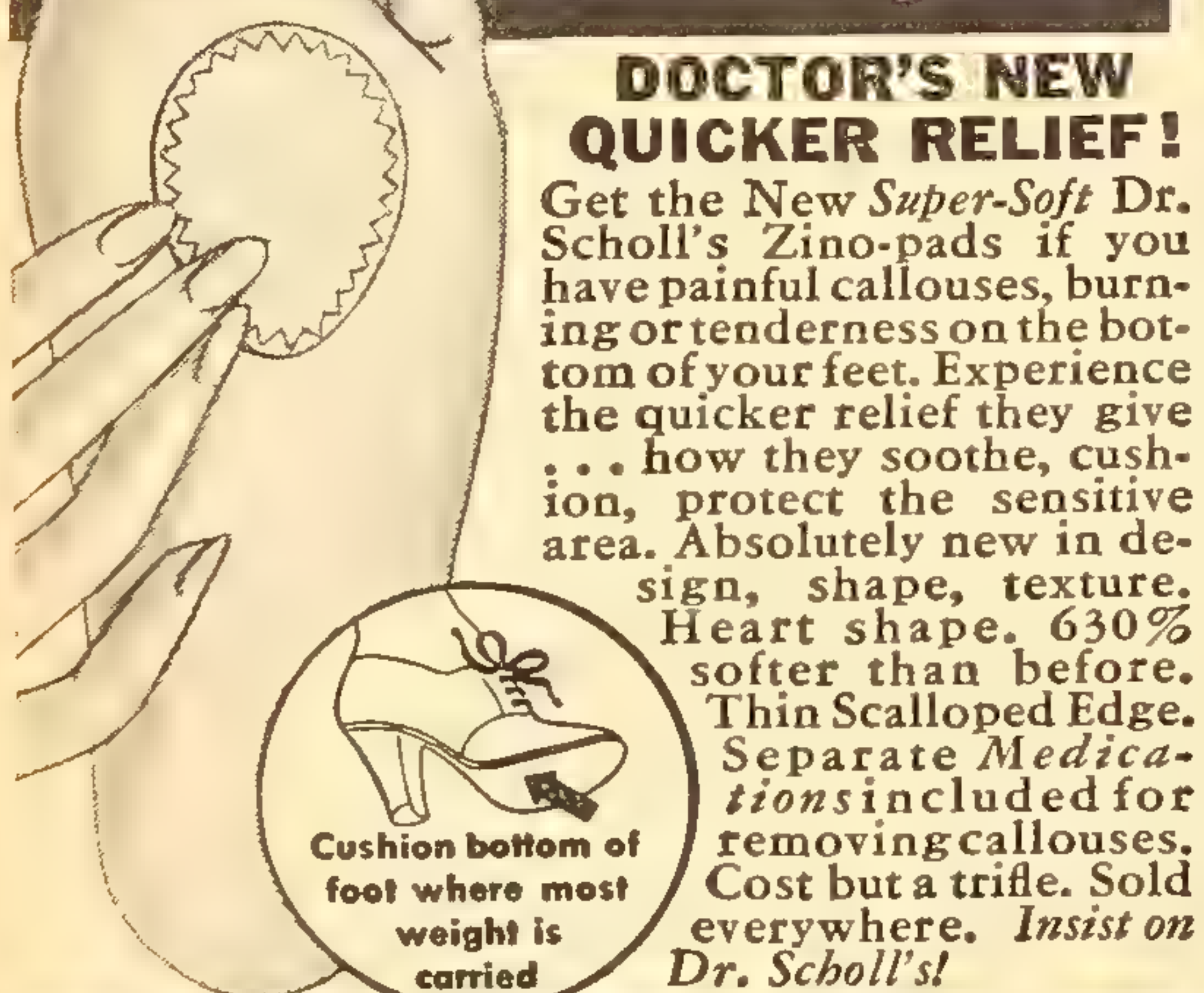


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Did you ever see a happy triangle? No? Well, here's one. At least we can't see any domestic gloom from these good-looking countenances. Here's Brian Aherne who almost succeeds in winning Claudette Colbert away from Ray Milland, too busy making money.

"Skylark"

(Continued from page 31)

matter how blatant and vulgar she thought them. She would have worn them and adored them too because he had picked them. But since he hadn't, Lydia didn't see any reason why she should wear them either, and so after George had left she persuaded the clerk to substitute a bracelet she had wanted for a long time.

The scrap book she had spent so many hours putting together seemed pretty silly after that. The inscription too, *Even after five years, I do, Lydia*, seemed just too schoolgirlish and romantic with Tony not even bothering to select her present himself. Yet when she heard the car stop outside, heard Tony's whistle as he came into the house, all her doubts went bounding away, as she put the book carefully on the pile of evening papers that was always the first thing Tony went for. No use fooling herself. She loved him.

"Well," Tony asked, giving her one of those kisses that even now had a way of making her forget all the other things he did. "How does it feel being married to a mug like me five years?"

"I think I'm going to like it," Lydia grinned.

"That may mean a lot." Tony looked back at her. Then he sighed, "Gosh, I'm tired. I finally got the new Valentine campaign lined up. An extra million in advertising means a hundred and fifty thousand in commissions to the firm. I'm going to try to get him to okay the deal tonight."

"That's what parties are for, isn't it?" Lydia couldn't help that sharpness creeping into her voice. "When you're a kid you go to parties for ice cream and when you're a young girl you go to play Post Office, but when you get on in years, like us, how dull a party can be if your husband doesn't close at least one deal."

"This Valentine is a funny duck," Tony went on, ignoring her crack completely. "But we can work it if we can handle Myrtle Valentine. You know what she

wears under her skirts, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, her husband's pants," Lydia said. "The last time she was at the house, I remember her sitting right here and Mr. Valentine was sitting there and—"

"What did they talk about?" Tony looked at her intently. "Do you remember?"

"Word for word." Lydia nodded emphatically. "Frederick Valentine said 'My dear Mrs. Kenyon, you have a wonderful cook.' And then he burped."

"That may mean a lot." Tony looked as if he were getting an idea, but Lydia wasn't paying any attention to it because she saw him going over to the papers and she couldn't think of anything except what Tony would say when he saw the scrap book. But he didn't see it. He just pulled the papers out from under it and in desperation Lydia put the album on her head.

"Do you like my new hat, darling?" she asked.

Tony swept her an amused glance. "Next thing you know they'll be wearing things like that," he laughed.

Subtleties weren't any good. Lydia could see that, so she went over to Tony, holding the scrap book out to him. "Wouldn't it be nice to have an album history of our marriage?" she asked wistfully. "All the old snapshots, letters and souvenirs?" And then as he grunted his invariable *uh, huh*, and Lydia saw he wasn't listening at all, she dropped the book to the floor. "Oh, what the heck!" she said exasperated.

Tony looked up startled. Then he laughed, and for a moment it was the way it used to be when he got down on the floor beside the album and pulled Lydia down alongside him. "Hey, you were pretty cute!" he said when he saw the snapshot of Lydia taken at the time he first met her. "But what's this?" he asked as he turned the page.

"A Fifth Avenue bus of the vintage of five years ago," Lydia said. "Perhaps you don't recall that we picked each other up on a Fifth Avenue bus?"

"I keep forgetting it was a case of love at first sight." Tony leaned over and kissed her. "It was a hot day and you were wearing sort of a flowered dress. Am I right?"

"SKYLARK"

A Paramount Picture. Produced and directed by Mark Sandrich. Assistant director, Mel Epstein. Photographed by Charles Lang, A.S.C. Screen play by Allan Scott. Adaptation by Z. Myers.

Lydia Kenyon.....Claudette Colbert
Tony Kenyon.....Ray Milland
Jim Blake.....Brian Aherne
Myrtle Valentine.....Binnie Barnes
George GorellWalter Abel
Charlotte GorellMona Barrie
Frederick Valentine...Grant Mitchell

Then as he turned the page he felt a quick jolt. "Now where in the blazes did you ever get that?" he demanded, looking at that letter dated December 22nd, four years ago. He didn't want to remember that letter. It gave him a start to think that Lydia had kept it all this time, that ignominious letter discharging him. "Swell Christmas present, wasn't it?" he asked. "Wasn't that the Christmas you were going to have the baby?"

"Yes, it was," Lydia said quietly. "And yet in another way it was one of the loveliest Christmases I have ever known."

"How come?" Tony asked. "Me out of a job, thoroughly licked, hanging around you like a kid clutching his mother's apron strings, practically weeping on your bosom!"

"I liked it," Lydia smiled. "And what'd we do? We went right up to the island and bought a cottage without any money. And do you realize we haven't been up there since we paid it all off three years ago?" She turned the page quickly. "Say, if you really want a belly laugh, how would you like to read some of your old love letters?"

"Are they really that funny?" Tony asked uncomfortably.

"Tony, they're corny but beautiful," Lydia said as she held the page so that he could read it. Then as he winced, she laughed. "It gets better further down, darling."

Tony looked up as the automobile stopped outside. Lydia felt her heart shrinking as she looked at him. No prisoner could show more relief at seeing prison gates open wide before him than Tony did at his deliverance. Quickly he got out his present and gave it to her and Lydia's heart took another nose dive as she saw he wasn't even surprised at the bracelet she had substituted for the clips. He hadn't been interested enough even to ask George what he had chosen.

But she had wanted the bracelet a long time and it looked lovely on her arm, even when Myrtle Valentine's jewel-laden arm came in contrast with it as they shook hands. "It's very nice, my dear," Myrtle said condescendingly. "Even if it is small."

"I think it's small in a nice way, though, Mrs. Valentine," Lydia said smoothly. "Perhaps when Mr. Kenyon is as old as Mr. Valentine, I'll have more."

"My dear," Myrtle smiled maliciously. She always knew the right time to insert her knife. "Did Mr. Kenyon tell you, you are going to join us in Palm Beach for your vacation?"

"No," Lydia looked at her blankly. It was the third time this had happened, Tony accepting vacation invitations from the Valentines without consulting her, and Tony hated winter holidays as much as she did. And he had promised her that this summer they would go to their island, just the two of them. Of course, that was out now. "I guess it must have slipped his mind," she said as she turned away. But she managed to control herself until she saw Tony.

"Why didn't you tell me you'd accepted the Valentines for Palm Beach again?" she asked.

"It slipped my mind, I guess," Tony said warily. Then as he invariably did when he felt a sense of guilt, he leaped on the offensive. "I don't know why you can't get along with her. You know, she's mentioned it several times lately." He waited for this to sink in, then he took a quick chance. "I think she wants us to give her our cook."

"I know," Lydia looked at him in a way that should have made him cringe. "She's been very obvious about it but she's not going to get her."

"You're not very bright, darling," Tony said lightly. "Do you realize Valentine controls my biggest account and that there's an additional million in advertising I may get tonight? The only reason we have this house is because of the Valentine account."

"Yes, we have the house," Lydia looked at it as if she didn't care if an earthquake

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Director Mark Sandrich tries to interest his "Skylark" stars in the script, but Brian Aherne and Claudette Colbert have their minds set on more pressing matters—food. Ray Milland, however, pays not too serious attention. The lunch counter is near the stage door.

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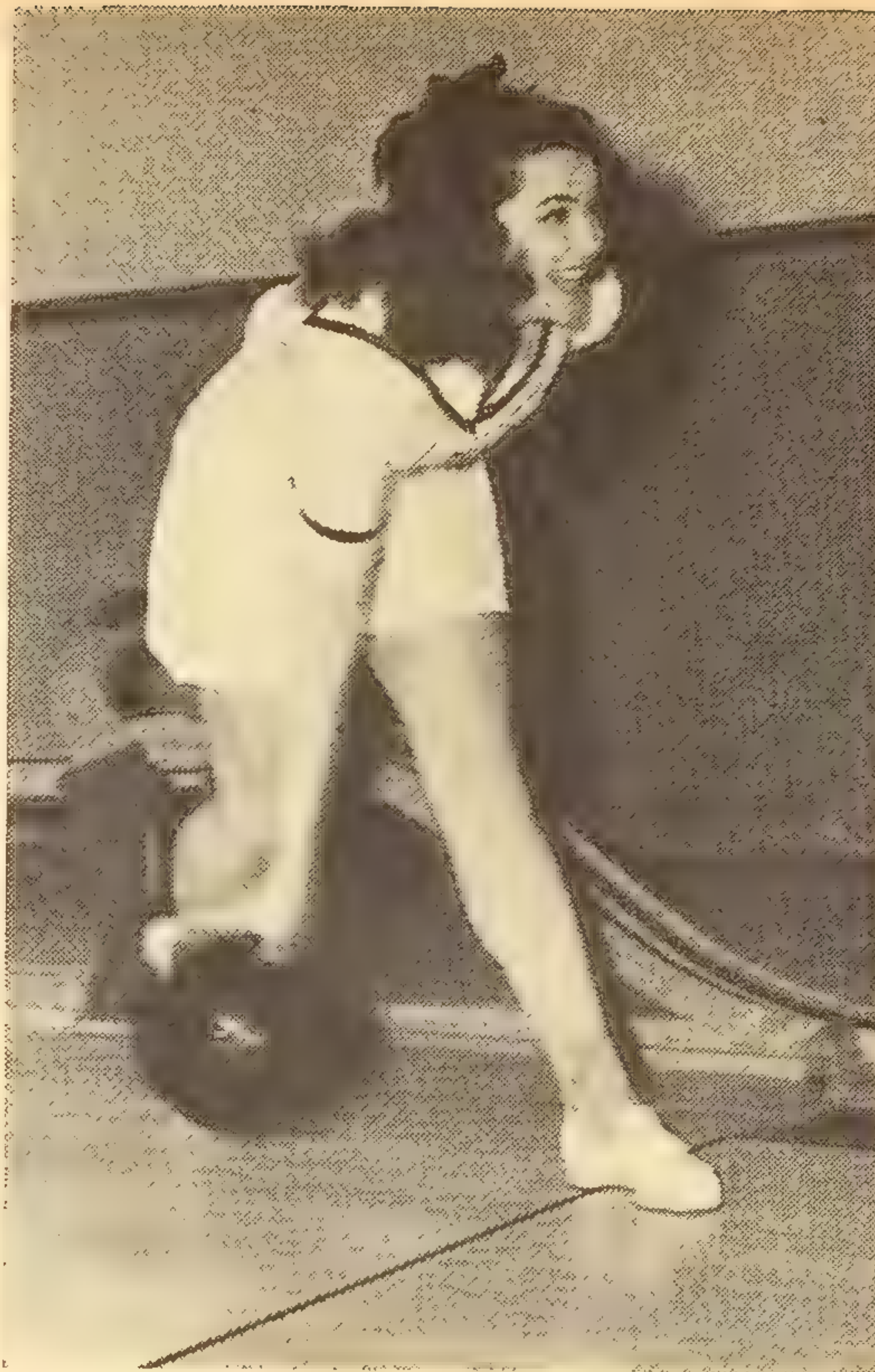
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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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There was a time when the rugged game of bowling was for men only. Now the gentler sex has claimed it as one of their favorite indoor sports. Ann Rutherford, left, keeping her eye on the pins. Peggy Moran, right, one of filmville's feminine top-ranking bowlers.

would demolish it in that instant. "But somewhere along the line I lost you. Tony, the appeasement is going to stop right now! You'll have to keep your clients out of my kitchen. The living-room is as far as they can go."

There, she had said it, settled it once and for all. Lydia felt as if she had triumphed as they went into the others. But when Tony turned to the Valentines with that boyish grin of his and that affable manner which had made him skyrocket right to the very top of the advertising game and told them he and Lydia had decided to make them a present of the cook, Lydia knew she couldn't take it any longer. She left the room without even knowing what she was going to do. Walk around the garden maybe, until her rage had calmed down. And she would have gone back again, as she always did, if it hadn't been for Jim Blake.

He was sauntering toward the house and Lydia's rage flared again as she realized Myrtle had invited him. She had never met him but she knew all about him. Jim Blake, junior partner of the firm of lawyers who handled Valentine's legal affairs, had long been looked upon as Myrtle's private property. There had been giggles and innuendoes and whispered gossip about Myrtle's pursuit of him.

If he hadn't grinned at her in that disarming way, Lydia's fury would have included him too, but now somehow she found herself returning his grin. "You'd better go away," she warned him. "I'm pretty mad. Right now I want to dig a deep hole and creep into it."

"I'm wonderful with a pick and shovel," Jim said easily, and then it was preposterous the way he took her arm and led her to his car and helped her into it. "There's nothing so sad as a wedding anniversary."

It really was ridiculous the way Lydia was just going along with him, allowing herself to be led anywhere he wanted to lead her. But for the moment she had stopped fighting anything. "Now I know you." She managed to get that light, casual tone in her voice. "You're the ten cent store cynic. You say the opposite of what is printed on the greeting cards."

"Listen!" Jim turned on the ignition and started backing out the car. "For you, I'd like it to be wonderful. I'd like to see you sitting on a star. I'm rooting for you, see?"

He was getting just too romantic for a man she hadn't even met before. Lydia would have stopped the adventure then and there if she hadn't seen Myrtle on the terrace, her eyes two slits of fury as she stared at them.

"Do you know?" Lydia looked at him with her most ravishing smile, knowing how it would infuriate Myrtle. "I think I'm glad to meet you."

"I doubt it," Jim said easily. "Any woman who's been married five years really doesn't want to meet me. Meeting me is meeting life. You just want to play at meeting me. You want to go slumming with life."

"Now look here, mister," Lydia pretended outrage. "What are you selling? Sanctity of the home or fun on the side?"

"I'm for either one of them as long as it rings the bell," Jim said unabashed, as he turned the car toward the Sound road. "Incidentally, you must have noticed something strange about my driving. I keep both hands on the wheel where they belong!"

It was fun, in a way. They talked a lot and they laughed a lot, and they might as well have known each other all their lives when they finally sat at a counter in a hot dog wagon, listening to a juke box blast out love songs as they ate their hamburgers. "I wonder if I've made a mistake," Jim said then. "Waiting until now to tell you I love you."

"It was nice of you to wait until now to say it," Lydia giggled. "If you had said it earlier I might have slapped your face."

"That's what I thought," he looked at her quizzically. "Well, what are you going to do about future anniversaries?"

"Fight!" Lydia said determinedly.

"You can't." He shook his head. "You can't lick the twentieth century, not when you're married to it. You won't fight. You'll drink a little and you'll flirt a little. You drank a little tonight and you flirted



Dorothy Darrell shows, in theory, how to down those pins in one fell swoop. We don't know much about bowling, but we can tell you that Dorothy's form is something in that sarong-effect skirt. Another bowling devotee is Bonita Granville, right, caught in graceful action.

a little. That's all this amounts to. But the next time you won't be so particular and in time you'll become like me. Without the bottle I'm nothing. But with the bottle, well, the next move is somebody like Myrtle. She's fireworks, which is better than total darkness. I've been about to call it quits several times and then I remembered my firm gets half its business from Mr. Myrtle."

"And that's the story of your life," Lydia mocked.

"Until tonight." Jim was serious now. "You've changed everything. I'd pin a goodbye note to the firm's pillow for you. I've a boat on the Sound, a sloop with a Diesel auxiliary. A woman could go on that boat, couldn't she?"

"What kind of woman?" Lydia asked.

"Well, she'd have to have beauty," Jim said. "Otherwise I wouldn't want her. And she'd have had bitterness and pain, otherwise she wouldn't want me. And it would last a week-end, maybe two weeks, a year, ten years, until you got tired of me."

"Or you got tired of me," Lydia said.

"You underestimate yourself, lady. Listen, we walked out on the party tonight. Why can't we walk out on the world this morning?"

"No," Lydia's voice sharpened. "I know what I want. I've always known. Please take me home now."

Everyone had gone when Lydia ran up the terrace steps, everyone but Tony, who stood there waiting. All her resentment had fled and she was sorry for everything and feeling more than a little guilty. But when she tried to tell Tony he only looked at her grimly. "I'm not worried about Jim Blake, if that's what you mean," he said evenly. "But do you realize you've jeopardized the entire Valentine account? Myrtle Valentine is furious, and I'm ordering you to get on the phone right now before that female gets to bed and straighten out this whole mess before I lose the account. Make her understand that the episode was innocent on your part and that you're never going to see that man again. Do I make it clear?"

"Yes, Tony," Lydia said quietly, but something died in her as she went into

the living-room and gave the Valentine number. Her voice was honeyed, flattering as she spoke. She said all the right things. "You won't have to worry about your commissions, Tony," she said when she hung up.

"Let's forget the whole thing." Tony came over to her and put his arm around her and snuggled his chin in her hair in the way that had always been able to thrill her before. "You're sorry and I'm sorry, and maybe we won't have to go to Palm Beach. Perhaps we can spend a month anyway at the island."

"Sounds fun," Lydia said as she turned away from him. She waited until he had gone upstairs and then she dialed a number. "This is Mrs. Kenyon," she said in a voice that didn't sound like hers at all. "Will you please send a taxi right away?"

It was all settled, Lydia thought, the next morning as she left Jim Blake's office. Funny how life goes, how you take things, how you get hurt, how you hope and then suddenly you don't hope any longer, but you don't get hurt either. Even when Jim told her Tony had been there to see him, fighting mad, saying he wouldn't give her a divorce, it didn't make her heart jump the way it would have yesterday. Even when she got down to the street again and she saw Tony waiting, even though it was raining and his clothes were soaked and his smile twisted when he saw her, it didn't mean anything either.

"You're going home," he said, taking her arm. And it was strange the way he felt looking at her as if he were seeing her for the first time again. Seeing her through Jim Blake's eyes, maybe. A skylark, that was what Jim had called her, a woman who was life itself. "You're going to live there," Tony went on grimly. "Eat there, sleep there with me."

"Let me go!" Lydia tried to wriggle away from his grip on her arm. "You're hurting me, Tony."

"What do you think you're doing to me?" he demanded savagely. But he had to quicken his steps to keep up with her as she dashed down a subway entrance. He followed her into a crowded train.

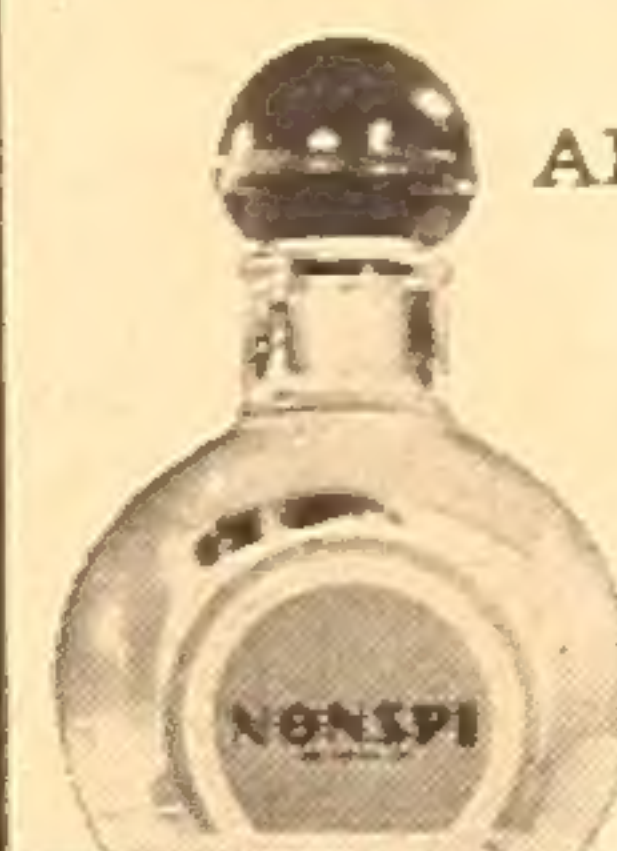
"Please," Lydia looked at him coldly as

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he caught the strap next to hers and she saw everyone staring at them. "Let's not have a scene. Listen, Tony, just understand this. I'm going to Reno tomorrow. It's the only way. I've seen you fall more deeply in love with your business for the past three years. If I could offer something big enough to challenge your work I'd stay and put up a fight, believe me."

The fat middle-aged man sitting in front of her grinned. "You've got something there," he said.

"You mind your own business," Tony turned to him furiously.

A man hanging on the strap next to him gave him a withering glance. "You're not doing such a good job yourself," he said.

The whole train was taking an interest in them now. A woman across the aisle glared at Lydia with the inevitable antipathy of the middle-aged for the young and vibrant. "If you was any kind of a man you'd take her over your knee and spank her right here and now," she told Tony.

The scholarly-looking man sitting next to her frowned as he looked up from his book. "You see," he turned to Tony. "She wants you to recapture the first moments of your life together." Then he smiled sadly as he looked at Lydia. "Ecstasy, my dear lady, is a thing of the moment. The grand passion can't last forever."

"Sure." Tony seized his advice eagerly. "You can't have ecstasy all the time. It's like eating caviar three times a day."

Lydia looked at him defiantly. "If I liked caviar I'd eat it three times a day," she glared. Then as the train stopped at the station she managed to make a dart for the doors just before they closed, grinning as she saw Tony's chagrined eyes.

But she saw him again anyway. For that afternoon when she went back to the house to pack her clothes there he was waiting. "Please, Tony," she said quietly. "I'm sorry, but I didn't want to see you again."

"So now you're going back to that bus we met on," Tony said.

"Please don't let's joke about it," Lydia turned away.

"But I'm serious," Tony said eagerly. "You know that bus belongs to me too. I was once on it, same as you." Suddenly

he knew what he would have to do. He hadn't been in the advertising business all this time without knowing how to sell a client. And now Lydia was the client and he was going to sell her. What if he did misrepresent his product, lie a little to sell it, well, that was only one of the rules after all. "I guess it's a little too late now," he said and even the abject tone in his voice was a lie. "But I quit my job this morning."

"You quit?" Lydia looked at him, and suddenly there was that warmth creeping through her again, that quickening in her heart, her pulses racing furiously. "Oh, Tony, tell me! I can't believe my ears."

It was a brave story Tony told. He'd never worked harder on a campaign than on this one. It was so good he almost believed it himself as he told her how he had not only insulted the boss but all the clients as well. And Lydia laughed contentedly as she snuggled in his arms. Oh, it was so wonderful finding Tony again, and she wasn't worried about anything. After all, they had been broke before.

She woke to a morning perfect enough even for this one, the first morning of their second honeymoon, and even when Theodore announced that Myrtle was waiting to see her on the terrace, her gaiety couldn't be dispelled.

"When you telephoned me," Myrtle announced, ominously waving aside Lydia's polite overtures, "I was polite. I decided to wait until Jim arrived and hear what he had to say. Well, Jim didn't return to our house, and you know it, and you know why. And if you don't think I knew you were sarcastically hating my guts when I was presented with your cook, you must think I'm a dumb Dora. And now I'm telling you, hands off Jim Blake or your husband will be looking for another job."

Lydia laughed. This was just too, too wonderful. This was the situation she had been waiting for for three years. And how Tony would laugh when she told him all about it afterwards! "Do you think for one moment that all the years Tony has put into his work could be tossed aside by an irresponsible, greedy woman like you?" she demanded. "Well, for your information Tony quit his job yesterday. I'm trying to be as nice as I can to you, but



Franchot Tone appears stern and unbending as Carol Bruce pleads with him to keep her presence on board ship a secret. Miss Bruce, a favorite of the New York stage, makes her film debut in Universal's "This Woman Is Mine." Tone is no stranger to the footlights.

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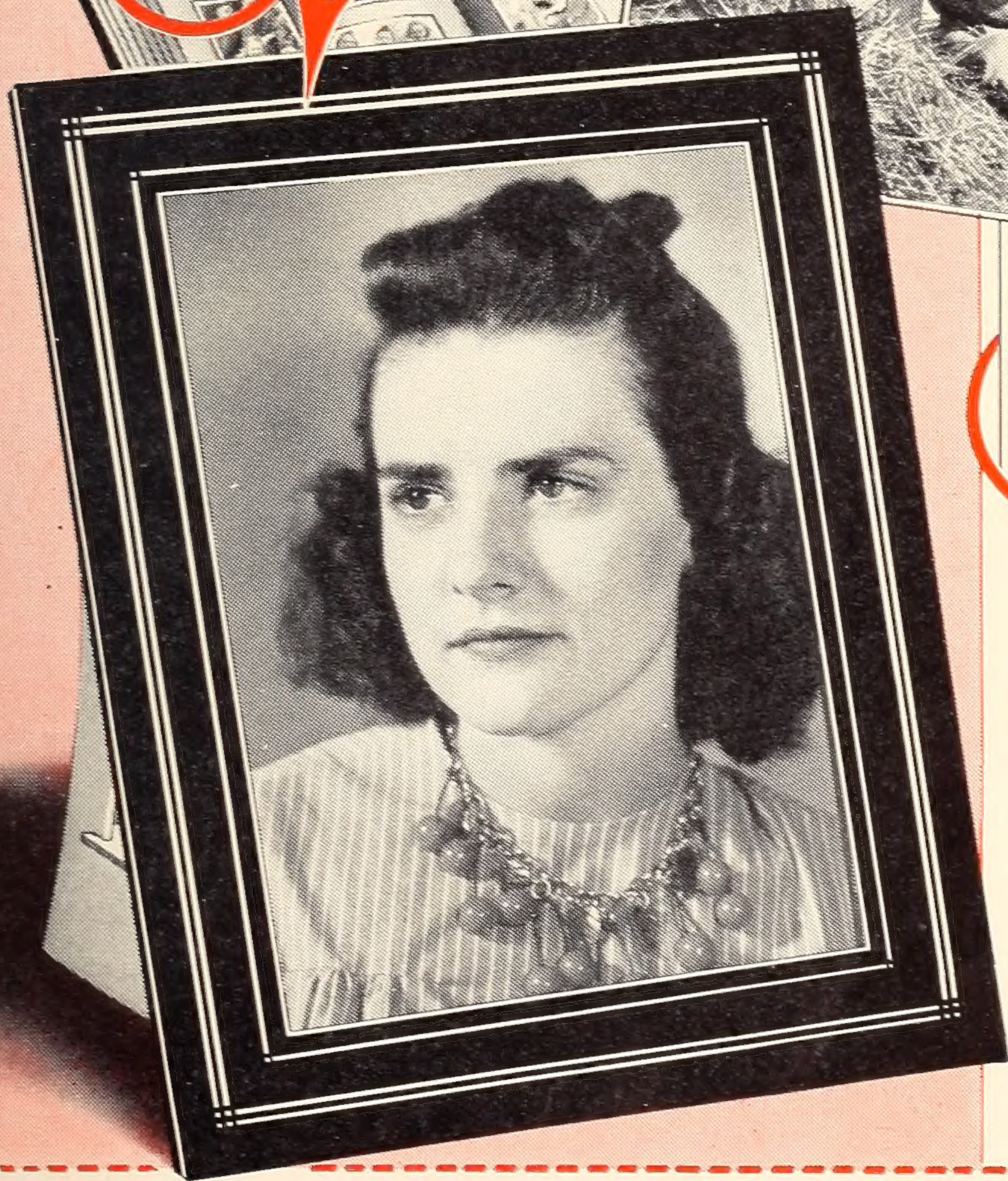
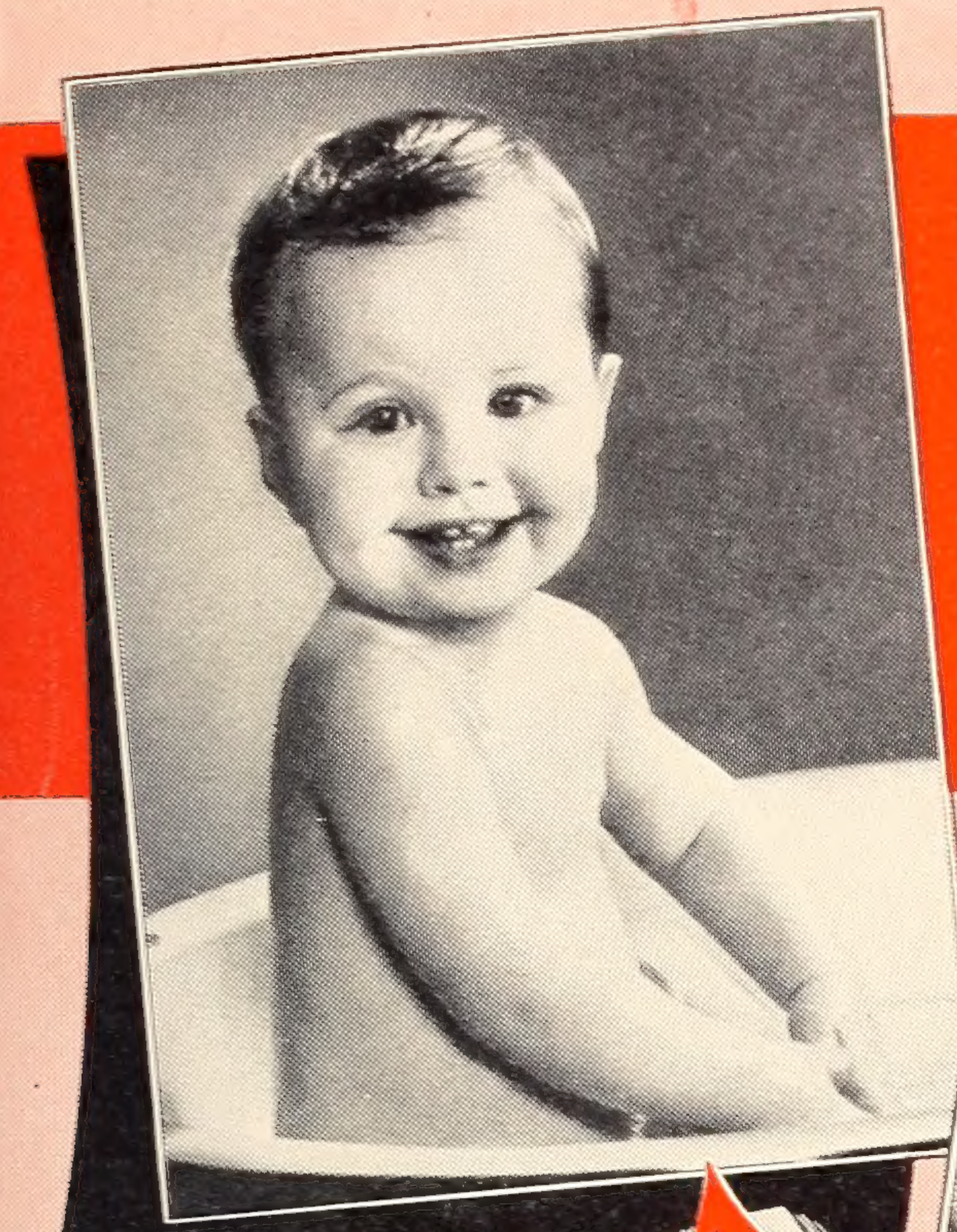
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